Outdoor America

FEBRUARY, 1926

Price 15 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Hunting the Kodiak Bear of Alaska With Hal Evarts. By Jack Baum

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Announcing the Johnson *Big Twin*

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Twin Cylinder Outboard
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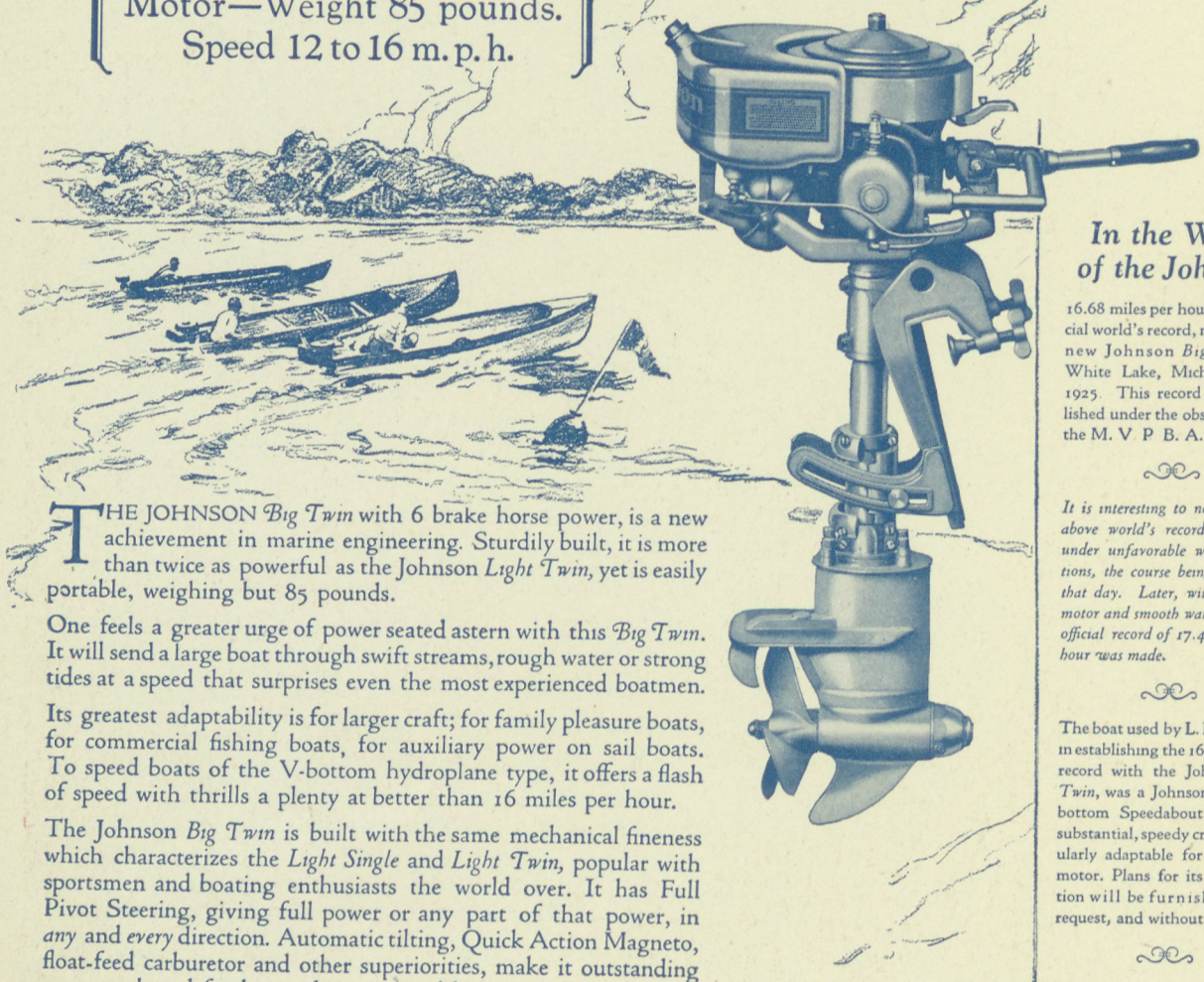
Speed 12 to 16 m.p.h.



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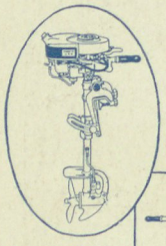
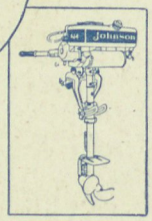


Johnson Light Single [above] 1-½ h.p. weight 26 pounds. Ideal fishermen's motor.



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16.68 miles per hour is the official world's record, made by the new Johnson *Big Twin*, at White Lake, Mich., July 4. 1925. This record was established under the observation of the M. V P B. A.

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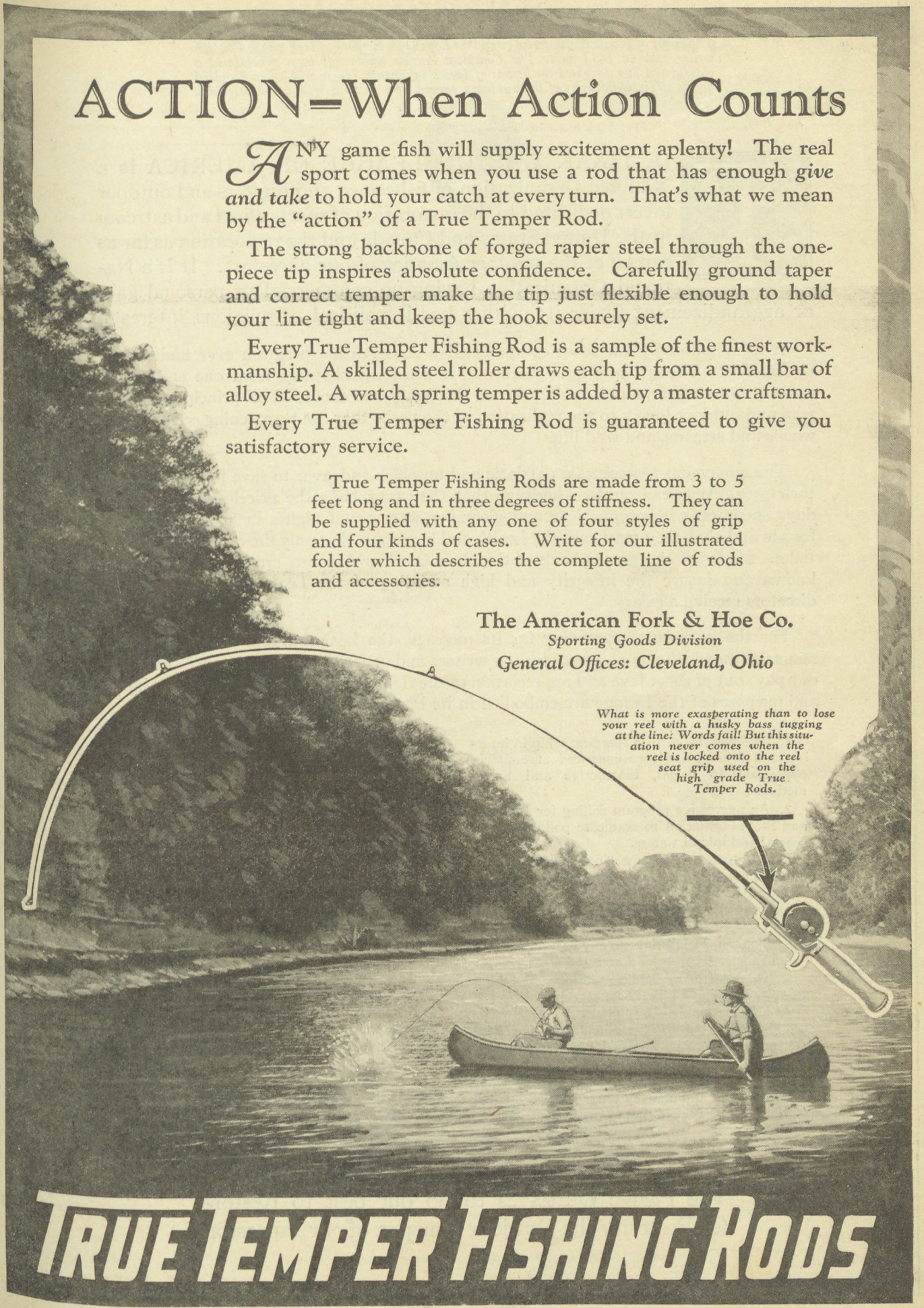

TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1653 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though just four years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. No officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers and artists in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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"Just a Little Bit Off the Top!"

Vol. 4 No. 7

February Outdoor America 1926

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

Hal Evarts Eats His Lunch

In the Northern Fastness of Kodiak Island, with the Entire Bear Family Looking on, the Sandwich Was the Thing

By JACK BAUM

KODIAK Island, Alaska, is a rough, mountainous jumble of icy peaks thrust skyward from the depths of the north Pacific ocean. Its interior has never been explored. The one town or village on the entire island, the old Russian fur trading post of Kodiak, numbers about fifty whites. There are three or four salmon canneries at other points along the coast: Karluk, Uyak Bay, Alitak Bay, and perhaps another one or two that I did not see. The canneries are in operation during the summer months and closed the rest of the year.

When I received a letter from Dr. Capps, chief Alaskan geologist, before going north last spring stating that so far as he knew the island of Kodiak had never been crossed by a white man and the interior was unknown and unmapped, I was astonished to say the least. Here was a comparatively small island, about one hundred miles long by fifty in width. The town of Kodiak had been settled as a fur trading post by the Russians when George Washington was serving his first term as president of the United States. The grand bears of Kodiak had, for a generation, attracted attention as the largest bears in the world. I could not understand how, at this late date, with both the north and south poles discovered, such a terra incognita could exist but five or six days by steamer from Seattle. I learned later that Professor Capps was right; that the only maps of the island procurable are Coast and Geodetic Survey charts of the coast line alone; that no man knows anything of the interior whatsoever.

Hal Evarts with the granddaddy of all Kodiak bears. This prize measured 19 inches between the ears. Note the tangled underbrush, typical of Kodiak.

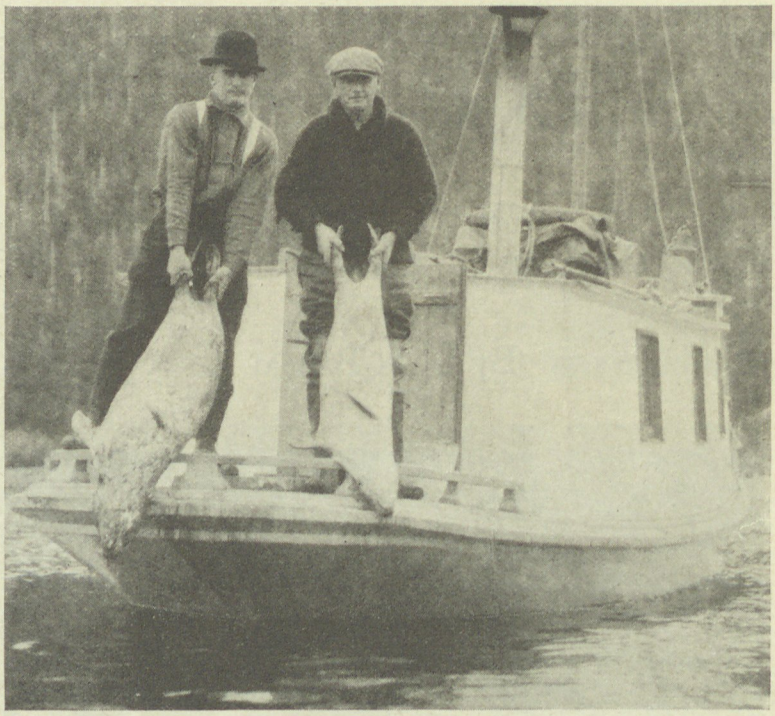
The reasons for this I found to be, first, the rough, almost impassable character of the country. Second, the short season in which travel is possible. Third, the long established custom of the natives and whites alike to do their hunting only along the coast from canoes or dories.

The mountains rise from sea level to a height of about four thousand feet and are covered with an extremely difficult growth of thick, rank grass. Much of the country is covered by alder and black birch brush which has been trained, by the heavy snows, to grow slanting down hill. Three or four miles through this tangled mass of grass and brush is a full day's work for a husky man.

The snow goes off the lower mountain slopes some time between the first and the middle of May. The new grass immediately begins to grow and attains a height of six feet in a few weeks. The months of May and June are therefore

the only ones in which a traveler can mush through the country under anything like favorable conditions. Winter traveling might be done if it were not for the rough and steep mountain ranges to be crossed. Snowshoe work on such steep grades I should imagine would not be so good. But summer is the worst time of all, for, as elsewhere in Alaska, there are myriads of mosquitoes and the new grass has grown up through the old matted last year's grass and travel is next to impossible.

When I left Chicago last spring to hunt brown bear in Alaska, I intended to go straight to the Cook Inlet country; to Dry Bay, Snug Harbor, or Chinitna Bay. At Seldovia on the Kenai side of Cook Inlet, however, I met the owner of a small gas boat who had just returned from the west side of the Inlet where he had landed a party of government surveyors. He reported that there was still from five to nine feet of snow at sea level in the locality I had intended to hunt. It was already the fifth of May, so I decided to go farther south to Kodiak Island, where the season would be more advanced.



A couple of hair seals that I punctured one day.

Judging from the information I had been able to get before leaving home, Kodiak Island was not as reliable a bear country as the Cook Inlet sector. Charles Sheldon of Washington, in one of his books written some years ago, had stated that the bears of Kodiak were in danger of extermination. Professor Capps had informed me in his letter that, although he had spent little time on Kodiak, he was of the opinion that Kodiak bears were extremely scarce. Professor C. Hart Merriam of New York had hunted on Kodiak some years ago and had had great difficulty in securing a single specimen; making two trips for this purpose, if I remember correctly. Therefore, the unusual lateness of the season and the deep snow in the Cook Inlet country that was forcing me to go to Kodiak, was, I thought, very unfortunate. I had visions of a month's hunt on that bleak and rough island with a strong possibility of getting nothing.

So when I met Hal G. Evarts, of the Saturday Evening Post, and a friend of his, Earl Crouch, of Cody, Wyoming, on the cannery wharf at Uyak Bay, on the west side of Kodiak Island, and learned that they had been hunting around Uyak for ten days I fully expected to hear a confirmation of those other reports and to learn that the big brown bears of Kodiak were, as a species, on their last legs.

"Did you see any bears?" I asked, all braced for a discouraging reply.

"Did we see any bears?" Hal repeated, glancing at Earl. Earl Crouch laughed.

"You tell it, Hal. You're better at figures than I am."

Then Hal started. "Well, we counted just thirty bear in ten days! We killed two. Could have killed plenty more but we wanted the grand-daddy of all bears. And we saw him, too! But, unfortunately, we couldn't get close enough for a shot. One of those we killed, however, will do nicely until the grand-daddy comes along. Our second was just medium sized for a Kodiak."

"How big was the largest you killed?"

"We had no way of measuring the old fellow," Hal said, "but we marked off on a gun barrel the distance between the tips of his ears. When we measured this we found it to be just nineteen inches. Earl and I both guessed his weight at right around fourteen hundred and fifty pounds. Of course, guessed weights mean nothing. But, man, oh man, he was a sizeable animal!"

"He was no spring chicken," Earl added. "No, sir, he was no adolescent youth. That bear was sure a walloper!"

"We were trying our best to get within range of the big grand-daddy when we killed this one," Hal went on, "but there were several others in sight at the time and we

Somewhere on the Kenai Peninsula.

The little village of Kodiak, the only real village on the island.

were forced to take the one with the nineteen inch head, for he had seen us. It was tough luck, for if the old granddaddy had been alone we'd have been pretty sure to have gotten him. Was he big? Well, he made our big bear look like a child in rompers! I wouldn't care to guess at his weight. It might sound foolish. But you can bet he is one of the largest bears that ever rummaged around Kodiak Island.

"We had a little excitement killing our first. Earl and I were together on a steep hillside that was covered with alder brush. Earl was shooting a Springfield and I had my old Winchester thirty-three. We had been stalking the old granddaddy, but as soon as this other one saw us we knew it was all up. We had to shoot or lose our chance at any. The one that saw us was perhaps two hundred yards above on the slope and about forty yards to one side. We both opened up on him and at the first shot, down the hill he came like an express train. He was not charging but it looked very much like it. I think he merely took the down grade to get away as fast as possible. But it brought him uncomfortably close. Anyway, we kept shooting just as fast as we could line the sights. There was a curious thing about that bear's terrific speed down hill that surprised me. He did not seem to run so much as leap and lunge. My idea of a bear going through alders had always been far from correct. This big fellow did not go 'through' that thick brush, he actually went *over* it! You see, the slope was so steep and the brush all slanted down hill, and his great weight simply laid the heavy alders flat in the face of his lightning-like rush. I can say with certainty that if he had been charging directly at us instead of past us we would have had very little chance of stopping him. As it was, we did not get in a fatal shot until he had arrived abreast of us, some forty yards to the right. This shot killed him dead, but so great was his momentum that he did not come to a stop for many yards. We found him dead, with his front legs extended full length back under him and his great head stretched forward, the very picture of suddenly arrested speed!"

Another picture of Hal with a different type of "game."

The upshot of our conversation was that Hal, Earl and I embarked the same day in a small motor dory they had chartered from Harry Carlson at the Uyak cannery, and went up the bay for another try. We anchored the boat in a quiet, sheltered cove and made camp in an old prospector's shack.

The next morning the weather was very clear for Kodiak Island in spring, but Earl decided to stay in camp. So Hal and I started out.

We had gone perhaps three miles inland, threading our way through the deep, matted grass and alder brush that makes the going so hard almost everywhere on the island, and were resting about halfway up on a mountainside, sitting crosslegged in the grass looking through our binoculars. *(Continued on page 42)*

© Bert Brown

We knew all about automobile camps—

Duffel

For Nine Long Years They Planned a Motor Camping Trip. Hundreds of Catalogues were Thumbed Thin. They Became "Book Experts" and then They Started Off.

By J. P. HOFFMAN

ALENE and I commenced planning our summer outing the first year we were married and planned steadily for nine years. During that time we accumulated half a hundred catalogues of outing supplies and every one was double thumbed and worn within a month. If there was any kind of tent, shelter, camp stove, stool, or table with which we were not acquainted, it was the kind not advertised or illustrated.

We had scores and dozens of highway maps, tourist bureau folders, and vacation suggestions from every summer resort in the northwest. We knew exactly where the home of the gamey black bass was, where the haunts of the fighting muskie were, where the silvery birch trees grew the tallest, where the sighing pine trees sighed the loudest, and where the lure of the wildwood was the luriest.

We had frequently taken supper, Sundays, at the tourist park in town to watch the campers and to get ideas for ourselves. We had filled several voluminous note books with descriptions of outfits that particularly appealed to us and had made numerous notes regarding sundry items of others that obviously were desirable. After becoming experts, we enjoyed many quiet though hearty laughs at the expense of folks who were awkwardly equipped and plainly inexperienced.

The culmination of our planning was at hand. Ed and Mary Milton were coming to look after the stock and the farm generally, leaving us free for two whole weeks to explore the enchanted wonderland of the region of ten thousand lakes in northern Minnesota.

Saturday afternoon Alene and the children made the rounds of envious relatives and jealous friends to say goodby. I ran the car onto the lawn at three o'clock and commenced to load. I carried out the folded cots, chairs, tent poles, boxes, bags, bundles, numerous large and small packages and parcels, all carefully and compactly wrapped and packed, and laid them on the grass beside the car.

It was a surprisingly large pile. An unreasonably huge heap. I thought at first I must have carried out some of the house furniture and spare beds by mistake. No. This was our duffel. Duffel—the little pet word that we had used so glibly during the last nine years now suddenly grown into this mountainous bulk.

I wished my wife were there. It comes natural to women to pack and Alene is unusually clever that way, anyhow.

Then I remembered the catalogues! Catalogues that showed trim cars loaded with tiny bundles 30x10x8 and 18½x12½x4 with plenty of room to spare. The selfsame catalogues, in fact, from which our duffel had been picked. Eureka!

I brought an armful of them out and spread them on the lawn and tried to fit the pieces into place. Then I tried again. Strange. Chairs that folded to mere vest pocket size lay bulkily in the luggage carriers. Cots that folded twice across to specified dimensions sprawled far along the running board. The table that was knocked down flat and would slip in anywhere would fit nowhere at all.

Up to that moment for nine long years those catalogues had been the most highly prized volumes of my library, but now I hurled them far away and kicked the last one viciously without a pang. So are the sentiments of years wrecked in the twinkling of an eye.

Then I went to work. I filled the tonneau. I loaded the luggage carriers to the limits of their capacity. I used the space beside the hood. I bought ten yards of rope and tied things to the spare behind and on the bumpers at each end. I draped the sides with parcels. I bought more rope, and sweat and cursed. I mentally composed some letters that I determined writing to the companies whose catalogues pictured the minute parcels lying gracefully here and there on the footboard of the car, containing, it was alleged, the duffel for a camping trip.

Duffel! The word took on a strange new meaning to me now. Duffel. It rhymed with teufel and teufel means the devil. Ha! Teufel then! I said it several times with

real dramatic fervor. One gets relief that way sometimes.

I didn't count the hours but finally Alene returned and stood stock still outside the gate and gazed. Then she came in, walked far around the car and said in that sarcastic tone familiar to all married men, "I thought we had planned on going camping. Where are they going to have the Calithumpian parade?"

I love my wife and we have never had a serious quarrel, but I did think just then that after all the grief I had experienced coaxing that stuff somehow to stick to the old boat, that her attitude and remarks were highly inappropriate and most unkind.

I told her so.

"Why don't you get the catalogues and pack things as they show they should be packed? My land! Here are the bed clothes tied to the rear of the car where they will be covered with great layers of dirt before we've gone a hundred miles. And where on earth did you get that grocery box that's tied with all those horrid ropes? Well, John! Good gracious, man! How do you expect me to get in and out of the car? You've every door blocked with boxes and poles and what not! You don't seem to care for comfort any more than you do for looks."

Now that, I will submit, was going just a little bit too far.

"Oh, duffel! Teufel!" I said in a feeling way. "Pray tell me, please, who was it selected all those poles and what-nots that you see bulging from their rear-end perches and riding so jauntily on the vanguard of our super-four? Just tell me that."

"That's right, blame me and spoil our trip before we start. Well look at that! The suit case with the china on the bumper! Well I never! Go in and get the catalogues—"

"They're under the porch. I had them here and if you get them out I'll go into the house until you throw them back."

"Under the porch! You act just like a child. Go in and pout. Break up some of the dishes and a chair or two and swear. You make me tired!"

I did go in and mutter something. I didn't break the dishes and the chairs, partly because of the shock I got on entering the house.

There on the kitchen floor stood two big bags. I'd entirely forgotten the grub box and the stove! Oh Lord, where could I tie them on!

As I slumped into a chair and mopped my face, Alene ran in clapping her hands and beamingly announced, "I just thought of the most wonderful plan! There's nothing in the house to eat, but instead of going to Jud's for supper as I had planned, we'll begin our camping life right now! We'll cook supper on our little camp stove out of our camp provisions, for practice—and—experience. What's that?" And she indicated the packages on the floor.

"That's our little camp stove and our camp provisions, and I wish they were in Iuka," I growled.

"Oh goody! Isn't that nice? Now we can eat supper without any trouble at all."

Then she danced over and kissed me and made me unpack the stuff, set up the stove—and like it. You know how women are.

So we ate peanut butter sandwiches near the anthill on the lawn and drank coffee out of tins behind the car. But when Alene proposed that we set up the tent and sleep in it that night, I firmly set my foot down tight.

We did find room, somehow, for the box of food and for a suit case and a forgotten traveling bag besides. We had a load.

In the glory of the morning we were off. Tourists are common these days, but never a village did we pass that day in which the natives did not cease from their labors as we rolled by and gaze at us as long as we remained in sight. But one gets used to that in time.

We made 250 miles that day and pulled into a pre-selected tourist camp at six. We chose a wonderful camp site overlooking a pretty lake and there pitched camp. At least, we pitched the duffel off the car in heaps and piles, and after several vain attempts induced the tent to stand imposingly erect. This was the life!

Bacon and eggs soon filled the air with that alluring odor unsurpassed by the most costly perfumes of the East. The table was set, heaped with the necessities of life. We balanced ourselves on the unfolded camp stools and enjoyed life to its full.

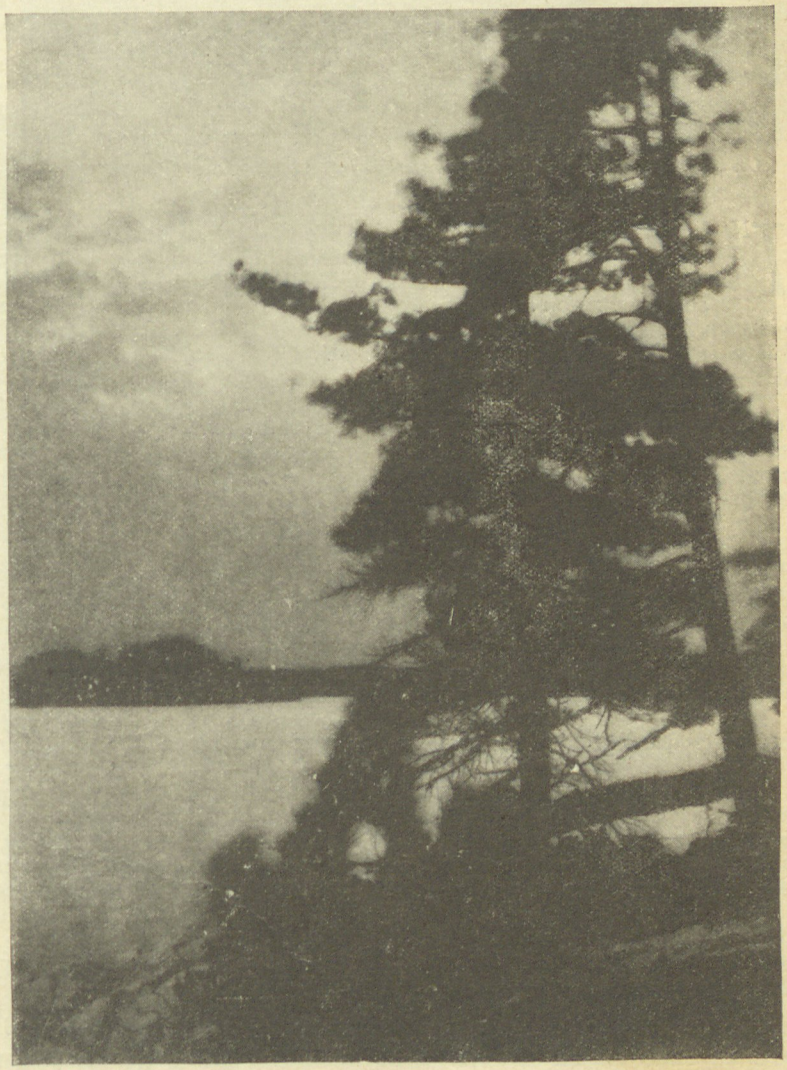
As I raised my cup of coffee to wash down a tasty bite of buttered bread, my glance came level with a table just beyond our camp, at which sat a man and woman with a basket of lunch. They were shamelessly staring at us, talking in audible undertones, and brazenly smiling in palpable amusement.

"—and all those heaps of duffel besides—never been out before—napkins, china, butterknife, three frying pans —smoking jacket—" were phrases I distinctly heard. Then they leaned over a catalogue and marked it here and there as they deliberately scrutinized our outfit.

"Just wait," I thought, "their time will come. Just wait." But the flavor of the bacon was gone for me and the enjoyment of the hour decidedly marred. So was retribution meted out.

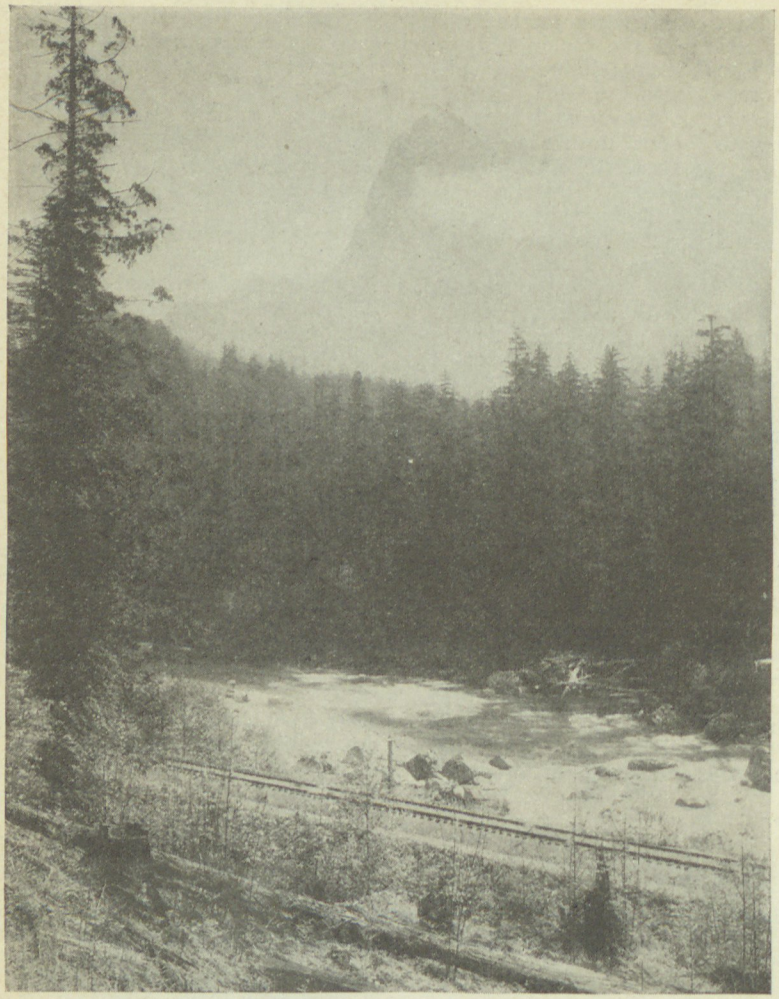
When supper was over I strode away. I found the ground keeper near the lake and spoke to him. He was congenial and I sat with him awhile in earnest conversation. I clasped his hand in parting and left therein a substantial token of remembrance.

We watched a glorious sunset from the grassy bank overlooking the lake, and as the twilight deepened, sat near the tent, thrillingly conscious that *(Continued on page 54)*



© Marjorie Kellberg.

A peep through the pines.



On the west side grew the finest coniferous forest the world has ever known.

How the Tree People Carry On

"The Fir Tree Thinks About His Own Problems and Meets Them Just as We Do!"

By EL COMANCHO

(If you are interested in these tree stories write me about them. —El Comancho.)

IN this article I shall take up the life history of the Fir tree and show you how he regulates his life to fit his surroundings as the days go by.

I shall show you that beyond a doubt he thinks about his own problems and meets them just as we do. He even has a set of laws of his own and he obeys them a great deal better than we do.

He has a slow, one-way mind but he uses it even more logically than we use ours, and, when once he grasps a situation and the needs of meeting it, he works steadily along that line and never quits while he lives, nor does he lose sight of the main object.

To begin with, the cone from a Fir tree ripens and lets go of the parent limb, usually on some wild, windy day; the wind carries it as far as it can before it falls to the ground to go bouncing and rolling along until it stops in some nook big enough to hold it.

If there is no flood, avalanche, snowslide, land slip or any one of the many things that happen every day in the forest to destroy the cone, it remains where it fell.

If no animal or bird picks it up and carries it away, or no insect destroys it, then, in time, it becomes thoroughly moistened and ready to go.

Temperature conditions being right, it now swells, the sprout begins to move and the seed sends down a tiny white rootlet, to burrow into the ground for water, and a tiny green shoot starts up for light and air, the three things that every tree must have to live.

This rootlet has no other idea than to get into the damp ground just as quickly as it can, after water, and it does so in spite of the fact that any one of a dozen or more things may smash it before it gets a start.

Let's assume that it escapes this first destructive period and gets its root set. It is now a tender "seedling" and any one of ten thousand things may happen to it before it gets to be a tree for it must stay right here for anywhere up to 5000 years and, as an individual tree, it has all that time to do whatever it thinks best. Man is held down to an average of 70 years to do everything he is going to do in his lifetime so he has to hurry.

Alongside of this seedling hundreds of other little cones start to grow on soil cleaned by a recent grass fire that came through the forest at a time when the bark was too damp for the fire to burn into it very deeply though it charred the tree trunks near the ground.

All of these seedlings start to grow from the mass of cones which cover the ground, the accumulation of several years of undisturbed cone bearing and shedding on the part of the parent tree.

These cones have lain there, ready to grow, but not starting until this time, because all conditions have not been favorable at the same time.

It has been too dry, or too wet; too hot, or too cold—something wrong about conditions until just now, when everything is right, then a great number of cones all start at once because just the right condition has come about to start the little comma-shaped germ within each seed to vibrating on the exact wave-length of motion required by nature to produce a Fir tree—and nothing else—from the Cone.

The result of this wholesale response of cones to the urge of nature is to produce a growth of seedlings which stand as "thick as the hair on a dog" and they begin to crowd each other for room by the time they get their roots fixed in the soil.

They struggle side by side for a place in the sun from the day the rootlet goes down into the earth and the first tiny tip of green starts up into the air. Hundreds of them perish in the first five to ten years because the ground cannot hold all of them.

The strongest ones grow rapidly, strangling the weak, choking them back, shutting off light and air and using moisture until the weakling, deprived of the three things it must have to live, dies and withers down out of the

way of its climbing fellows who got a bit better start than it did.

Thus the weakling is eliminated and the strong survives each year, and every year, until the tree is full grown.

This process of elimination will, in ten years, have reduced the original number of seedlings by at least 75% and it will have produced a thicket of seedling firs standing ten to twenty feet high, with a little bunch of green twigs on the upper end, representing the last two or three years growth of branches and with all other lower branches deliberately being killed by the tree to get rid of the crowding occasioned by so many seedlings standing on the limited space of ground.

The whole energy of the young tree is devoted to the idea of climbing upward just as fast as possible after the life-giving sunshine and air so vital to its existence.

The fastest growing seedlings survive and the weakest ones die each year in this race from the day the seed sprouts until the tree is full grown.

By the time the average tree in this thicket is ten to twelve years old, the elimination has brought about such wholesale killing of weaklings that there is now left only about sixty trees on an average six-foot-square of seedling thicket growing as nature grows her forest to produce the tall, limbless log which will eventually be 300 feet high and have 200 feet of this length without a limb; this trunk will occupy the 6-foot-square space now occupied by the whole sixty trees.

This process of thick, youthful growth, and yearly elimination, is nature's way of crowding the strongest survivors and making them race upward for light and air all through their growing period until they reach almost their final height as a clean, smooth trunk with no limbs except on the upper third of their length because their fellows have crowded them so closely that they could not expand but must race straight up for the light and air to keep them alive.

One of these trees, so grown (and that is the way they *all* grow, if left entirely to nature to handle) represents a sacrifice, by nature, of 60 ten-year-old trees, to produce one five-hundred-year old perfect forest fir tree, with three hundred feet of total length, of which about 66 per cent is clean, limbless log, and 33 per cent top, carrying limbs and foliage.

The perfect tree of this description *cannot be produced by any other process,* because the crowding is necessary to force the growth rapidly upward during youth, and at the same time kill off the lower limbs each year as fast as new ones are formed on the tree top in the sun and air.

Thus the tree forces its length swiftly upward, year by year, and it keeps its foliage always in the sun by growing new limbs at the extreme top each year and killing the lower ones that are left in the shade by the upward growth of the trunk each year.

It is only the foliage which is exposed to the sun that functions as a laboratory for changing solutions, brought up from the ground through the pores, into solid matter to build the tree out of.

Foliage in the shade does not function and therefore is perfectly useless to the tree which at once *kills* it, when in the shade, and throws all its energy into the leafage which is in the air and sun both, up at the top of the tree.

Thus the foliage grows up with the trunk each year and is always in the sun while the lower limbs are killed off each year to get rid of the loss of substance that it would take to maintain them as non-producers of material.

The result is the tall, rapidly grown, smooth trunk which cuts into clear lumber because it has no knots.

The knots are there in the wood, but only near the heart of the tree, where the limb was growing when the tree was small; these rarely extend more than six inches from the heart center and largely not more than half that distance as they cease to be as soon as the little limb dies and falls off; then the new bark rolls toward the center of the little opening left when the limb drops off. Within a few years this bark growth has entirely closed the hole on the inside and every ring of new growth will thereafter show no trace of the limb end which is now a "pin knot" in the wood at the tree heart to be revealed by the saw when the tree is made into lumber.

The tree that grows out in the open is short of trunk and always makes many limbs and thick foliage and it is a cone-bearing tree every time while the tree that grows in the thickest goes up for sun and air, makes very few limbs, kills the lower limbs as it grows up, and never makes any cones at all. When the thicket-grown tree reaches maturity it becomes a cone producer because it has become an open-growth tree by killing all competitors which grew in the original thicket.

The tree in the open exerts all its energy to make cones in order to sow them thickly all around it and thereby spreads its species out from a center in a circle to cover the land.

This is a mother tree which is never fit for lumber because it has very many limbs and it is always full of pitch. These two features are always associated with the production of many cones, because this tree has an immense foliage surface, that is converting sunshine and sap into seed material, which it stores away in its cones to ripen into vigorous seed and these reproduce the species by growing a thicket around the cone-bearing "mother tree."

(The adult tree also becomes a cone-bearer just as the seedling does which grows in the open.)

When this thicket gets well started the seedlings in it at once begin to shoot up for sunshine and air as all thicket-growing trees do, growing very fast and endeavoring to outgrow each other in the battle for height.

This very soon makes a thick green wall around the

A wonderful ground-covering forest of tall, clean-trunked trees.

cone—producing "mother tree" and the seedlings grow much faster than the many branched, stalky cone-producer so that before many years they grow higher than the "mother tree" and thus shut off the light and air from the parent.

When this happens this "mother tree" ceases to bear cones and begins to put all its energy into growing up, instead of out into foliage and cones. This is a reversion to the thicket type and an effort on the part of the "mother-tree" to change from a wide-growing cone-bearer and take on the habits of the thicket-tree which grows *up* and *not* out.

When this "mother-tree" awakens to the fact that it is being robbed of its air and sunshine by its own seedlings it is too late for it to save itself by changing its habits from cone-bearing to non-cone bearing, and from growing-out with many limbs and a multitude of needles into a fast-growing, up-shooting top and abandonment of lower limbs.

The tree goes ahead and actually does this, however, and makes a brave fight for life as far as it can against the smothering encroachment of its own offspring, but the seedlings always win by effectually burying the parent tree alive.

They do this by swiftly growing higher than the parent and then throwing limbs above the top of the parent tree, out into and across the open space occupied by the parent in the thicket center in their endeavor to keep the sunshine from penetrating the inside of the thicket.

The "mother-tree" at the same time knows it must grow swiftly upward or die and it cannot make the change quickly enough, therefore it perishes because it is buried by the foliage of its own offspring.

The seedlings of the thickets know that they must have dark shade in the heart of the damp thicket in order to kill off their lower limbs, therefore the *outside row* of trees in any thicket grows a thick mass of foliage on the *outer side,* toward the light, but grows *no* foliage on the *inside* next to the thicket.

By doing this the thicket walls itself in with a thick, dense wall of foliage which serves a double purpose, for it keeps the whole inside of the thicket dark so the trees can kill their lower limbs and put their entire energy into growing up, instead of out, and the trees that make this green wall on the outer side of the thicket grow slower and turn to producing cones *on their outer limbs only.*

The tree which grows in the open is short of trunk and many limbed.

In other words the outside row of trees clear around a thicket kill their *inner* limbs next to the thicket the same as all the trees in the thicket kill the *lower* limbs. Then the outsiders make all the foliage they can on their *outside* limbs and *these limbs follow the habits of the tree which grows in the open by producing cones on these outer limbs alone.*

Then by dropping all these seed cones on the *outside* rim of the thicket they build up another outside-ring-growth of seedlings which in turn follow these same habits of continually extending the thicket outward in all directions as fast as possible, thus, in time, producing a wonderful, ground-covering forest, of tall, clean trunked trees, such as those of the old, original forests when white men came to the West Coast and found the most magnificent acreage of Fir, Cedar, Hemlock and Spruce that the world has ever known, covering every bit of the country from high tide line at the water edge to the tops of the mountains and up the highest peaks to timber line.

Never has the world contained elsewhere a forest like this one and it was made just as I have told you here.

If men were to move out of this area now and let it alone for five hundred years, it would again present exactly the same kind of an aspect as it did when the first white man saw it, and for just the same reasons that put the original forest there.

The story is all plainly written in the hills and he who runs may read.

As long as continental contours are what they are, just so long will this forest strive to come back and claim its own for, contrary to popular belief, an evergreen forest of Pine, Hemlock, Fir, Spruce or any or all of these species, is one of the greatest users of moisture known in the plan of the Universe.

The Trees always *follow* the moisture and *never* do they bring moisture in the shape of rains.

The rains are a matter independent entirely of trees, for they depend absolutely on ocean currents and wind currents.

Continental contours govern the course of ocean current-circulation by shunting currents out of their direct course.

Ocean current-circulation, if there were no continents, would normally be toward the equator with a cold incoming current, and toward the poles with a warm outgoing current, which cooled more and more, the farther it flowed away from the equator.

Continents shunt these currents out of line of flow, and cause them to follow the shore line.

Thus we have the Japan current (the Kuro Siwa) flowing northward from Japan, up the Siberian Coast to the Alutian Islands, thence turning eastward, and following the sweep of the great curve of American Pacific Coast east, south-east and south to San Francisco, where it turns west and goes out into the Pacific, to cross that ocean, north of the equator to Japan again and swing on around back over its circular path endlessly.

This current is a big river of warm water, flowing along between banks of cold water, and the difference in water temperatures, between the current and the surrounding waters, causes fog to rise along the course of the Kuro Siwah constantly, so there are more or less clouds all along the Japan current all the time.

This is the source of supply of Continental moisture for America.

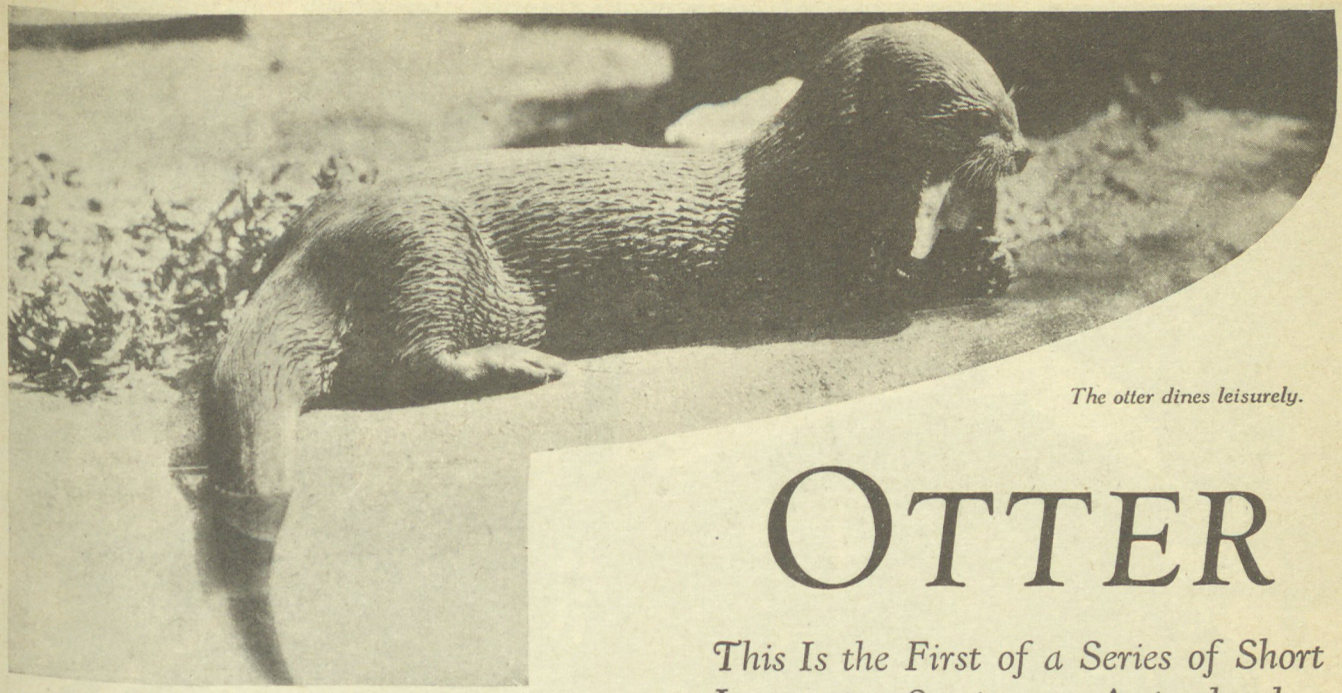
Now comes the winds, which function as carriers of moisture and continental distributors of water-supply for rivers, all over America.

The plan of the winds, or air circulation, is beautifully worked out and it is as cosmic and as fixed as the ocean-current plan of water-circulation and, like it, the winds come and go because of temperature changes.

All large storms that cross North America are cyclonic, which means that they rotate about a center, and the center travels a perfectly well defined path, just as the ocean currents do.

These big cyclonic storms form in the Arctic territory north of Siberia, as areas of low pressure, which starts a rotary movement of the air opposite the movement of the clock hands.

(Continued on page 56)



The otter dines leisurely.

OTTER

This Is the First of a Series of Short Instructive Stories on Animals that Inhabit North America

By E. R. GAMMAGE

THE dogs are on the scent and they are very sure of it too, for they are following an otter and nature, having provided that animal with such a powerful-scented secretion, has made the task easy for them. With a bark of joy, the leader darts off ahead of his fellows but, no sooner than it takes to tell it, he is back again with his tail between his legs. He has not, as yet, had an encounter with the object of his search but perhaps he has just thought of an experience he *has* had upon some former occasion and he has returned for the rest of the pack before starting trouble. He shows wisdom in this for otters have been known to turn upon a dog, drag it into the water and drown it.

"Wait," exclaims the stranger in the party. "The dogs are off again and they are heading straight for the children who are sliding down the slippery bank over yonder. We had better call them off."

"Don't worry about that, my friend, let them go. Just take another look and you will see that the object of our search is very near."

Sure enough—the sliding party on the bank of the stream was composed of otters and not of children as the stranger had supposed. The mistake was an easy one, however, for otters are very fond of the sport of sliding in the snow and mud and play at it very much the same as do small children. Often one plunges into the water and comes back onto a rock with a fish. He eats the fine, flaky meat and leaves the remainder for some other animal which is not such a fine fisherman as he is. This is a common occurrence with him as he often catches several fish in a single day and devours none but the choicest portions. For this reason, he is hated by the proprietors of streams who try to keep the waters plentifully supplied with fish. However, when these men are wise enough to consider him as a friend, he can be trained to be of the greatest aid to them for he is easily tamed and can be taught to chase fish into nets and to catch them for commercial purposes. The Chinese or Indian otter is very capable in this respect and the trained otters of India are almost as common as the trained dogs of England.

The otter is related to the weasel. It is an aquatic animal and is chiefly valued on account of its fur. It is found in both the Old and the New Worlds. Its body, which is long and low, is lithe and serpentine. Its limbs are short and powerful and are so loosely jointed that they can be turned in almost any direction. Its webbed feet aid in propelling the body through the water and its long, broad and flat tail is an effectual rudder. Its teeth are sharp and strong and of great benefit in holding and devouring the slippery prey.

The otters spend most of their time on river banks occupying some natural crevice or abandoned excavation of some burrow instead of building homes of their own. The nests are placed as close to the water as possible so that the mother and her young may plunge into it and hide among the rushes and other vegetation when danger threatens.

The common otter of Great Britain and Europe is shorter than the American otter, it being about 24 inches long without the tail which is about 17 inches long, while the American otter is about four feet in length. It is found nearly all over the temperate zone of North America.

The fur of the otter is of a brownish color, being lighter on the throat and below. It is of two kinds—soft fine fur which lies close to the skin and serves as a protection in the cold weather and long, shiny, coarse hair which composes the outer coat and which allows for easy movement through the water.

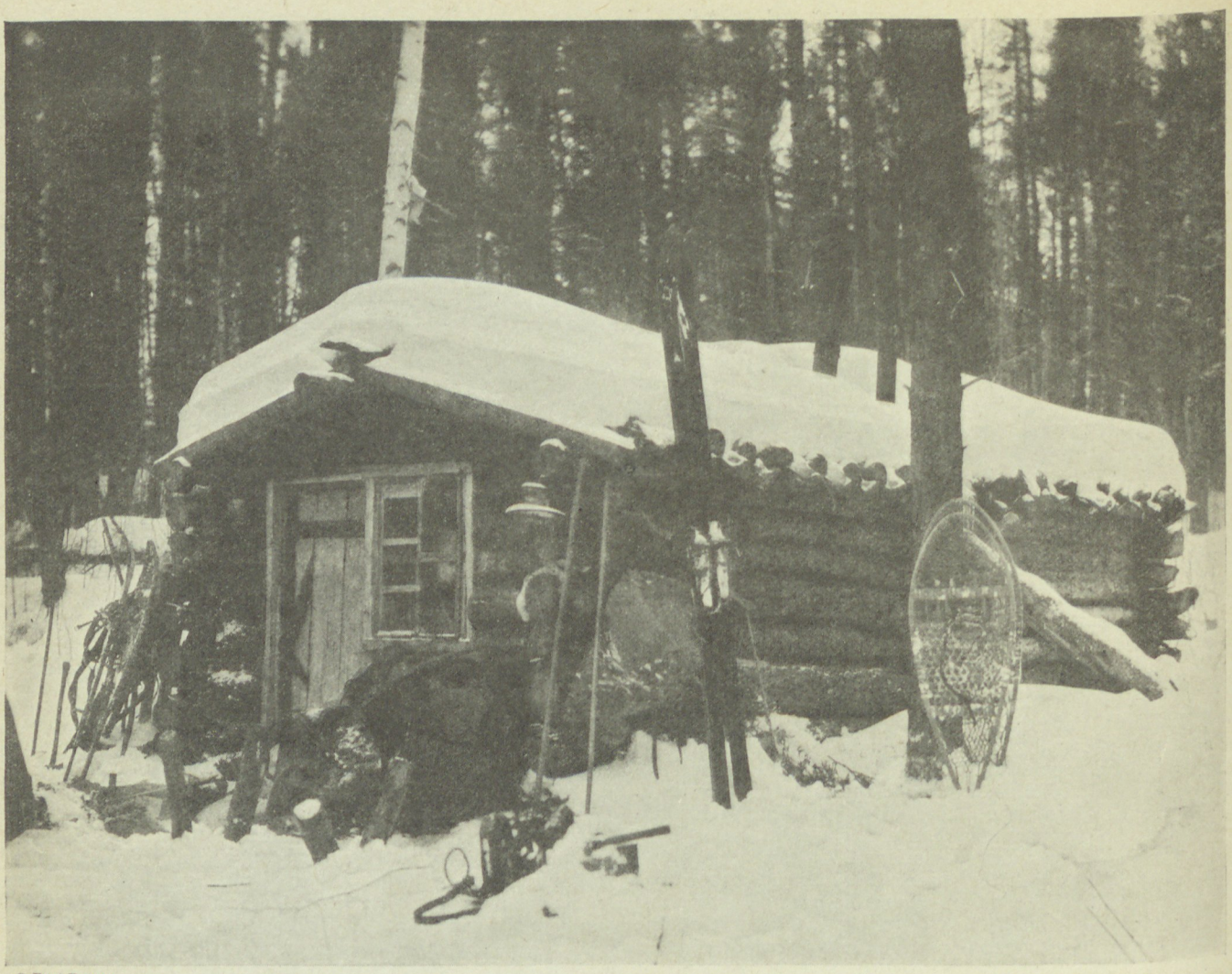
The accompanying photograph is a prize which I was fortunate enough to secure one day when I was out on the river. It shows an otter on a sand bank with a fish which he has caught. As the wild otter is very shy, I was very fortunate in securing this close-up of him.

The otter not only leaves the strong scent behind him by which he can be followed but also a "seal" or impression in the soft mud which is different from that of any other animal. It is made by a round ball on the sole of his foot.

* * *

The SEA OTTER, although belonging to another genus, is related to the common otter. Although formerly very abundant it is now found only in Alaska. It feeds upon clams, sea urchins, crabs, etc., instead of fish. Its fur is more valuable than that of the common otter; in fact, it is among the most valuable of all furs. Its color is a shimmering lustrous black and it has been known to sell for over one thousand dollars.

Inhabitants of the Alaskan Peninsula state that years have been spent there without the sight of a sea otter. This is a great contrast to the times when the entire livelihood of the natives of 2,000 miles of coast line was dependent upon the wealth derived from the sea otter fur trade. Since firearms and sealing schooners have been brought into play, however, the sea otters have been almost entirely exterminated and it has also caused them to become the wildest and wariest of all wild animals.



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A trapper's cabin.

Facts *and* Fallacies

"There Are No Cold Germs in the Wilderness and in Thirty Years of Forest Travel I Have Never Heard of a Sober Man Freezing to Death in His Sleep!"

By MURDO GIBSON

SOMETIMES I wonder why so few campers have open minds. Personally I have known but two. (I have, however, heard and read of several more.) And inasmuch as tolerance of new ideas is one of the logical accompaniments of higher education, it may not be strange that both of these men are university instructors as well as exceptionally skilled woodsmen.

Stefansson, the arctic explorer, is a noteworthy example of this type of outdoorsman. Although I know him only through his writings, he closely approximates my ideal of a real adventurer. Willing to risk his life on the accuracy of conclusions arrived at by a process of original reasoning, he proved that some of our most firmly rooted beliefs are fallacies. For instance, he exploded the theory that human health requires variety in diet. On several occasions he subsisted for months on meat alone yet finished the trips in perfect physical condition and with no desire for what he termed "Groceries."

This but confirms me in the conviction, long since arrived at, that a healthy man will never tire of any good, staple food if he will eat only when hungry.

Civilized people generally consider that regularity in eating and drinking is one of the fundamental rules for health. And perhaps it is, for town dwellers and other slaves of the clock; but for wilderness nomads, whose time is their own, I would substitute another: Eat only when hungry, rest whenever tired, and sleep only when sleepy. The camper who undertakes to practice this rule may have to sacrifice the companionship of some erstwhile tent mates, but he will gain a freedom from the tyranny of convention that will more than compensate for all losses, real or imaginary.

Presupposing that we have abandoned the delusion that health and strength are dependent upon a rapid and continuous succession of regular meals, and that we are willing to eat only when hungry enough to relish anything edible, let us see what benefits are to be expected from our changed attitude toward foods and feeding.

As a lone camper who frequently has to back pack his entire outfit, I welcome the great reduction in bulk and weight that this system permits. I still carry a reserve supply of food for use in an emergency, but it is ready cooked, so requires no utensils. Cooking utensils of any kind are a luxury in the north woods, unnecessary anywhere but in a fixed camp where women and children abide. The true nomad does not need them. His game and fish can be cooked perfectly and quickly, without the aid of pan or pail; and if, for any reason, a portion of his "store food" must be used, it can be eaten directly from the sack or package, just as a mischievous child would help itself to sugar. Granulated sugar, by the way, composes about a quarter of the mixture I use as an emergency food. The other three-quarters is a well known breakfast food that is not bulky and which seems to have all the virtues of the parched corn that enabled our pioneer ancestors to make such long journeys without overloading themselves.

If one has a craving for tea, there is no objection to carrying a supply on the first few trips. It is easily made by dropping a red hot stone into a birch bark dish in which the proper amount of water and tea have been placed. (I once made tea for a stranded party of canoeists, by utilizing a wave filled hollow in a ledge rock.)

I have been hungry so often that I no longer dread the experience. Fanciful fears of the "pangs" have given place to the calm confidence that I can walk from any point in the north woods to a grocery store, without eating a bite of food, and arrive in good physical condition. Looking backward over thirty years of forest travel, I feel sure that mental anguish has been responsible for most of the keen suffering, attributed by myself and others, to lack of food. Today I can think of no better tonic for frazzled nerves, sluggish minds or tired bodies than occasional periods of "fasting in the wilderness."

The chief obstacle to perfect mobility and freedom from drudgery in the northern forests is the fancied need for artificial aids to comfort. Each item added to the weight of our packs serves to retard rapid movement. Finally the limit is reached; foot travel becomes impossible; and the forest dweller must restrict his range to the immediate vicinity of a fixed camp. There indolence is not only encouraged but rendered more or less compulsory, and the urge toward free, untrammeled roving is deadened by the enervating influence of a full stomach and long hours of torpid slumber.

The remedy is obvious. Lighten the pack to the point where its weight is unnoticed at the end of a maximum day's travel. This means that beds and bedding must be discarded, although a light shelter cloth (and during fly time a mosquito canopy) may well be included. The old time scout often carried a blanket, but when it had to be used as a protection from rain and wind he was forced to get along without bed clothes. Could he have secured a waterproof cotton sheet that was twice the size of his blanket, yet weighed less than half as much, I am inclined to believe he would have left the latter at home. My silkolene sheet is eight feet square and weighs two pounds.

Once rid of the notion that long hours of unbroken sleep are necessary to health and enjoyment, blankets, robes and sleeping bags become superfluous, not worth carrying. Many trappers in the far north make long trips, even in midwinter, with no more than a single blanket or sheet which is used as wind break or bed wrap as occasion demands.

By omitting tent, blankets and cooking utensils, the load may be kept down to a reasonable weight, even if a considerable amount of civilized food is carried. On the first trip of this nature I would advise the novice to start with a food allowance of a pound per day and to gradually reduce his daily allowance as his ability to rustle increases.

I am fully aware of the fact that this sort of trip will not appeal to the average vacationist, but only to those daring, self-reliant spirits who crave for a taste of real freedom in a real wilderness. Most of us are slaves to our artificial ideas of physical comfort. We forget that happiness is a mental condition and that the ditch digger may be happier than the capitalist. For our own good we ought occasionally to break away from the fetters and protection of community life and learn from experience that a rabbit or fish caught by our own efforts and cooked at our own fire may be more delicious than the masterpiece of a city chef.

As to the sleeping problem—it is really no problem at all. Prepare a dry bed in a comfortable looking spot where the smoke will not trouble. Don't try to sleep. Stay awake as long as possible. If your thoughts and the various tasks that a bivouac imposes are not sufficient to prevent boredom, you shouldn't go alone to the forest. However, sleep will come in good time and in sufficient measure, even in the coldest weather. Don't worry about catching cold or freezing to death. There are no cold germs in the wilderness and I never heard of a sober man freezing to death in his sleep. You may wake up shivering; in fact you are quite sure to, but that will only make the fire seem more

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The double flip, flap jacks, unnecessary but not hard to take.

delightful. If appetite is a blessing because it makes us relish our food, why isn't cold considered in the same light?

As I see it, the reading matter taken along should be confined to text books for study and real literature for memorizing. The Little Blue Books which can be bought at almost any book or dime store are the lightest, for avoirdupois, that I know of. Don't be afraid to take the most difficult subjects. A few days of catch-as-catch-can living in the open air is likely to tune up the thinking apparatus and clarify the mental perspective to such an extent that the "deep stuff" ordinarily shunned will appear as plain and simple as Robinson Crusoe.

A pair of four inch, flat nosed, side cutting pliers; two or three long, coarse needles, some stout linen thread, a six inch flat file and a small piece of shoemakers' wax comprise a practical repair kit for the go-light hiker. Snare wire, of course, will be used for lynching rabbits. Fish also can be snared, especially at night, although some woodsmen prefer to snag them with a large hook.

When the days shorten, I like to have an acetylene lamp, similar to those used by underground miners. Carbide is heavy, but with a pound of it I can not only get a lot of food, but a lot of fun. On dark nights fish, frogs, crabs and rabbits can be closely approached by anyone carrying a strong reflected light. I am not sure just what they think about a light—sometimes they are attracted by it; sometimes puzzled or dazed; more often they appear to be indifferent to it. This is but one of many interesting subjects that the wilderness challenges me to investigate, if not to solve.

To the forest traveler who carries no firearms, a light fish spear is very useful. With it he can often secure a meal that otherwise would escape. Porcupines are edible and nourishing. A strong cord attached to the spear head will prevent loss of the weapon in case the handle slips out. When casting the spear the cord is held coiled in unused hand.

Merely as a matter of interest and without inferring that it is perfect, or that it will exactly suit any reader of this article, I am submitting a list of the things I have taken on trips of this nature. In recent years they have been confined to the unsettled districts lying between Lake Superior and the English River of Northern Ontario, a forested region well supplied with small game and containing innumerable lakes in most of which it is possible to catch fish at any season of the year.

My "go light" knapsack is of the type used by the U. S. Army at the time of the Spanish war. In it I carry:

Provisions.

2 lbs. Hardtack
2 lbs. Chocolate
6 lbs. Cereal
1½ lbs. Granulated Sugar
1 lb. Salt
¼ lb. Tea

In my pockets:

Notebook and map
Pencil
Very light Binoculars—4 oz.
Compass, knife and whetstone
Waterproof match box
Magnifying glass
Leather thongs
Watch and mirror
Small comb
Handkerchief

Equipment.

1 8′x8′ Silkolene sheet—rolled outside pack
Repair kit as described
1 clean white handkerchief
1 pair light wool sox
1 can matches waterproofed
Tobacco 1 oz. per day
1 belt axe, in sheath
Cross ruled note paper
Pens and ink—1 book
1 extra pencil
1 long barrel pistol with skeleton stock
22 cal. cartridges, 1 tube Vaseline
1 tin cup, hung on trousers
Very short casting rod
Strong line, spoon hooks and sinkers

I don't know how long I could travel comfortably in that country without replenishing this outfit. During the first few days I use up most of the hardtack and chocolate, reserving a couple of pieces of each for emergencies—which never occur. The cereal and sugar are mixed to-

(Continued on page 54)

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A snappy team.

Some Do and Some Don't

You Can Never Tell About a Duck as this Brief Yarn of the Tag End of the Season Shows

By
COLLINS B. REED

Illustration by Earl H. Reed

From the original etching by Earl H. Reed

Down they swooped—only to swirl away out of range.

DRIVING snow had almost blotted out the dark green border of the spruce swamp. The long, marshy lake, choked with rushes, revealed only a few black patches of open water.

We had pulled the snow covered boat into what had once been a shielding bank of reeds, but these, now bent and whining in the gale, left us in plain sight from the air. The dawn, hardly distinguishable, had paled the landscape. Looking down the wind (the only direction we could look) we saw no speeding ducks.

Long since we had nearly frozen our fingers putting out the live decoys, that were huddled together against the storm in front of us. They looked very cold, and rested on the murky water like wooden counterfeits. Chill and shaking, we waited stoically. The driving flakes swept on, and nothing happened.

Bill, in the other end of the boat, spoke.

"Suppose I take a shot and see if anything rises off the marsh?"

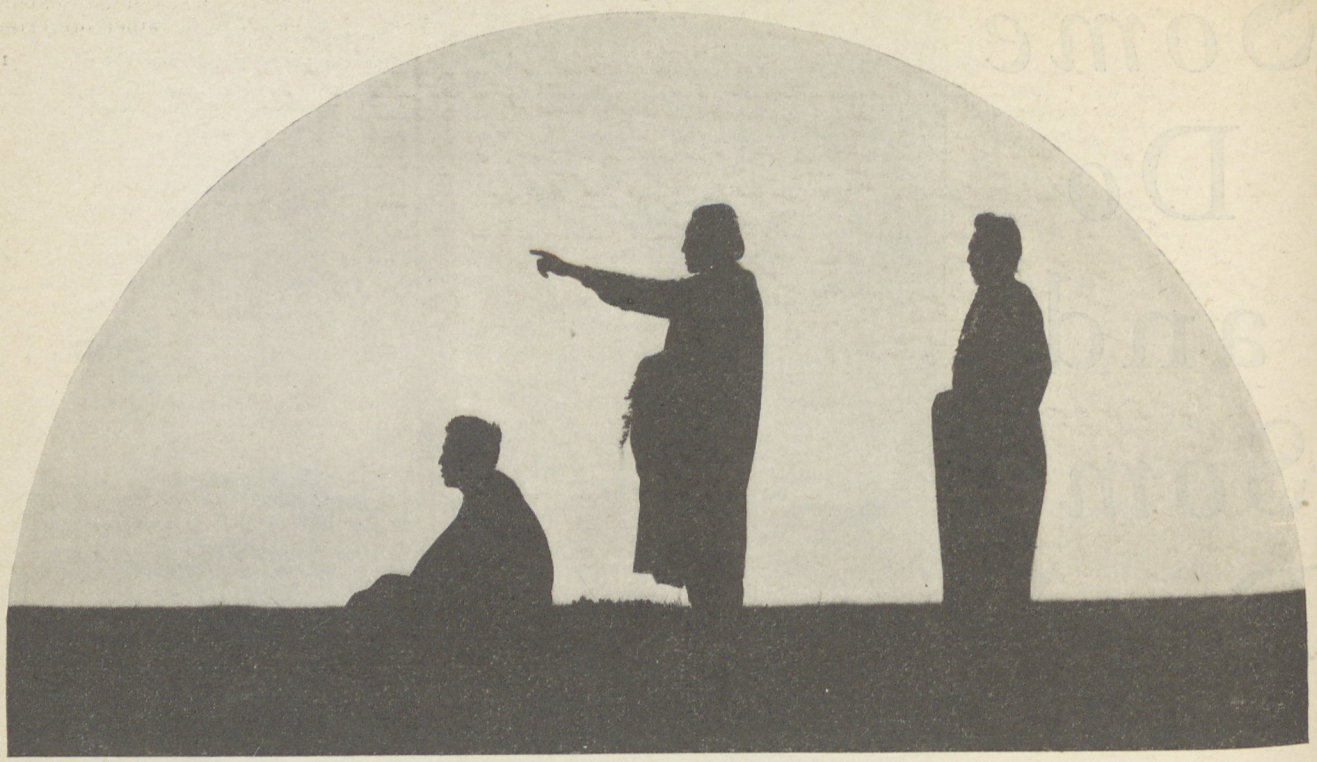
"Shoot," I replied.

Bill's shot sounded dull against the tempest, like a firecracker wrapped in a wet dish rag. The effect was immediate and far reaching. Flock after flock of mallards rose one after the other from farther down the marsh, and buffeting the storm, circled aimlessly around. One bunch headed into the teeth of the gale, and paying no attention to the decoys, slid down wind and away at terrific speed. Another straggling flock, containing at least seventy birds, quartered up the wind by us, and seemed to take a passing interest—for a dozen or so separated and wheeled by out of range. Oh, yes, trust Mr. Greenhead to keep out of harm's way when he detects the identity of those malign white objects in the rushes.

We "froze"—in both senses of the word—while the wheeling ducks examined us at leisure.

"Damn," muttered Bill, withdrawing his head into his sheepskin collar like a turtle.

The storm rode on, and the flocks, one by one, either settled into the far end of the marsh, or departed into the snow-swept gloom above the surrounding spruce swamps. We fidgeted, beat our hands on our gun stocks, and banged our feet against the boat. *(Continued on page 53)*



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John Citizen's Soul

His Attitude Toward Life Was Placid—No Dazzling Lights No Deep Shadows. He Was Just an Average Citizen Until—

By CHARLES ALEXANDER

This interesting sketch is laid in the country where the author's new novel "Splendid Summit" is laid. He is now busy on another new book "Bob the Big," a dog story.

THIS man stood five feet nine or eleven—something like that. He had a brown jaw and a white forehead and the usual face. It is likely that he grew up in Oregon or in Minnesota; to be sure he grew up in no startling place. He became a business man, having learned as a little tad to sweep out offices and guard the ten dollars a month he received for each office he swept out. Then when he got an office of his own he swept it out himself, at first. Of course he married. He was an upstanding fellow. As a youth he joined the Epworth League (senior), and later he dropped out of that and also out of church; but it is the impression that he always made a show of attending a mid-week men's Bible class occasionally.

In his married life nothing worth mentioning occurred. He was happily married, that was all. About the marriage was nothing ecstatic, nothing sad. His attitude toward his children was kindly, paternal, square. Most of them went good and did well and one of them went bad and was divorced some times.

He took part in the community's affairs, but he took no leading part. At no time in his life (he could not be said to have had a career) were the eyes of the public turned on him. In a competent way he gathered the solid evidences of prosperity around him, but he gathered these so unostentatiously that no one particularly noticed.

We are trying to say that he was just a good citizen and fine man with no trace of knobs on him. The days, weeks, months and years he spent at his desk, ten hours at least to each day, while his family lived in the substantial stone house and went about and performed things, must have been long hours. They must have pushed all the waywardness out of his soul, must have trained him automatically to do his stuff and never venture a thought outside the thoughts of his business. It was not suspected of him that he had, or was capable of, any thoughts in particular. He was a model countryman, with a white forehead and brown jaw, always shaven.

When they dutifully dusted the sod over his six feet of soil they put away this fellow whose years had been spent in the mill. They would have denied that they put away anything else.

We did not see him while he lived and worked in the colorless channel of business life, for he did not live in our town. These things we heard said of him by those who had the right to know him best, and it would be difficult to dispute them. Besides, there is the evidence. A thousand acquaintances knew this placid man at his

daily grind; and they will take oath as to his character, his qualities, sterling, forthright, and so forth.

But we did meet him once, on the Gordon Range. Like a good juryman, we then knew nothing to prejudice us against him.

The Gordon Range is just a difficult bit of mountain country. You work hard to get there and there isn't much in the way of reward once you get there. It's only that you have got a little way back of beyond, whatever that means to you. As you camp in that country you may feel sure that no one will come along the trail by night or by day; no person, that is. A deer or a wolf or a cat may be expected at any time. As for scenery, you may climb Soapgrass or Twin Buttes or even Two Girls, and see a horizon quite dismaying; but there will be no one to shout to about it.

The memory of this small-town citizen had as well be left as it stands among his friends, those who were closest to him; not for the purpose of questioning or correcting the popular estimation do we proceed. But casting back to the few days on the Gordon Range, we feel puzzled. The picture of this late citizen that is given us (and which beyond aspersion is right) does not entirely fit. We can not elaborate it, for already it is complete. It is strange that in describing this man, we would paint a wholly different picture. There would be then two clear pictures of one man, two opposed pictures. How can this be? Let us go forward cautiously.

The first noticeable thing was that he came up the three-mile four-hour climb on to the Gordon Range in fresh fettle, and that climb is branded by its victims the worst trail in Oregon—the steepest. He hadn't had his pack off once, neither was he gasping, nor had he emptied his canteen; yet there is no water on the Gordon Trail and few wet canteens go over its top. So we looked twice at him. There wasn't much more that day. He went along up Fall Creek and passed over to Boulder Creek, pausing while the others argued or rested but not particularly arguing or resting himself.

Sometimes he poised on a point and looked over the jumbled landscape. The others in the group at these times would busily point out Black Butte and Jefferson and mistake three snow caps to the south for the Three Sisters; they would set up a compass and locate the peaks and jut down the figures; or produce abominable maps and differ about the location, the altitude, and what-not. A stop was a signal for the rest of the outfit to declare and contradict. How many miles from the bottom to the top of the Gordon? Three? Oh, hell, five. Well, it was a thirty-five per cent. grade every step. An old Indian trail rising straight up and not winding up, as a white man's trail ascends. No, better than thirty-five. Couldn't set a baseball down on the trail anywhere, it was so steep. But this commonplace business man, while doing a lot of looking on his own account, out over the top of things, had some mysterious method of his own in his observations. It seemed, strangely, that he did not wonder if the rock off to the northeast was Three Finger Jack. Whether or no that was Gold Hill arising a few points south had no interest for him. He looked, in a long and quiet manner, and he may not have seen these things at all. It is likely that he felt rather than saw them.

At camp, on a little lost lake, he did more than his share of everything except talking. He was up and about always, until it became clear that for him some magnetism lurked in the outer places.

All would go out on the lake aboard old rafts made of great snags, white and ghostly, over the transparent depths of dull water, and every one would fish and wrangle, about baits, about fish, about politics and the comparative glories of secret orders. This business man would hold quiet. It was all one to him whether he caught fish or not, although he did pull them in slowly, firmly, as though repeating some familiar experience, grown strange through neglect. He rather preferred, he showed, to lie on a raft and stare into the water, where the dead trees were, and the grey trout loafed sinister-eyed and shark-like.

He developed a fanaticism for a great snag with lush rushes springing from the ooze around it. Here, in the sun, the staid business man would perch. He might lift his eyes to the great sheer cliffs that rimmed and hid the lake bench for miles, just a few hundred yards south of the bench. Often he did study the cliffs, his eyes prying the crannies, searching the stunted spruces and firs at the top, following the white seams on the face of the rock. It is hardly plausible that his eyes searched for any definite thing. But they searched, over and again, and there must have been pleasure, or dear familiarity, in the process. There was something. That's what we are getting at.

Then to his right as he lounged on the snag rose a baby ridge, dividing the two little lakes. The lakes, fifty feet apart, were separated to a man by an hour's struggle through the massed formation of the brush on this little ridge. It was not unusual for the business man's eyes to rest or slowly play over this little ridge. His glance could be followed. It began at the center, as if seeking to see what lay beyond the ridge. It worked from tree-top to tree-top, over the zigzag skyline of tops, mounting, until it came sharply against the sheer cliff. Then it jerked back to the low middle again; and probably the man withdrew his glance while he re-lighted his pipe.

Then to his left was the official lake. It was hemmed by an unbroken, nigh impenetrable forest. It was blue in a way, but dull, and there were in it hints of grey, where the monster water-logged snags slept beneath the surface. The business man and model citizen enjoyed rolling over on his snag and *(Continued on page 44)*

Sometimes he paused and looked over the landscape.

Deer Hunting With Wild Men

Carrying the buck into camp.

"LET'S go to the mountains and hunt wild hogs and deer with the Igorotes," Captain Hill said to me the last night before the Christmas vacation.

"Hunt wild hogs and deer with wild men?" I asked. It thrilled me to think of hunting wild hogs with wild men. (This class of Igorotes are indeed wild men, many of whom have never seen white men. A straight line of eighty miles would bring them to a modern, bustling, smoking metropolis, the very existence of which they are totally ignorant nor could they even vizualize it.) How different from hunting deer in Northern Wisconsin! I was eager to go. I wanted excitement; a rest; anything to get away from the monotonous class room.

Besides plenty of chow and a cook we took along two shot guns, a hundred rounds of ammunition, several strings of beads, and many small mirrors to win the good will and confidence of the natives.

Three days later we found ourselves one hundred and sixty kilometers north of Manila, in the heart of a range of the beautiful Caraballo Mountains which forms a waste country without inhabitants, except a small tribe of Igorotes. With the help of our guide and the Igorotes we made a camp of thatch and bamboo along the bank of a cool, rippling mountain stream. Bucusan, the chief of the tribe, lived just a short distance from our camp in a small bamboo shack, built on poles four feet above ground. The occupants of the house were fifteen or twenty small mangy dogs, five or six dirty naked children, and his poor overworked wife. Near-by, his brother Kolyog lived in a shack whose occupants were similar to those of Bucusan's house. Farther back in different places in the mountains lived the rest of the tribe in the same environment.

The main valleys of these mountains are subdivided by forests, mountain spurs, jungles and rivers. In the canyons of the mountains are streams of running cold water and along the banks tropical vegetation grows luxuriantly. Wild hogs and deer feed on these tender grasses and numberless roots. The bamboo, shrubbery, cogon grass, and trees form an enormous jungle on both sides of these streams which make an ideal rendezvous for wild hogs, deer, wild cats, snakes, lizards and wild chickens.

As we sat around the camp fire the first evening the Igorote men squatted near us chewing betel-nut. A strange looking group, naked save a small gee-string about the loins. The children and the dogs timidly hung about viewing the strange invaders.

"I made the acquaintance of Bucusan twenty years ago when I first traveled through these parts," said Hill. "He always seems glad to see me, and asks to see the pictures on old magazine covers or the advertisements within, which he as often as not looked at upside down."

I told stories of my hunting experiences in Northern Wisconsin. He told me of his various thrilling experiences in the Philippines among the Moros, the Igorotes, and other pagan tribes, of rides, hikes and hunts in the mountains. I was particularly interested in one experience he had had with a huge boa-constrictor.

"Bucusan and I were climbing one of these mountains about twenty years ago when we came across a great boa in the act of swallowing a doe. The doe was half swallowed when we killed the snake, which measured 32½ feet. The boa, as is the habit of all boas, waylaid its prey by its weight in a fall. It then used a tree to constrict and break all the bones of the deer, holding it until dead, vomiting saliva and slime over the head of the deer, swallowing it inch by inch." He went on to tell me that when the prey is swallowed as far as the shoulders the jaw is dislocated. A week of swallowing is followed by a month of digesting. This was only one of the many tales which we swapped until far into the night over the camp fire.

The next morning, by the time the sun shone over the tip of Mt. Manuli, coffee, bacon and rice were dispatched, guns oiled, and belts filled. Accompanied by a number of breechless Igorotes armed with spears and bolos, a crowd of eager, whining dogs called by scientists *canine philipinus*, but by old timers rice hounds, we threaded our way along the boulder-strewn bed of the crystal creek. Before us rose the spurs of the Capintalan range, with morning mists still along the crests. On both sides was a dark green rugged jungle—the forest primeval—amongst whose glades dwelt both the spotted deer,

The chief himself, wearing—er, the smile that won't come off, and armed with the last word in Igorote spears

This is an unusual tale of a nimrod's adventures with the Igorote tribesmen of the Philippine Islands

By MANLY SHARP

Photographs by the author

Our camp near Belete Pass.

and the black deer; the *javaili* or wild boar; the *musang* or musk cat; and the sluggish boa-constrictor which attains a length of thirty feet, not to speak of lesser snakes of mottled browns, grays and greens.

Soon Bucusan called a halt. A conversation followed between him and Hill. At its conclusion Hill said, "The chief and his men and dogs will circle the ridges of this canyon. You and I with our shotguns will go with Kolyog up the valley of the canyon and hide in ambush along the game trails."

The chief and his men started up the ridge and were soon lost in the thick jungle. Kolyog dressed in his gee-string with his sharp spear in his hand, his heavy black hair waving, his lips and teeth red with betel-nut, looking the wild man he was, led the way up a deep canyon amid tall trees, bamboo thickets and cogon grass to a place where several trails met. At this place he carefully studied the ground and surroundings and soon selected a concealed position behind a large tree around which grew large bunches of cogon grass. The game trail ran by the side of the tree. Directly opposite the tree was a large rock about twenty feet long and eight or ten feet high that lay parallel with the trail. This acted as a sort of a fence which would steer the game down the trail and would prevent sudden escape to the side when he made his attack. After locating his position, he grunted for me to follow him down the trail a short distance to a little rise in the ground to a thicket of bamboo or *bojos*. This offered protection from exposure and at the same time gave me a good chance to shoot any game that would pass Kolyog unharmed. After stationing me, Kolyog took Hill up the creek a short distance and hid him near another trail. Kolyog soon returned to his ambush behind the tree, and waited.

The chief's wife, in all her glory. This gown is not exactly a Parisian creation, but rather natty at that, eh? At least a bit different.

All was silent except for the occasional scratching of some wild chickens nearby and the noise of a waterfall a short distance up the stream. I had plenty of time to study the habits of these wild chickens or *manoks* as the natives call them. The air, though still, was cool and refreshing, and I appreciated its coolness, for I had suffered from the heat for several months.

I should judge we waited for about an hour before we heard the dogs far away on the mountain side. Kolyog still sat motionless, his head drooped a little, his spear across his knees. I gently pushed the safety ahead and waited. The barking of the dogs increased far back and on both sides of the canyon. The sound gradually came nearer and then suddenly one dog loudly proclaimed that he was on the hot trail of an animal. At this announcement, Kolyog cautiously rose to his feet, though still concealed, in an attitude of battle. In about five minutes I heard the cracking of twigs and the rustling of leaves. I knew something was coming down the trail. Suddenly the sound ceased. Then it began again. It was the trot of a deer running slowly, far in advance of its pursuers. As I peered from my ambush I could see the dark form of a buck coming down the trail toward us. Kolyog's spear was raised, waiting the crucial moment; then like a flash it descended! The deer bounded down the trail toward me. I was about to fire, but the deer suddenly slowed up, staggered along slowly and then sank to the ground, with the spear in its side. It was fortunate that I did not shoot, for soon we heard Hill's gun. He got a small deer, and, had I shot, his game would have been scared away. Our first day's hunt thus ended successfully with two deer in camp—the wild hogs is another story.

The chief's house.

In the swirl of the rapids.

Trials on Virgin Trails

By Dr. HALFORD J. MORLAN

Photographs by the Author

ASINKA is an Indian name meaning the top of the hill. But when I arrived there in June at the very beginning of the fishing season, every one around camp seemed to be in the depths of despair. You have probably visited the depths of despair, and know it is not a pleasant resort. However, we dissipated that gloomy atmosphere within a few days, and it has been a happy fishing resort ever since—a delightful place to go for small-mouth bass, muskies and pike. The local name for the latter splendid fish is "dore" or "pickerel." They designate the fish which we know around Chicago as pickerel—a jack, snake or pike.

The location of the camp is ideal, overlooking as it does the wonderful French River valley in eastern Ontario. The stream is some sixty-five miles long and cut through cavernous rock to a great depth. Many times I have let down all of the one hundred fifty feet of line that I had and never came near bottom, so far as I could ascertain.

This river connects Lake Nippising with Georgian Bay about two hundred miles north of Toronto. Due to the fact that as yet there are no automobile roads reaching here, it is fairly isolated and protected. The territory is virgin and ordinarily productive of game and fish, as you might opine. Here there is much historic as well as active interest, for tradition demands a place for itself. The water is not only very deep, but very cold and swift. The scenes along the beautiful shores of this mighty body of water are among the most delectable in Ontario. You will not be confined to the one river, for there are four and many lakes, within an hour of the station of French River, that being the point to which you purchase your ticket. The name Asinka is the name of the camp and the P. O. address. There are two French Rivers paralleling each other, besides the Murdock and Pickerel rivers, within less than an hour by canoe.

Doug Hains and Paul Laffoley of Montreal, and A. J. Algate of Toronto, with whom I ate breakfast at Sudbury, advised me: "By all means go to French River, if you want really excellent small-mouth bass fishing." Of all of the outdoor men in Canada, none know Ontario as do these three pals. Any one of them will sit down on the platform and draw a map of any part of Ontario, while you are looking for pencil and paper. They will go through the bush with a ninety-pound canoe on their heads with the ease and speed of a bull moose in the open. What one of them tells you of his own country, or any other, is the truth, for they will not commit themselves unless their information has been gained by personal observation and experience. Knowing all of this, and more, I was convinced that I *must* go to the camp at Asinka. And accordingly made tentative arrangements for a long stay.

I arrived early in the afternoon. The camp was a busy place. Mr. Stradthe and his corps of assistants were engaged in the first rites of christening the camp, for the summer's business. For almost twenty-four hours the bungalow camp had been open and they were apprehensive, for until I arrived not a boarder had reach Asinka. Imagine *my* reception! How welcome I was! Home could not have opened wider the doors of hospitality. Indeed, I *could* be accommodated.

I was shown to a very pretty little cottage with four windows, well screened. Oh! how fortunate—a stove, fuel, twin beds, electric lights, and running water right at hand. The food was most excellent and sufficiently abundant. How was the fishing? No one knew. No one had been there to try it, and the season was almost a day old. Something should be done and done quickly, for I was the sole angler upon whom they might depend. Then to the rescue of an endangered reputation: I was off! At the wharf a brand new canoe and an Indian guide were awaiting me.

Down the river toward Recollet Falls we paddled until finally I could not be longer restrained and began casting. The fish must have thought that I was laying down a barrage to protect my guide, but it was really to protect my reputation. I had to make good, and a good reputation is,

The "eats"—a great institution.

We Fished Two Lakes Thirty Feet Apart. One Contained Nothing But Large Mouth Bass—the Other Contained Only Small Mouth!

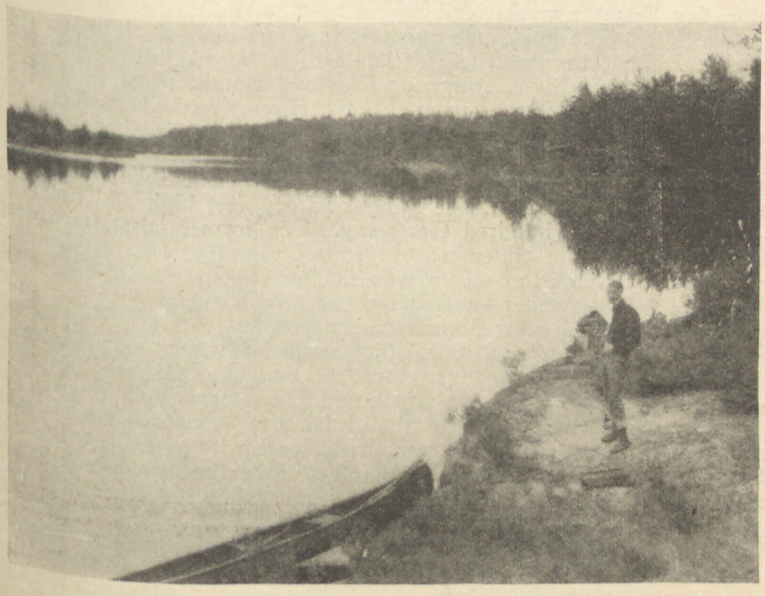
And of course some portages.

at times, hard to sustain. I began to wish I were the Indian. But when I thought of his family, I was content to retain my own personality and hoped to save my pride. Just before we reached the falls, a well-meaning, but foolish small-mouth bass of some three pounds hit my barbless hook and proved said hook was perfectly efficient and trustworthy. Sweet meat! I had caught the first fish of the season, and he was "not too bad," as they say in Canada.

We drifted on down to the falls with nothing more to encourage us, save the beautiful river and the possibilities it continually suggested. The water at the falls gave promise of anything for which I might hope. And I was not too modest in my hope. First, I did some photographing and then went seriously to work with my tackle. I was using a fly rod, and everything seemed perfect—except the expected results. After a while I began to get discouraged, then suddenly—BANG! It seemed like a submarine had snagged my hook and was trying to sound the bottom. But such was not the case, for when nally, I landed the impudent citizen of these deepest depths, it was discovered to be only a seven-pound pickerel. The rapids had added the extra tons to its seeming size. We were no longer downhearted; we could at least feed the camp one helping of fish—on the first day of the season.

Further efforts produced no acceptable results, and I was at a loss to account for the lack of interest in my lures, of which I tried many. Directly we saw a canoe approaching (I believe they always "hove in sight") from the bend down stream. It contained a sole Indian, who seemed rather eager to show us something in his canoe. When he came alongside, he displayed a big muskie, which the scales afterward proved to be of more than twenty pound weight. He had caught it an hour before in the very pool where I was fishing; he had had a battle of great promise with that fish and finally manhandled him, becoming the unfair conqueror. Though urged, I refused to buy his fish, but I noticed him talking with Mr. Stradthe. The next morning we had muskie for breakfast, and I know Mr. Stradthe hadn't been fishing.

I caught another nice bass on my return to camp, so felt pretty good, and I also felt well. My guide did not try to hide the fish as we paraded past a small crowd at the station—"help" from the camp, coming down to meet the train and hoping that some one would arrive with a lot of baggage, so that each could carry a piece up the hill. The next day it rained, and we did not start until late, as our Indian guide waited until it was dry before he came over to take us out. Some folks are thoughtful like that. He did not want the dust laid on his hat, for that would make it heavy, and he was naturally light headed. But we might as well have remained at camp, for we caught no fish. The next day was no more prolific of results—except barren results—than was the previous day. But we had paddled more than twenty miles in a canoe in our efforts to locate an adventurous fish.



Placidly beautiful in spots.

The following day we went up French River, portaged over into Pickerel River and down past the town by that name, where, on the opposite bank, the white teacher of a small school of Indian children was kind enough to let the pupils come out to see how dejected we appeared, and the while, we took their pictures. We later reached Horse Shoe Falls and some wonderful pools of deep, clear water where tantalizing fish of enormous size—larger than the one that always gets away—swam up again and again and followed our lure or playfully slapped the fly with their tails. I don't know why! I concluded that I was too early for anything but the flies and mosquitoes. They were bad at this time, but by the first of July would be practically all gone, and the fishing would then be good. Why had I not waited?

We had up to date not been overly fortunate. Luck, which is usually a combination of brains and hard work, seemed against us, though we had tried to work hard enough. But that evening when we returned home, our luck had changed. Doug and Paul had come down to

French River for a day or two. They were exploring and mapping some new routes, and this was on their itinerary. When they heard the story of our misfortunes and the evidence of unrest around the camp, for fear there would be no good fishing all summer and consequently no tourists or guests, they decided that they would go with me one day to see what was wrong. Accordingly, the three of us left camp early the next day with a launch towing our canoe for the first fifteen miles. Then we struck the foot of Five-Mile Rapids and our work began.

It was stiff paddling, with three of us in a seventeen-foot canoe, with frequent portages for five miles, then another long stretch of swift canoe water and finally oceans of flat water, a few islands and peninsulas, and hide and seek places. Finally, the wonderful Five Finger Rapids appeared. They are so magnificent, so unusual, such a gem of outdoor treasure, that one could write an entire story about their wondrous beauty and not begin to exhaust the subject. But I so much prefer that you go and see them, I will in no way destroy any portion of the thrill you will get, by describing them here. All the way up we had stopped occasionally to fish in the likely pools and to take pictures of the most beautiful places. This all required time, besides, we often slowed up or stopped in order to watch some bit of wild life which came out for inspection.

In addition to all of these things, we had traveled almost, if not quite, thirty miles by launch and canoe, and we were to return that same day. It was now afternoon, and after taking a swim in the warm waters of the shallow places along the rocky shores of the Five Finger Rapids, we started the retreat. Just before we left the last bit of rapids, Doug walked to the very edge of a precipitous cliff and peered over intently for some time. Then he called Paul and me to see what at first glance looked like a log lying close to the rock bank some sixty feet below, in about thirty feet of perfectly transparent water. It was directly under us and we could make out perfectly an old sturgeon, which could not have been less than seven feet long. He was a record fish, if we could have landed him, but my guess is that you can still find him in that same place if you want such a specimen.

I made a note of what we saw that day, for it was unusual, but is here accurately chronicled: Eleven deer, several foxes, one old red head duck with exactly thirty-two—I never before heard of such a brood, and believe she must have taken some orphans—little ones swimming with her, and we saw them both on the trip up and the return trip and the same number each time; many blue heron, squirrels innumerable, many partridge, three ground hogs, four porcupines, some hawks, loons galore, one bear, two mink, rabbits and song birds. Besides, we traveled the sixty miles, paddling or portaging half of it; stopped long enough to catch nineteen splendid fish: Two small-mouth bass, one pickerel, and sixteen "dore," from two pounds to seven and a half pounds each; and, to make the day complete and use our *spare* time, I set up my camera and took sixty pictures. Not a bad day! After that I could never make Doug and Paul believe that I had not been doing it every day.

The next morning there was great commotion in the dining room. Doug had been insulted and didn't feel happy about it, and the owner of the canoes was frantic because a canoe, as he said, was ruined. Doug protested that he had never injured any canoe; and that he had never touched a canoe with anything but water in his life. However, "we must go promptly to the wharf after breakfast and adjust matters." When we arrived the canoe was turned up for our inspection, but we could not see any cause for alarm. "But," said the owner, "can't you see where the paint is punctured off the boat?" "Whatdoyoumean! punctured?" Doug demanded. We were shown a small place about the size of a dime where the heat of the sun—because the owner had not protected the newly painted canoes, while on the wharf—had slightly blistered the paint. This useless display of temper and unnecessary excitement; this trouble and loss of time was not calculated to put any of us in a better frame of mind, and we all tried at the same time to ridicule the attempt at extortion, but the canoe owner insisted to the very last, "it was nearly injured."

We fished again the next day and came home late at night to find that a community dance was in progress, and all of the neighborhood was there, although until then I had never noticed any neighbors in the neighborhood. The music (?) and the call of, "lady fly in, lady fly out, do se do," is still resounding in my sensitive ears. This lasted until one o'clock. Since we were taking a train for another fishing trip of a vastly different character about three A. M., we decided to remain up the extra hour or so and *visit*. Exactly on time we boarded the train for a twelve mile trip to Delemere where we alighted: Doug, Paul, a guide who had never seen this country, and myself. About three thirty we were met by the busiest, most blood thirsty, damnable bunch of mosquitoes that ever infested the earth. We could scarcely see through the swarms, though it was daylight up here at this time in June. Before we could get nets over our heads, we were bleeding profusely and looked a good deal as though we had been through a battle of the Marne.

We were going somewhere out in the bush to the north, where some one in an aeroplane had seen three lakes. But they were yet unexplored, and no man had ever been there so far as we could learn. Even the Indians did not know of the lakes. All that we had to do was to load the two canoes, provisions, tents, camp equipment et cetera, on our backs and break a trail through the woods to the lakes, for though I was coming out that night, the other boys were to remain for some time. It was not necessary that we go *directly* to the lakes; we might go as far as we liked and double back if we wanted to, but we must reach the lakes eventually or admit defeat. So each took his hundred pounds plus, and cheerfully but not smilingly, started forth. We didn't know exactly where we were going, but it was through virgin mush where man had never trod. That made it easy, with a canoe over one's head, to circle a *bit* if one wanted to, or if he didn't. So Doug, who was leading, gave us a good walk. He evidently liked the country and wanted to see it—all of it on this one trip I judged by his path—before we finally reached the lakes. But when we got tired of walking, we climbed trees—while we rested—and endeavored to locate a bit of water, even a drink would have been welcome. Some places gave promise of water, but it seemed underneath us, for we sank in bog up to our knees and our burden kept us from flying away, when a breeze hit us. We seemed safe enough, so long as we were not drowned in the bog or devoured by mosquitoes; there were no trees falling close to us, but the earth was ajar, and the pearly gates might have been likewise for Doug, if he had not finally remembered that it was during *that particular day* that we wanted to arrive at a lake somewhere—anywhere—when he stumbled through some thick bush to step unexpectedly right into one. He found it! Yes, he did! It was not yet eleven o'clock and we had a lot of time to get some exercise before the day was over, so we went fishing.

The guide put up camp, and we three Waltonians went out to see whether the lake contained fish. It did! I began fly casting for bass and caught some nice small-mouth, then dore, rock bass, silver bass and one jack fish. Knowing there were three lakes, we soon found another one and caught some fish in it, but they were all small. Now we would try the third and last lake which was just over a bank some thirty or forty feet high and not more than a hundred feet away. The former lakes were deep, and the water was blue, but this last lake adjacent to both of the others was shallow—about six to ten feet as I remember—and the water was so clear that we could see all of the white sandy bottom, with every weed and the hundreds of fish that swam below. It seemed strange then, and stranger now, but that lake so near the others hadn't a fish of any kind except large mouth bass, and they were all of the same size—about a pound each. Where did they come from and why were not the fish the same in each lake? Two lakes had small-mouth bass and various other kinds of fish, while the other lake contained only large-mouth bass.

Having made our discoveries, satisfied our curiosity, gotten a bit of *much needed* exercise, and been the first ever to fish in any of the three lakes, we thought it might not be considered gluttonous of *(Continued on page 47)*

Mrs. High tries her luck.

Trout Fishing *in the Swiss Alps*

They land them at an altitude of more than 12,000 feet

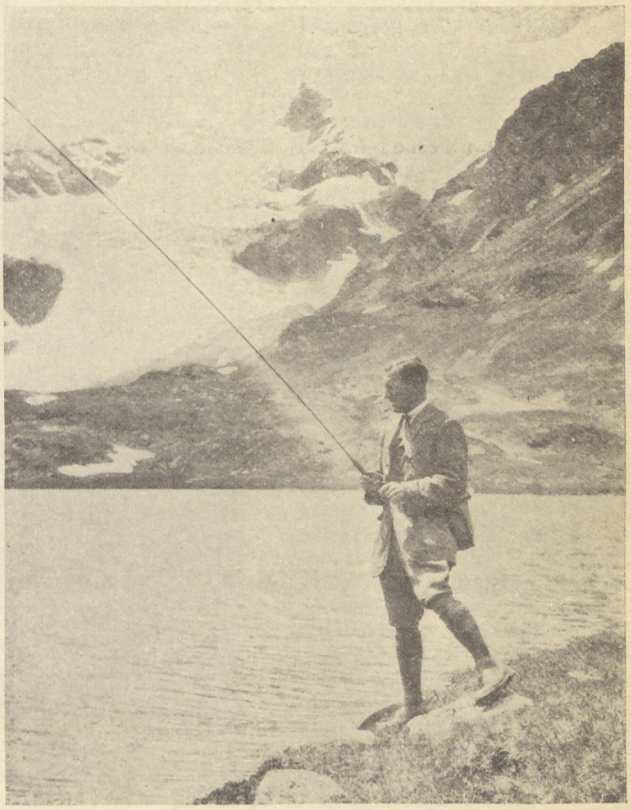
Photographs by the Author

By GEORGE H. HIGH

STARTING from St. Moritz on the electrically equipped Bernina Railroad passing through the town of Pontresina, the road follows up the little swift stream, which is constantly fed with the milky white water from the famous Mortiratsch Glacier, which lies on the Bernina mountains, well over 12,000 feet in height. We got a fine view of the snow-peaked mountains, their grandeur never to be forgotten. From here the road winds up and up, till three little lakes are discovered, lying just under the Cambrena Glacier. A stop is made here at Hospiz station.

The upper lake has steep clay banks and the water is a muddy yellow, the result of a constant wash from the mountainsides, but following down we find two clear lakes nestling under the snow and ice. Here we set up our rods and selected the smallest of black and brown hackle, with the lightest of leaders. The lakes were literally alive with trout, rising for unseen insects. We cast and cast, changing flies constantly with little success. At luncheon, which we packed on our backs, in true Swiss fashion, we discussed the wary little trout, and after consulting with two native fishermen, who were equipped with two-handed cane poles, 14 to 16 feet in length, we came to the conclusion that the trout had learned away back as far as Napoleon to look out for anything walking on two feet!

By four o'clock we were tired and hungry. After counting our catch of five nice trout we climbed the steep mountain to Hospiz Hotel, located on another little lake, where we fished from the snow banks until tea was served, with one more trout added to our catch. Returning to St. Moritz by train, we arrived in time for dinner at eight.



The Rev. Arundell—a fisherman since boyhood.

A native fisherman with rod of the "two-fisted" variety.

We repeated this trip three times with about the same result, but were well repaid by the beauty and grandeur surrounding us. The air was cold, and it took all our endurance to climb the rugged mountain.

The Rev. W. H. Arundell, of Cheriton Fitzpaine, England, was my companion in many fishing excursions. We both have fished for trout since boyhood, but agree the Swiss trout are the wariest of all their brothers.

The police authorities issue a license permitting fishing from the banks of the streams or lakes for three days each week. Hay is so precious in these mountains that one is not allowed to even follow the streams or lakes until after the grass is cut, so this limits the fishing grounds, but there is a rush to new places when the hay is cut.

From the hotel balcony, one can see many fishermen casting around Lake St. Moritz from daylight until dark. The Swiss are persistent fishermen, and carry strapped to their shoulder, boxes in which they keep their trout alive till reaching their large sunken live box, which is guarded by a formidable padlock. They then sell them alive to the hotels at a fancy price. *(Continued on page 46)*

New Forests for Louisiana

Louisiana is Taking Big Strides in Reforestation. Mr. Merren, President of the State I. W. L. A. Division, Describes Activities in This Important Branch of National Conservation.

By K. E. MERREN

BOSWELL reports Dr. Johnson, the great old Tory and foe of the Whigs, as saying, "I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another—The Crown has not power enough," to which MacCauley replies, "If the difference between two forms of government be not worth half a guinea, it is difficult to see how Whigism can be viler than Toryism or how the Crown can have too little power."

In preparing this little article, the writer has endeavored to show what has so far been accomplished through helpful legislation in one state in the hope that it may prove helpful to others who are faced with similar conditions.

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A virgin oak draped with Spanish moss.

Louisiana is considered one of the foremost states of the Union in the work of reforestation. This has not been brought about by an acute shortage of timber in the state as a whole. The latest available data places Louisiana second among the states in the value of products manufactured from timber. There are yet more than three and a half million acres untouched by the woodman's ax, as well as much larger areas which are yielding large supplies of second growth material.

The place held by the state on reforestation, then, is due to a realization on the part of a few far-sighted men of the inevitable result of cutting more timber than was being grown, for, while the state is second in value of products manufactured from timber, it ranks fourth in untouched timber resources. A knowledge of this condition added to the fact that in some sections of the state conditions were becoming acute may be set down as the chief reasons which compelled attention and caused the state to execute an about-face in the care and conservation of its forests.

There were areas almost completely deforested, the lumber interests had moved away, reducing very materially the assessed valuation. Under this condition, local officials found it difficult to raise sufficient funds from taxation to make needed improvements of a public character and, as always in such cases, the tax rate necessarily became very high.

The lumbering industry in Louisiana has not differed much from other states in regard to methods employed. With but few notable exceptions, the idea has been to cut the immediate stands of timber without regard to a continuing supply. The few notable exceptions constitute the germ from which the present system of reforestation in Louisiana has grown.

Louisiana has a land surface of about twenty-eight million acres. Contrary to a popular belief held outside the state, this area is in large part upland. Over one-half of the entire state is of this latter character and about thirty per cent of rich alluvial land, the marsh lands of the coast country making up the balance of approximately fifteen per cent.

Although the state has been settled for upwards of 250 years, there are only five and one-half million of the twenty-eight million acres in the state under cultivation. It is an axiom in forestry that lands which can yield good agricultural crops are not the lands on which to put forward reforestation projects, as it is not considered that the yield from timber can equal that from good agricultural land. While a vast amount of land that was deforested and lying idle on which reforestation work is being done could be made to yield large returns agriculturally, these lands were not being used for agriculture, and it became necessary and essential to the welfare of the state and its people that they be put to productive uses.

Reforestation in Louisiana had its inception in 1904, when an act was passed looking to the safety of the then existing forests. In 1910 another act was passed and the lumber interest of the state agreed to a small severance tax, which tax under the law was to have been allocated for the purpose of reforestation. This law never became effective for the purposes which it was designed, the funds eventually being diverted to the general fund of the state.

In 1918 the Forestry Advisory Board was created and a technical forester was appointed to assume supervision of the forestry work. That year the federal government, under the Weeks Law, allotted $1,400.00 to help in the work of fire prevention. The present status of forestry in Louisiana really dates from 1920, when a new severance tax was written into the law of the state, $60,000.00, of which revenue was set aside for work on reforestation. In 1921 the federal government, recognizing the improved conditions of Louisiana's forestry work, allotted $12,000.00 for fire prevention and since that year the sum of $21,000.00, annually. In addition, the Legislature of 1922 passed an act which has become familiarly known as the Reforestation Contract Law. It is the purpose of this act to defer taxation on the growing timber. Under it, a land owner may enter his land with the Conservation Department for reforestation at a maximum assessment of $8.00 per acre and a minimum of $3.00 per acre.

Since this law went into effect, there have been upwards

of two hundred thousand acres entered with the Department of Conservation for reforestation and, in addition, there are applications pending totaling almost as great an area. The Forest Rangers, however, patrol the total forest area of the state, regardless of ownership, whether entered under the Contract Law or not.

For forestry purposes, the state is divided into eight districts under the supervision of the Forestry Division of the Department of Conservation. Each district is patroled by a competent force of rangers. The duty of the Forest Ranger is to patrol and keep down forest fires, give advice and counsel to any and all land owners wishing to reforest their land. In addition, he must be able to appear before civic bodies, schools, etc., and make addresses on the subject of reforestation.

Realizing that the control of forest fires is of vital importance, under the law all railroads in the state are required to keep their right-of-ways free from all inflammable material at certain periods of each year. Very few fires originate with the railroads, due to the efficient and thorough manner in which they have carried out the regulations. The law also requires that all lumber and logging railroads shall be equipped with spark arresters, thereby diminishing fires from that source.

In addition to the Chair of Forestry at the State University, a summer school is operated by the Department of Conservation. In this work the Superintendent of Forestry is assisted by the Professor of Forestry from the State University. Two courses have been established—a six weeks' course for university and high school students and a three weeks' course for forestry employees and such employees of lumber concerns as are sent by their firms. The United States Forest Service also sends instructors to help in this work. From the report of the Superintendent of the Forestry Division for the period ending in 1924, the following is taken:

"Fire prevention and the reduction of forest fires is the largest problem that reforestation has to contend with. Education is the greatest factor for the reduction of forest fires. All methods are used to educate the public in the diminishing supply of timber, the vast loss incurred through forest fires and also the critical condition existing through the loss of industrial activities which the forest products support.

A well equipped printing department has been developed and many publications are issued at intervals relating to the subject of reforestation, among which are educational bulletins, forestry leaflets, conservation news, circular letters and other printed propaganda dealing directly with the reforestation movement."

In addition the Forestry Division uses exhibits at many of the Fairs throughout the state showing by photographs actual specimens, etc., many of the problems in forestry, in an effort to bring home to the people the vital need for the development of reforestation within the state. These methods have been very effective in creating a body of public opinion favorable to the work of reforestation and bringing home to the people as a whole the necessity for controlling forest fires.

The Division of Forestry has also been successful in organizing a boys' reforestation club. In this club there are upwards of 700 boys from all parts of the state. They are given lessons in reforestation and each boy has a tract of two acres assigned to him for care and attention. It has been noted that for each boy entering the club, there have been from five to seven adult persons who take added interest in the work of reforestation. *This is due partly to rivalry for prizes which are awarded to the boys throughout the state who achieve finest results in the work.*

One or two of the large lumber companies, the Southern Pine Association and the Lumber Trade Journal donate a fund for this purpose. In addition to this, some of the sub-divisions of the state make up a cash fund to reward the boys in their particular community who fail to win a state-wide prize. The boys are also somewhat remunerated for their labor in thinning out their patches. When this work becomes necessary, either because the growth is too thick or to remove crooked and undesirable trees, the Department arranges for the sale of the wood, whether for fence posts or telephone poles, and the proceeds are turned over to the boy from whose tract it was taken.

Eighty per cent of all the cut over areas in the state is re-seeded naturally. On the balance, some artificial seeding was found necessary. To meet this need, the state, in connection with some of the lumbering concerns, established a nursery from which young plants are sent out for re-stocking. At the present time the Department of Conservation is advocating on all timber lands where timber is cut, the leaving of sufficient seed trees for re-stocking purposes and is also endeavoring to bring about better methods of logging, in order that the present timber resources of the state may not be depleted too rapidly.

Within the borders of the state there is a varied flora, there being no fewer than seventy varieties. Of these, the most valuable in the order named are pine, cypress, red gum, oak, tupelo and ash. In addition to these, the annual yield from yellow poplar, beech, elm, cottonwood, hickory, sycamore, maple, birch, basswood and walnut adds considerable value to the total of approximately $122,000,000.00 per annum. Then, too, the state is fast becoming a center for paper manufacture. Due to favorable climatic conditions, timber for pulp purposes can be grown in a period of from seven to ten years as against a growing period of from twenty-five to *(Continued on page 45)*

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The Valley of the Teche, the storied country of Evangeline.

The Death of the Duck

The Thrilling Tale of a 1975 Duck Hunt, Wherein the Razzberry Is Handed to the Last of the Quackers

Illustrated by John Thoman

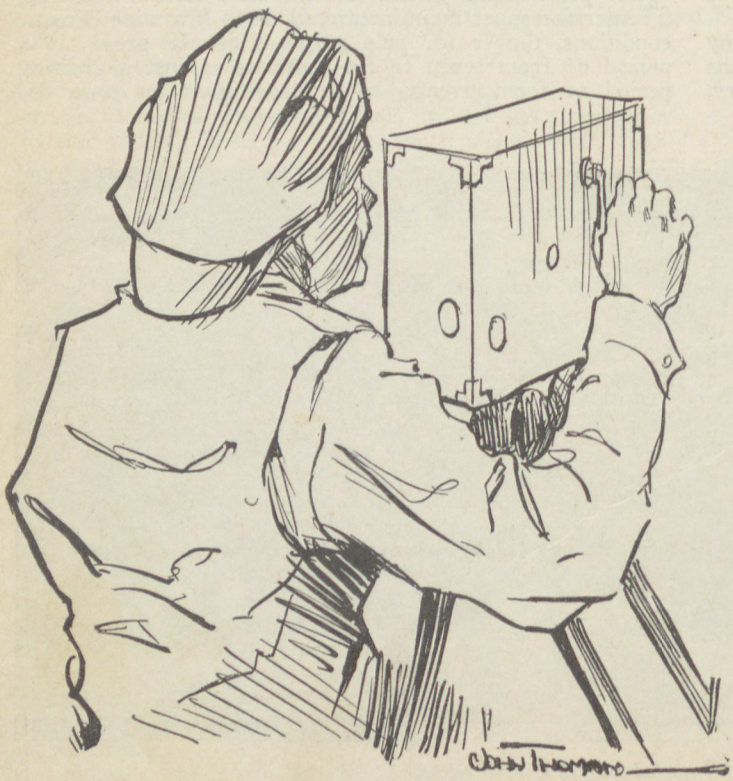
By J. RANDOLPH McSORLEY

IT was the month of January, 1975, in Southern California. Hunters at Finney's Club, the Black-bird Shooting Club, the Mud-hen Club, and other resorts in Imperial Valley had mostly returned home, the lucky ones bringing back a black-bird limit of five birds, with here and there a particularly fortunate Nimrod proudly displaying a mud-hen or a rail as a trophy of his prowess. The Salton Sea, once the playground of thousands of wild fowl, ducks and geese, was unruffled by a single webbed foot.

The sea was blue as blue could be,
So also was the sky;
No ducks were flying overhead,
There were no ducks to fly.

The constant hammering at these interesting fowl by seasoned hunters every day of the season, and sometimes all night, had so disgusted the wild fowl that they had quit the country. The antics of the "Gun-strainers brigade" also, those pests who would never let a bunch of ducks come into the marsh, but peppered away at them at distances of from 200 to 500 yards, had also peeved the birds mightily, and so they simply pulled up stakes and left for South America and other foreign sea-ports. Not a duck, not a canvas-back, mallard, redhead, sprig, widgeon, spoon-bill, blue-wing, green-wing, or cinnamon teal; not a blue-bill, golden-eye, merganser, or even a ruddy duck had been seen for a period of twenty years. In fact, the wild duck, like the dodo, and the wild pigeon, was tacitly admitted to be extinct—at least by the scientists.

But all of a sudden a wave of excitement rose like a high tide in the Bay of Fundy, and a persistent rumor was being circulated that thrilled the veins of every red-blooded sportsman in the land. That rumor was to the effect that a duck, a real, genuine, live wild duck had been seen flying over the marshes of Imperial Valley, and headed for the Salton Sea. It had been up too high to determine its age, race, or sex, but two hunters who had claimed to witness the phenomenon had stoutly maintained that it was a simon-pure duck. One of them had once killed a lone widgeon, presumably the last of his tribe, some twenty years before, and the other had experienced a palpitating moment when he nearly saw a duck, so they had grounds for their assertion which made even the most incredulous waver.



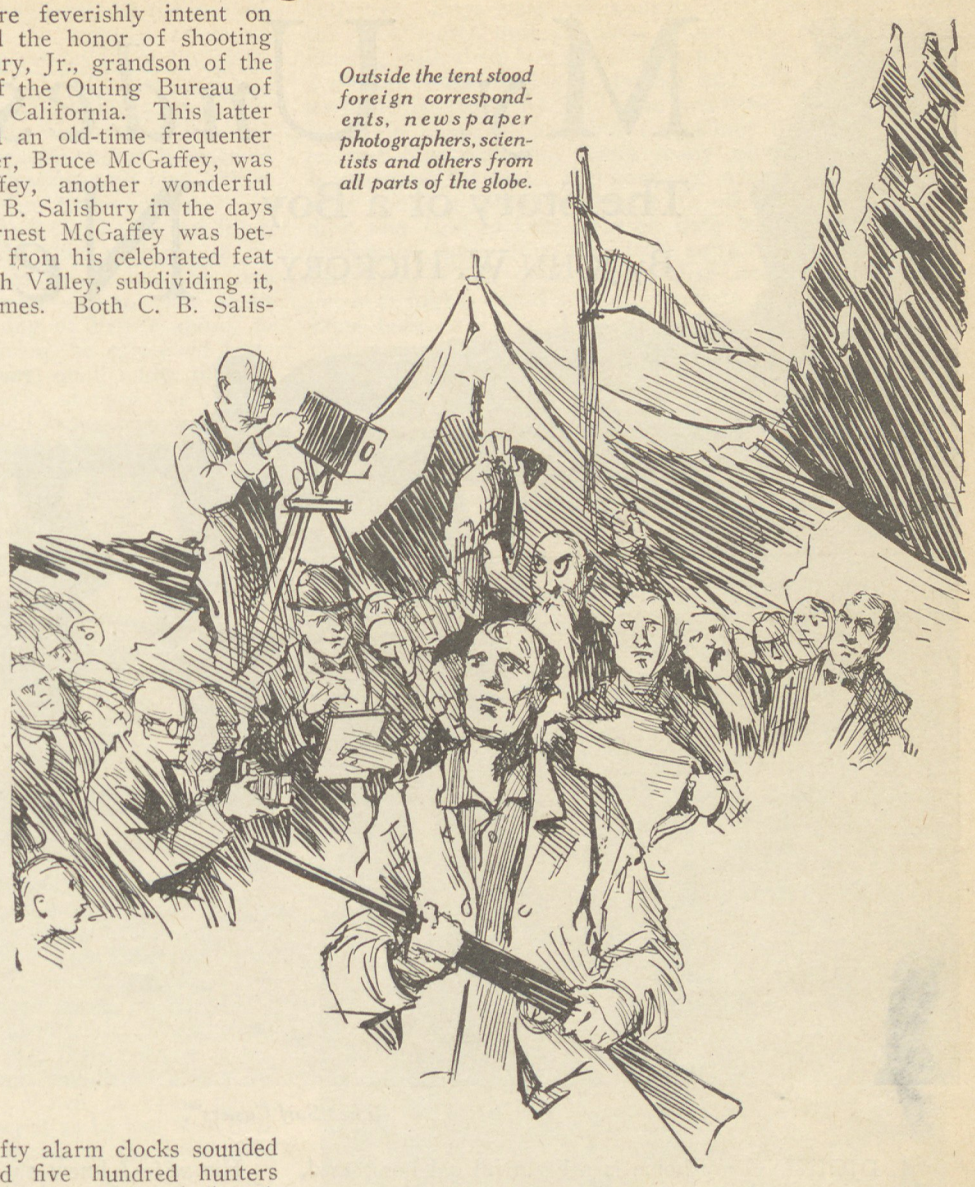
And then there came, like a bolt from the blue, a corroboration that shook the entire United States like a colored boy rattling a dice-box. Old Chief Eczema of the Wickiup tribe of Indians, living on the banks of the Salton Sea, the last of his race, told an angler who was fly-fishing for mullet in the crystal clear waters of that huge inland lake that he, Eczema, had seen the bird. He had pointed to the heavens and said, "Ugh, Wagh, umph! Heap duck! Me see 'um! High up! Me tink 'um squaw duck."

Intense excitement was at once aroused. All the black-bird hunters, the clay-pigeon pulverizers, the English sparrow sportsmen, and the bumble-bee chasers gathered in force from all over America to sally forth in pursuit of this justly famous fowl. The Johnsonian Institute had a standing offer of $50,000 for a verified specimen of any wild duck, dead or alive, from any known species of former duck families, and wealth as well as glory beckoned to the assembling hordes of scatter-gun artists. Special caravans of airplanes, filled with hunters, poured into Southern California, all steam and electric railways having been dumped into the discard for many years.

Automobiles, however, were more popular than ever for short runs of from one hundred to six hundred miles, and the Automobile Club of Southern California, which in 1924 had 104,000 members, had reached a membership in 1974 of close to 500,000. Its 1,600,000 signs in Southern California gave full directions over forty thousand miles of superb highways, and the roads to Imperial Valley could not be missed by even the veriest stranger. The rush to the Valley was enormous.

Two hunters in particular were feverishly intent on winning the prize of $50,000 and the honor of shooting the duck. One was C. B. Salisbury, Jr., grandson of the celebrated Cephas B. Salisbury of the Outing Bureau of the Automobile Club of Southern California. This latter Salisbury was a famous shot and an old-time frequenter of Finney's Duck Club. The other, Bruce McGaffey, was the grandson of Ernest McGaffey, another wonderful marksman, and a chum of Cephas B. Salisbury in the days of 1925 and previous thereto. Ernest McGaffey was better known as "Death Valley Mac" from his celebrated feat of pre-empting 640 acres of Death Valley, subdividing it, and selling it off for summer homes. Both C. B. Salisbury, Jr., and Bruce McGaffey had agreed to divide the prize if either brought down the duck, they being staunch "pals," as their grandfathers were.

Twilight crept in over Imperial Valley and the Salton Sea, and night quickly followed. At Finney's Duck Club, kept by a grandson of the Finney who conducted it 50 years before, nearly 500 hunters had gathered, and among them were Salisbury and McGaffey. They had gone to bed, but the raucous cries of "night-owl" sportsmen playing "Authors" in adjoining tents, made rest well-nigh impossible. Far off the marshes dreamed in utter silence, broken only by the low lilt of the Killaloo bird among the tules, or the hoarse note of some wandering "thunder-pumper" winging its flight through the shadows. At last slumber settled on the camp, and all was quiet save for the oboe duet heard in the tent where Salisbury and McGaffey were sleeping.



Outside the tent stood foreign correspondents, newspaper photographers, scientists and others from all parts of the globe.

At 3 A. M., two hundred and fifty alarm clocks sounded simultaneously in the tents, and five hundred hunters leaped from their downy couches and dressed hurriedly. A hasty meal of ham, eggs, and hot milk was swallowed (tea, coffee and tobacco had been abolished by the Crankstead Act of 1946), and the hunters were lined up in military order for the march to the landing. "Eyes right; left wheel; forward march," shouted Finney, and the men moved off with perfect precision. Arrived at the landing they swiftly transferred to the boats. The numbers of the various "blinds" were called off, and the cavalcade of skiffs, following the guide boats, which were each equipped with lanterns, glided into the darkness. Days before this the old decoys of half a century before had been resurrected and repainted, and had been distributed around the black-bird "blinds" in the marsh. All over the country at the other clubs the same precautions had been taken.

Salisbury and McGaffey reached their "blind" at about 3:35 A. M. It was on the extreme northerly edge of the marsh. Daylight was due at four o'clock. It seemed to the two men, keyed up to intense excitement at the thought of possibly seeing a live wild duck, that dawn would never come.

But at last it came!

"Sweetly, O sweetly the morning breaks
In roseate streaks,
Like the first faint flush on a maiden's cheeks."

At first the moon, a golden scimiter of purest metal, grew paler in its orb, and seemed to hint of approaching dissolution. Then the stars, hung like great lamps in the dusky vaults above, trembled and wavered, unlike their blazing rigidity of midnight, and low to the east a tremulous shimmer of ivory was painted for a moment amid the Cimmerian gloom. The rustle of a passing black-bird's wing brushed across the silence. Again an ivory gleam flickered along the eastern horizon, and this was followed by a scarlet arrow that flashed and fell. One of Nature's greatest miracles was fast approaching fulfillment. And finally, Dawn, the glowing Goddess of Day, strode swiftly through skies all tinted with red and amber, with amethyst and silver, with the harlequin hues of a thousand colors, where morn, with rosy hand, unbarred the gates of light.

"Gee, but it's cold," said Salisbury. "I'm shivering." "Take a pull at this," replied McGaffey, drawing a capacious bottle of lemon "pop" from his hip pocket. A generous bumper of the fiery liquid restored warmth to the hunter's veins. Suddenly he grasped his companion's arm. "Look," he cried, "there to the east! Am I dreaming?" His partner gazed eagerly in the direction indicated. And there, etched faintly on the sky, but gradually coming nearer, was the form of a large bird. Both hunters were chilled to utter immobility. From pictures they had looked at, from legends handed down to them from old hunters, and from dusty specimens still remaining in the museums, they were convinced—they were certain—that it was a duck. *The* duck, in fact, the one and only living representative of the once vast flocks that had visited Imperial Valley.

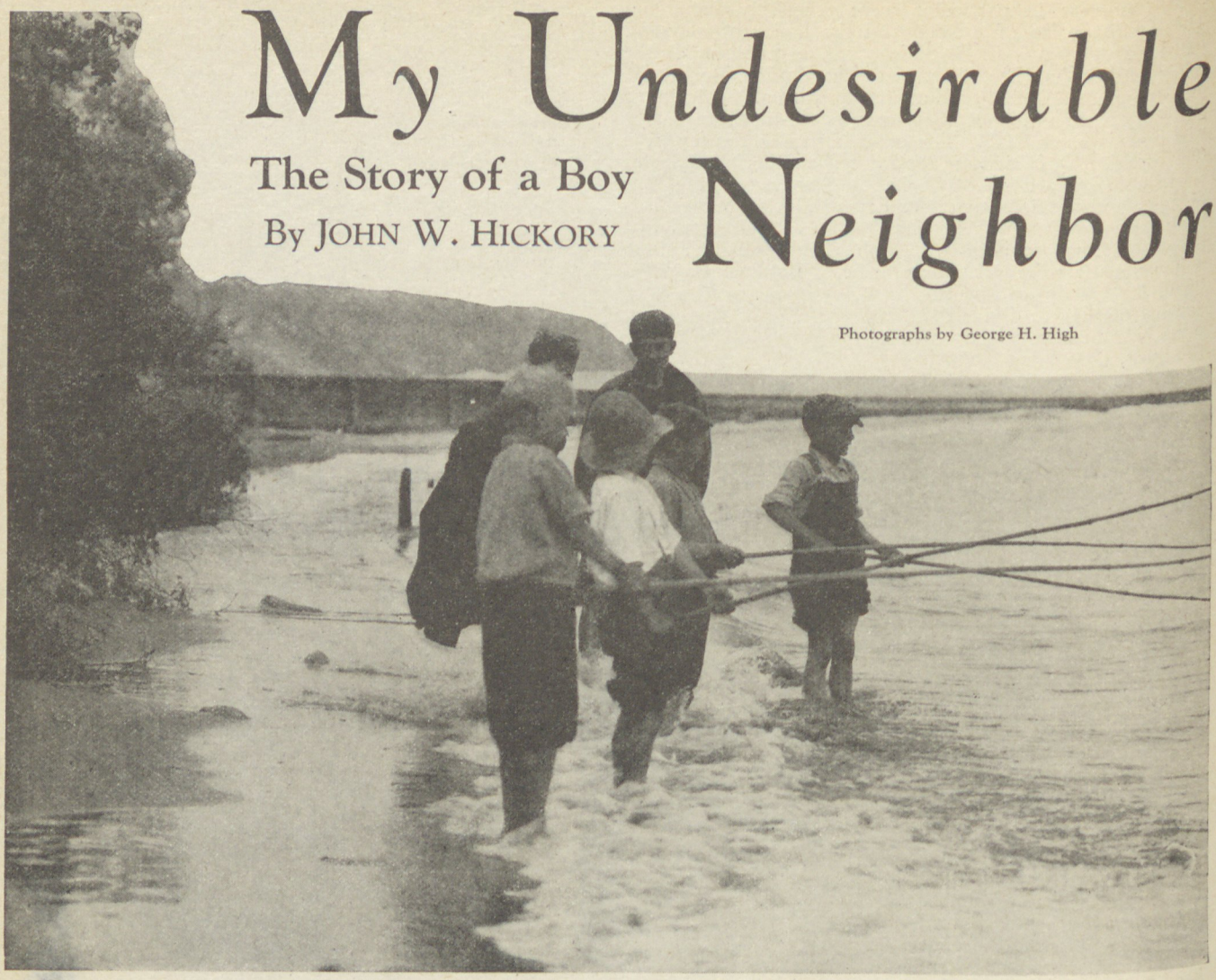
It was a "screwcial" moment. Again Salisbury trembled slightly, more from excitement than apprehension. "Buck up," said McGaffey, a hard-boiled individual like his grandfather. The flying fowl came nearer. Both men had crouched low in the "blind," Salisbury facing towards the bird, McGaffey facing the other way in case Salisbury failed to bring down the game. *(Continued on page 43)*

My Undesirable Neighbor

The Story of a Boy

By JOHN W. HICKORY

Photographs by George H. High



The "Surf Casters".

ADJOINING my home is a beautiful old homestead, which had been vacant for some time by reason of the fact that the heirs of the former owner could not agree as to a sale. We had looked across the hedge and wondered as to who would occupy the house for we felt we were not fortunate in our neighbors on the other side, where lived a family with a boy of about the age of our own youngster Bruce, whose aim and object seemed to be to make life as disagreeable, unpleasant and unhappy for Bruce as he could. He was a large, overgrown, boisterous, ill bred, bully. Our own boy was a slender, delicate youngster, over whose health we worried constantly. Because of the constant annoyance by our fat neighbor boy, our own son remained a great deal indoors, amusing himself with a book, going to school late and hurrying home to avoid the annoyance of our neighbor boy.

When I saw signs of occupancy in the old homestead, I immediately sought information as to our new neighbor, and was overjoyed to learn that it had been purchased by Mr. Gordon. I had a slight acquaintance with him. He was one of the business men who usually took a leading part in the community activities, and whose business and personal reputation was the highest. I would see him very often at the club, during the luncheon hour. He was usually found visiting with a little pleasant faced man, who ran a small store over the door of which swung a dingy looking fish suspended from a wrought iron bracket. The store was small and dark. When I used to go in occasionally, for a few golf balls, I wondered how he managed to keep up a good home, drive a good car, and be apparently so satisfied, upon the income from such an establishment. I also wondered how Mr. Gordon kept himself so fit, for I seldom saw him on the golf course.

His wife I knew as a charming lady, who also took a fine part in the activities of the community, so that both my wife and myself looked forward with pleasant anticipation to the coming of our new neighbors. When we learned that the Gordons had a son of about the age of our boy, we hoped he would not be tormented by Fritz, the fat neighbor boy.

Just after the Gordons had moved in I was called to the window overlooking the Gordon place, by a commotion in the branches of the elm, which grew on the Gordon lawn and one branch of which extended across the hedge beneath our window. On this branch a pair of robins had built a nest. We had been greatly interested in this little family, which Bruce and I had watched for some time from our window. I looked out and saw a large yellow cat working its way along the limb, toward the nest, while the robins whirled and cried about it. Occasionally, their noise would halt the cat, but it kept approaching the nestful of fledglings in spite of the wild cries of the circling birds.

Bruce came in on hearing the commotion, and I saw tears start in his eyes as he hurried down the stairs. I wished for some method of averting the tragedy, which seemed unavoidable when suddenly something flashed by the cat, and stuck with a dull thud into a limb above it.

I looked across the hedge and saw little Tom Gordon fitting another arrow into a long bow. He drew the arrow to the head. I noticed how intent he looked, how the muscles swelled along his neck and shoulder. When loosed, the arrow flew straight and true. The evil cat unpaled by the arrow, fell, clawing and whirling through the leaves and branches. When it hit the ground, a rather business-like long haired terrier shook out of it any of the nine lives remaining, after the arrow's deadly work.

Bruce came in out of doors, just as the cat hit the ground. The Gordon youngster, noticing the undried tears on Bruce's cheeks, with a quick characterization of his physical defects, said, "I am sorry I had to kill your cat, Skinney, but it is not healthy for cats to kill birds about our place." When he learned that it was not our cat he asked why Bruce had not done one of several things he seemed to be perfectly familiar with, for dealing with bird killing cats, neither of which had occurred to Bruce or me.

When he found that it was Fritz's cat, he picked it up by the tail, walked across the yard, called to Fritz, threw the cat across the hedge and advised him to keep his cats at home, because it was unhealthy for cats to roam about the neighborhood. I knew something of Fritz's ability to abuse and threaten. On this occasion, he surpassed himself. I expected to see young Gordon quail under the terrific and terrible threats. When Fritz stopped for breath, Tom Gordon coolly told him he had better not waste his breath for, if he started anything, such as he threatened, he would need more air than a fat boy of his size could breathe in a week, and suggested that he would have to take a great many years to do even a small part of the dire things he threatened. Fritz did not seem inclined to carry out any of his threats against this cool and capable looking youngster.

The two boys walked away together and disappeared through the Gordon hedge, Bruce holding the bow. I little realized how this incident was to change the whole tenor of our existence. Bruce returned, talking of bows and arrows, of how Tom had agreed to help him make one. The materials could be had at the little shop with the fish swinging on the iron above the door. He went to the shop and came away with a bow stave, linen cord, and a bundle of birch dowels, which furnished employment for days. This was the beginning of a succession of pilgrimages to the little store.

One morning, I heard the sound of voices in my neighbor's yard accompanied by a series of thuds of considerable regularity. I looked across and saw my small neighbor behind an immense baseball mit into which his father was throwing with what seemed to me remarkable force, yet the youngster kept calling for more speed and jokingly asking if the arm was getting too old to work. Bruce came along and watched them awhile, and then tried it a bit. It was easy to see he had neither experience nor training for easily thrown balls escaped him. When he came home, however, he was as enthusiastic over it as he had been over archery, and I must make another trip to the little shop to purchase mits, bat and ball. When I paid the bill, I commenced to realize why the proprietor could always smile, why he could drive a good car, and live so comfortably. The baseball fever raged for a few days only to go into eclipse upon the approach of the fishing season, bows, arrows, ball and bat were laid aside in preparation, and I found I must again make a trip to the little store where slender bamboo rods were displayed. They seemed to have a wonderful sense of resiliency and power, shining reels, whose handles revolved at the slightest touch, with no sound. I was assured that the rods and reels would with proper care last a lifetime, and upon Bruce's breathless assurance of care, I invested more than I had thought. As I left, loaded with rod, reel, line, leaders, hooks and such a varied assortment as I was assured were necessary, it occurred to me that the proprietor was not without skill, as a salesman, and that if that Gordon youngster kept on leading my son into other activities I was very liable to become insolvent. He seemed such a bright, clean little chap, I did not want to deny Bruce the pleasure of his company, but it was running into money.

I found that there were varieties of fish in our streams I had never heard of. Fish that had separate and individual tastes that must be met by separate forms of tackle. You must have a casting rod for one sort, with an assortment of lures, others could be coaxed out with a fly rod. I must make another visit to the store, for another outfit of fly rod, reel, leaders and flies. Then Bruce discovered that one should tie his own flies, such trips after hooks, strange feathers, and the expense mounting. Our house which had been so peaceful and quiet, with a small boy curled up in an arm chair, with a book became a hive of industry. The days were not long enough for the varied activities. Boys were continuously clattering up and down the back stairs, full of plans. One day it was fishing, hunting with their bows, then they must camp out all night. I did not want my boy to go out and sleep on the damp, hard ground and catch cold. He was delicate, and unaccustomed to primeval life, but on calling the Gordons, we learned that their boy spent many nights out and that it was good for him. We gave our reluctant consent, and after much preparation they were off, with shelter, bedding and food in knapsacks on their backs. Most of the equipment came from the small store with the tarnished fish sign. I felt quite certain that after one experience out over night, would suffice. Much to my surprise, Bruce came back, woefully dirty, smelling of wood smoke, but wildly enthusiastic about it all, and full of plans for further and more extended trips, all of which called for more equipment, which could only be had at the little sporting goods store.

More extended trips were taken, afoot, and later in a canoe along the little river which ran by our city. Often Mr. Gordon would go with the boys; when he did, Bruce would come home, enthusiastic about his prowess in the open. He seemed to know the secrets of the out of doors, could cook the most wonderful dishes, knew the birds and

"Sweets"

their calls, when and where the fish would bite, but what we heard most about were the wonderful stories he would always tell about the camp fires in the evening.

When I commenced to count the cost of all this equipment, I realized that the neighbor I had considered so desirable, was about to drive me into bankruptcy.

It seemed that every day of the summer and fall presented new opportunities for activity, each of which caused additional expense, tennis rackets, balls; later, as the weather turned cold, it was skates, hockey sticks and sleds.

One day a blizzard struck our city, snowing all day, and all night. When I awakened the wind had piled huge drifts of. snow about the shrubbery and along the streets. It looked as though there could be no traffic. As I looked, I thought that here was a condition which would invite no new activity. I glanced across at the Gordon house and saw the father and son come out, fasten onto their feet what I later learned were skis. They started across the lawn, slowly at first, increasing their speed as they struck the slope of the hill; soon they were going at a terrific speed as the slope increased. I saw them disappear in a whirling cloud of snow. As I turned I saw Bruce looking with wide eyes. I knew I was due for another trip to the small store, and that my son was to be initiated into another activity which bid fair to break his neck, and wondered whether there could be any sort of weather or condition for which they did not have some sport, and how long a boy's life and limb would continue safe in such company.

One night I wakened suddenly with a strange sense of something wrong. For almost all of Bruce's life, I had been accustomed to hear his restless, nervous tossing, so with a waking sense of something strange, I went in, lit the night light, and looked at him, so soundly asleep with a smile on his lips, one hand scratched, with a bandage about one finger, resting on the coverlet. I realized suddenly that I had not heard him restlessly tossing in his sleep, and that for some time he had been difficult to rouse in the morning.

Since the two boys had been together, I had known of no trouble with Fritz. Tom Gordon went away for a few days, with his mother. Bruce wandered about, restless and alone. I happened to be near an evergreen hedge in the back of our yard, when I heard voices on the other side. I reached a place where I could look through, and saw and heard Fritz, indulging in his customary abuse and insult, so much worse, however, that it made my blood boil, and I determined to put an end to it forever. I was just starting to break through the hedge, when I felt a hand on my arm, with a compelling grip. I turned and looked into Mr. Gordon's eyes, which were blazing, his lips a thin, straight, hard line. He said, "You must not interfere, you will have to let Bruce work this out himself." I walked back with him, but could see no way out.

At dinner Bruce was quiet and unhappy, just on the verge of tears. My heart went out to him, but I had no suggestions, no help for him. Just after dinner, Mr. Gordon called us up, said he had a little business in which he needed the help of a boy, and as his own was away, he wondered whether we would let him have Bruce for the evening. When Bruce returned, his face was flushed, his air of despondency had vanished. Bruce was called to the Gordons, every evening, on some pretext or other. I realized something was going forward, the real purpose of which I could not guess.

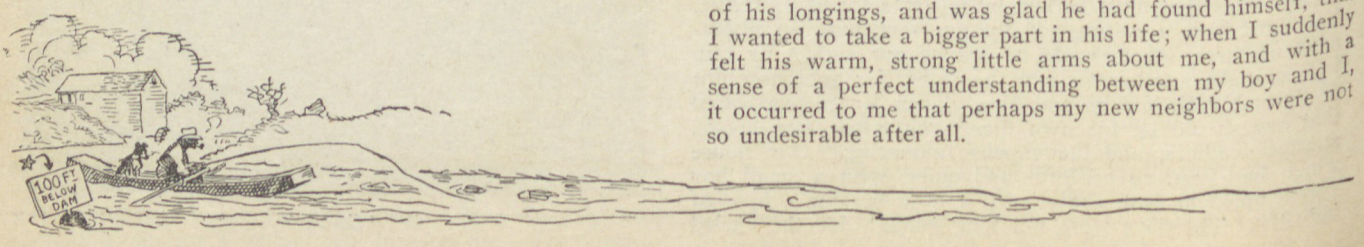
On occasions, I caught Bruce taking strange exercises, and noticed that he was unduly particular about his food.

One day, I heard the whistle that young Gordon used to call Bruce. I looked out and saw Tom following the shelter of the hedge into a place of concealment along the evergreens. I saw Fritz starting toward the hedge. In a moment, I saw Bruce walking toward the place where Fritz had disappeared. I sensed something in the air, and hurried down where I could see and hear. I was just in time to hear Fritz commence his abuse, saw Bruce strike out, heard the smack of a hard little fist, and saw Fritz stagger back with blood running from a cut lip. Before Fritz could gather himself, Bruce had slipped out of his jacket and stood bare armed, tense and ready for the rushing attack. I noticed how brown were Bruce's arms, shoulders, and neck, how the muscles stood out on his tense little arms. I sensed that this was entirely premeditated, particularly so, when Tom Gordon broke through the evergreens, and began to take an active part in encouraging Bruce and in making caustic comments on Fritz's person, his ancestry, and prophesying dire things for his future. Fritz rushed in with waving fists, and terrible threats, and was met by a coolness and skill which astonished me. As the battle raged, I was conscious that my boy was handling himself against a heavier opponent as one who had some experience in such matters. His quick acting on the shouted advice of Tom Gordon, couched in terms I had seen used in newspaper accounts of prize fights, was a complete explanation of what had been happening at Gordon's in the evening. I saw my boy fighting for a place in his own little world. I realized that his position and standing in this little world, of his future confidence in himself, depended to a great extent on the outcome of this first attempt to measure his own strength in fighting his own battles. It came to me with a pang of intense bitterness that I had contributed so little of his working capital, so little of help or understanding of his problems. It warmed my heart to see the wholehearted loyalty of little Tom Gordon, who was dancing about, shouting advice and encouragement to Bruce, and abuse at Fritz. I noticed that Bruce had graduated from the disparaging name of Skinney to the more affectionate appellation of "Buddy."

As the tide of battle raged back and forth, my heart glowed with pride at the courage and skill of my own boy. It was by no means one sided, and had not Bruce followed the oft shouted advice to keep away from him, it would have soon ended. As it continued, I could see Fritz tiring more rapidly. The constant exercise and out of door activities of Bruce during the last year had hardened his muscles, and given him an endurance the other boy did not have. Finally, I saw Fritz start a charge, saw Bruce's right foot slip back, his right arm drop and start upward, as his body turned, putting all of his strength into the blow which met Fritz squarely on the chin, his head snapped back, and he fell, completely out.

I saw that Bruce had put all his strength and nervous energy into the blow before he could realize how weak he was, Tom Gordon had his arm about him, and while he was shouting his praise, he was leading Bruce to a seat. The battle had by no means been one sided and Bruce bore marks of the struggle. His first remark was, "Oh, Tom, what will my father say?" With easy assurance, Tom replied that he should go home, and tell that Fritz had been annoying him, that Fritz needed a licking, and that he had given it to him, adding as a final assurance, "Dad says your father is a good guy, only his education has been neglected." While the boys were going to Gordon's, to patch up the injuries, I went home to prepare Bruce's mother. We were seated at the table when he came in. He walked up, looking me squarely in the eyes, and said that he had been annoyed by Fritz until he could stand it no longer, and gave him a licking.

It was a time when I felt I must speak on my feet. I arose and told him I had seen it all, and that I was proud of him; of how I felt that I had not quite understood some of his longings, and was glad he had found himself, that I wanted to take a bigger part in his life; when I suddenly felt his warm, strong little arms about me, and with a sense of a perfect understanding between my boy and I, it occurred to me that perhaps my new neighbors were not so undesirable after all.



Elect Delegates for

Fourth National

I. W. L. A.

Convention

April 8-9-10

Arrangements Being Made for Greatest Event of Its Kind Ever Held in the World

The Convention Hall, where all meetings will be held. Speakers of national recognition are scheduled for the program.

THE Fourth National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America to be held in the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Illinois, April 8-9-10, 1926, will undoubtedly be the largest gathering of sportsmen ever assembled in the world.

Approximately 2,200 Chapters throughout the United States will be represented at this time, showing the tremendous interest that is now being taken in conservation of our natural resources.

While the date at this time may seem distant, it is surprisingly close at hand, and all officers of chapters are urged to take immediate steps to see that their chapter is represented at Chicago.

Questions of national importance to sportsmen will be discussed and plans are now being made for an interesting program at which men of national prominence will speak.

The success of this convention depends largely upon YOU. It is up to you to see that your chapter has a voice in the decisions made at that time. It is up to you to insist that delegates be appointed without delay to insure YOUR representation.

Reservations for hotel accommodations should be made as soon as possible and everything should be done now to avoid confusion at the last minute.

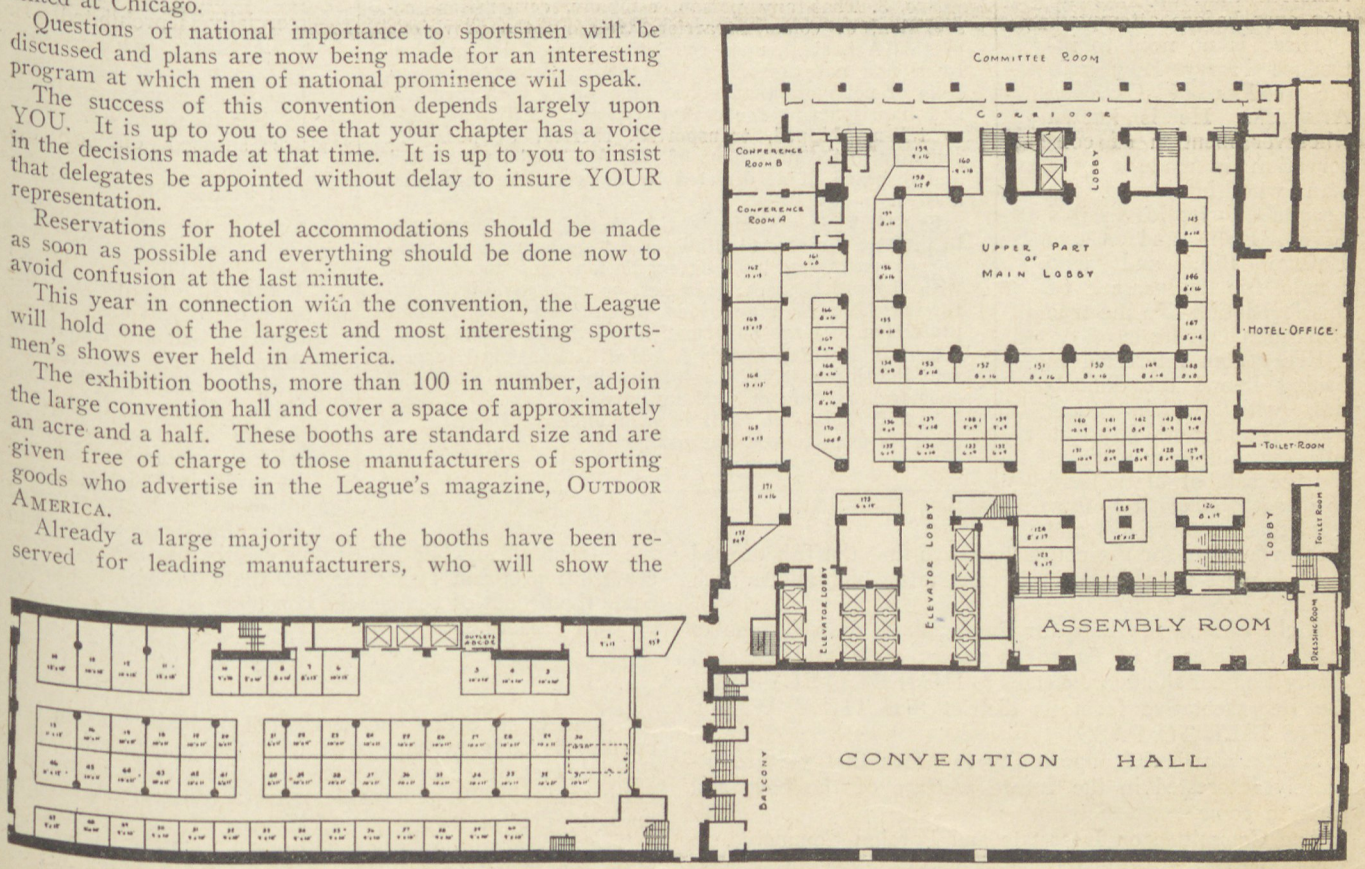
This year in connection with the convention, the League will hold one of the largest and most interesting sportsmen's shows ever held in America.

The exhibition booths, more than 100 in number, adjoin the large convention hall and cover a space of approximately an acre and a half. These booths are standard size and are given free of charge to those manufacturers of sporting goods who advertise in the League's magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Already a large majority of the booths have been reserved for leading manufacturers, who will show the very latest designs in guns, fishing tackle, boots, outboard motors, outdoor wearing apparel, tents, camp furniture, camp equipment of all kinds, binoculars, outdoor books and everything that is made to be used by the sportsman and the lover of the outdoors.

This year the League's Sportmen's Show will be thrown open to the general public and will be widely advertised. A daily attendance of more than 10,000 is expected. In the evenings target shooting and bait casting contests will be indulged in, and suitable prizes will be awarded the winners.

Everything will be done to make this show the most interesting and instructive outdoor *(Continued on page 46)*



Floor plan of Hotel Sherman convention space, showing exhibition booths of the Sportsmen's Show.

Black Bass Bill Before House of Representatives

Measure to Regulate the Interstate Shipment of Black Bass Is Favorably Reported By Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Every Waltonian Should Write the Representative from His or Her District to Support This Great Conservation Act, H. R. 10269.

By EWART H. ROSS

THE bill introduced by Congressman Harry B. Hawes of Missouri, and sponsored by the Izaak Walton League of America, to regulate the interstate shipment of black bass, has been favorably reported in the House of Representatives and it is now up to every member of the Izaak Walton League to carry this great conservation victory on through Congress.

This great measure prevents traffic in the "bulldog of the lily pads" and will do more to conserve rod and line fishing in America than any legislation ever before attempted.

There is no need to introduce Harry Hawes to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. He is known wherever mention of conservation is made as the man who introduced the League's Upper Mississippi River Fish and Game Refuge Bill, and who fought for the passage of this legislation like the true sportsman that he is.

Every man interested in fishing knows the difficulties with which game wardens are now faced in enforcing the laws concerning the sale of black bass, as in some states it is now legal to ship these fish and it is impossible for the courts to prove that the fish offered for sale were not shipped in from a state which allows such traffic.

Right now is the time for the Izaak Walton League to prove its interest in American sports afield and astream. Every Chapter should take steps to IMMEDIATELY notify the Representative from its district that THEY WANT THIS BILL TO PASS!

It is a wonderful opportunity to prove that we are intensely interested in the future welfare of the boys and girls to come.

The Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, to whom the Bill was referred, considered the same and recommended that it pass.

The Hawes Black Bass Bill

A BILL REGULATING THE INTERSTATE SHIPMENT OF BLACK BASS AND FOR OTHER PURPOSES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That this act shall be known by the short title of the "Black Bass Protection Act."

SEC. 2. That for a period of five years beginning with the passage of this Act, it shall be unlawful to ship, transport, or carry, by any means whatsoever from one State, Territory or District to or through another State, Territory or District, or to or through a foreign country, any large-mouth black bass (Micropterus salmoides) or any small-mouth black bass (Micropterus dolomieu) intended for sale, barter, exchange, or any other commercial purpose, except live bass intended for stocking or breeding purposes, and bass caught on hook and line which are in the actual or constructive possession of the angler catching them or receiving them as a gift.

SEC. 3. That any person, company, corporation, association, or common carrier, violating the provisions of this Act, shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by a fine not exceeding $500 or imprisonment for a term of not more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment for each conviction. All black bass so taken, shipped, transported, carried, or possessed contrary to the provisions of this Act shall be forfeited and disposed of as directed by the court having jurisdiction.

SEC. 4. That nothing in this Act shall be construed to prevent the several States and Territories from making or enforcing laws or regulations not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, or from making or enforcing laws or regulations which shall give further protection to large and small mouth black bass.

SEC. 5. Nothing in this Act shall be construed to prevent the shipment in interstate commerce of live fish and eggs for breeding or stocking purposes.

SEC. 6. This Act shall become effective immediately upon its passage and approval.

This bill is intended to aid in the conservation of black bass by assisting the enforcement of State statutes. It is not a violation or usurpation of State authority; it merely supplements State authority by aiding the enforcement of State opinion expressed in legislative enactment.

It will not prevent the transportation of bass caught or carried by individuals for their own use under the limitation made by the State where procured.

It will strengthen the laws of any State wherein the taking of bass commercially is prohibited. In some States, where such law is now on the statute books, its effect is nullified by the fact that black bass are shipped out of the State in barrels, with rough fish at the top and bottom and the bass in between.

A State which, for conservation purposes, denies for a limited period the sale of black bass to its own citizens frequently finds that its State enactments are nullified by bass being taken from the waters of its own State, where its commercial use is prohibited to its own citizens, and transported from that State and sold to the citizens of another State; thus destroying the State conservation program and giving to the citizens of another State the benefit of commercial consumption which is denied its own citizens.

BLACK BASS

Scientists state that the yearly toll of black bass in this country is so great compared with the yearly hatch that this greatest of American game fishes is certain to become extinct within 10 years unless extraordinary efforts are made to protect it.

The Bureau of Fisheries, and other scientific bodies, declare that black bass would become practically extinct if not protected while on their spawning beds.

Scientific bodies devoted to the study of fish conservation, such as the American Fisheries Society, are so aroused over the danger of extinction of black bass that they have repeatedly within the past few years sent letters to our various State governments setting forth the absolute need of protecting black bass during the spawning season.

The black bass is different from any other American fish. It must select its own spawning beds, and the male zealously guards the bed until the spawn is hatched, and then protects the baby fish and teaches them how to live.

The bass is undoubtedly the great American game fish and the favorite fish of millions of the rank and file of American anglers. It is found in all American fresh waters, ponds, lakes, and streams. It comes from under the firs and birches in the St. Lawrence Basin and in the Everglades under the overhanging moss in Florida and Louisiana.

Its principal and natural home is in the Mississippi River Basin. Agile and strong, inch for inch and pound for pound, he is the greatest fighting fish that swims. True to his mate, hard to catch, better to eat, the fresh water bass is the typical American fish. Pugnacious and aggressive, they are none the less companionable mates, for both build the nest, the female lays the spawn, the male performs his part, and, as the family grows, the male defends the nest like our frontiersman did his cabin.

In 22 days the tiny eggs are hatched. In a few days little minnows swim, guarded by the circling male. For three weeks they live in a little group, moving together. In one year they weigh 1 pound, and in two years 2 pounds, and are ready for the table.

It has been demonstrated by scientists that artificial black bass hatcheries cannot be made profitable for our State and National Governments, the cost of operation being too great when compared with the output.

Black bass cannot be artificially propagated the same as trout and other fishes, but must be given protection and permitted to reproduce under natural conditions.

The bass is to be found from Manitoba and the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes region, through the entire extent of the Mississippi Basin, and in the waters on both sides of the Alleghenies.

Congressman Harry B. Hawes of Missouri.

OUR forefathers came with the Bible in one hand and the rifle in the other.

Some of their descendants have lost the rifle; some the Bible; some both the Bible and the rifle.

Let us restore the confidence and strength that knowledge of the rifle brings. Let us restore the spiritual strength the Bible gives.

Let us help to bring back both by the purchase of a piece of the big "outdoors," where strong men and spiritual power find the best nourishment.

When we lose our "pep," when good food tastes bad, when friends do not satisfy, when life becomes a bore, when music seems out of tune, when the old dog annoys, when the doctor fails, and the good wife irritates, there is but one remedy for the "run down," and it is found in the forests or on the streams in the big "outdoors."

There we go to church and worship God by conversing with the things He made, listening to sermons from rocks and trees, choir music from the birds.

If you need a fresh start and want to lose the "run-down" feeling and get back your "pep," go fishing.

It is a notable fact that of the Twelve Apostles selected by Christ, four were fishermen.

They were natural philosophers who made their living in the big wide open, who knew the stars, the tempest, the sea, the sun, the moon, the winds, and the calm.

They were prepared for a campaign for men because they had first campaigned with the elements of nature.

Study of nature had prepared them for a study of men, and their thoughts and teachings were big, like the outdoors whence they came.

HARRY B. HAWES.

CONSERVATION

The lakes, rivers, and streams where these fish are found are public property, open to the rich and poor alike. Fishing is the least expensive of all sports. It gives the youngest boy his first contact with nature, his first feeling of mastery.

With good roads and the automobile annihilating distance and time, where formerly one person fished on our streams, rivers, and lakes thousands now line their banks, requiring continual restocking and creating a new and tremendous drain upon the fish supply.

It is difficult to estimate the value of bass caught by tourists, but from information obtained by the Bureau of Fisheries from various States it appears that 850,000 licenses were issued by them in 1923. The total revenue obtained by the States from these licenses amounted to approximately $10,000,000. Other authorities have estimated that 7,500,000 pounds of fish were taken by tourists.

Where a State finds that it must conserve its black bass and its power to do so is curtailed, Federal assistance in enforcing State determination can only be objected to by those persons who try to violate the laws of their own State.

This is not a sportsman's bill. It is for the rich and poor alike. It is to preserve for those that come after us the things we have enjoyed.

CONSTITUTIONALITY

As stated by the solicitor's department to the Bureau of Fisheries, this act is modeled after the Lacey Act, approved May 25, 1900. Its constitutionality is not in dispute.

The Lacey Act, amongst other things, prohibited the transportation of birds and animals killed or shipped in violation of the laws of the State, Territory, or district in which they were killed or from which they were shipped.

The History of Pollution in England

Europe Has Made Great Progress in the Eradication of Pollution from Its Inland and Coastal Waters. This Report Was Made by an Investigation Committee

Edited by DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

THE past history of river pollution is enveloped in obscurity, but, having regard to the dependence of man on water supplies for his personal needs, resulting in populous settlements on the banks of rivers, and to the absence of that scientific knowledge which now recognizes pollution as being inimical to man's well-being, it will be readily understood that pollution of natural watercourses dates back to primitive times. It may, however, be safely stated that, owing to the power, within certain limits, of natural waters to recondition themselves by self-purification, the rivers of England and Wales, except in isolated areas, were comparatively free from pollution down to about 1800 A. D., notwithstanding that in the matter of refuse disposal every man was in early times a law unto himself and was apt to regard a watercourse as the natural receptacle for every kind of refuse.

The advent, early in the 19th century, of the steam engine and the general increase of factories changed the face of industrial England and intensified the concentrations of population in the neighborhood of rivers, and in consequence the purity of the water gradually deteriorated. The trade impetus which followed the great exhibition of 1851 naturally increased the evil and very little was done to check it, because, unfortunately, the public has been slow to realize that rivers and streams are national assets which should be safeguarded in the interests of the community to whom pure water is a necessity.

It will, therefore, be appreciated that for many years past the deterioration of the fisheries in the rivers and streams of this country has caused serious anxiety to all persons interested in their welfare, who realized that not only a method of healthy recreation, but also a means of livelihood for many, were fast disappearing. So long as the population was comparatively small and scattered, the amount of foreign matter which found its way into natural waters was so diluted as not to cause any serious effect to fish life. With the development of industry and population, however, an increasing amount of both sewage and manufacturing waste was discharged untreated into the rivers, with the result that many of our streams and estuaries which were formerly teeming with salmon and fresh-water fish, are now almost devoid not only of fish, but of the animal and vegetable organisms on which fish depend for their food.

It has often been stated that the inland fisheries interests are confined to a comparatively few well-to-do persons who as often as not have a direct financial interest in the condition of their fishing waters. In the Committee's opinion this is an altogether erroneous idea, since certain members of the Committee alone represent Angling Associations with a membership of well over a hundred thousand, chiefly working men, and in all there must be at least half a million anglers in the country. The appeals of this number of people for the preservation of the means of their recreation and of those people who, while not being anglers, gain recreation, pleasure and amusement from the rivers, by swimming, boating and other means, should not be lightly ignored. Moreover, it must be remembered that many fishermen depend upon the netting of fish in inland or estuarine waters for their means of livelihood, and the importance of this aspect of the question may be gauged from the fact that the nets account for over 90 per cent of the total catch of salmon.

For years agitation had been carried on to persuade successive governments to take action to prevent the ever-growing danger of the complete destruction of our inland fisheries, and for years that agitation was ignored. So long as there was no outbreak of disease attributable to river pollution the country was content to tolerate the discharge of sewage and the waste products of industry into our streams and watercourses without giving sufficient consideration to the ultimate results of such pollution on stream life.

This indifference was, no doubt, mostly due to ignorance and lack of appreciation of the damage that was being done to a national asset.

All modern methods of dealing with sewage depend ultimately upon the oxidation of the organic matter contained in the sewage by means of oxygen obtained from the air. Ordinary domestic sewage contains over 99.9 per cent of water and less than 0.1 per cent of solid matter, of which probably rather more than half is organic matter. It is this very small proportion of organic matter which it is the object of all sewage disposal methods to deal with in such a way as not to cause river pollution sufficient to be a nuisance or a danger to fish life.

The organic matter in sewage is contained partly in the solid matters which readily settle when the sewage is allowed to stand, partly in very fine suspended particles which will not settle, and partly dissolved in the liquid portion of the sewage.

If, from any cause, river water is deprived of its oxygen, there is a tendency to make up this loss by taking in a fresh supply from the atmosphere, and the question of the rate at which deoxygenated water becomes re-aerated is one of the utmost importance from the point of view of fish life. Water deprived of oxygen is re-aerated at a much more rapid rate if the water surface is broken by ripples than if the surface is smooth.

The Rivers Pollution Commission (1868) stated in their report on the domestic water supply of Great Britain (C.1112-1874): "We are led to the inevitable conclusion that the oxidation of the organic matter in sewage proceeds with extreme slowness, even when the sewage is mixed with a large volume of unpolluted water, and that it is impossible to say how far such water must flow before the sewage matter becomes thoroughly oxidized. It will be safe to infer, however, that there is no river in the United Kingdom long enough to effect the destruction of sewage by oxidation." The inference of the Commissioners is not supported by present day knowledge.

If crude sewage is discharged into an unpolluted river the organic matter in the sewage absorbs some or all of the dissolved oxygen in the river water. Fresh crude sewage does not absorb the oxygen at as great a rate as sewage which has been allowed to become black and septic, either by having to pass through long lengths of sewer laid at a poor gradient or by being retained for a lengthy period in septic tanks. If the volume of sewage discharged is not large in amount as compared with the volume of the river water, the dissolved oxygen in the river water may be sufficient to oxidize the whole of the organic matter without causing an appreciable diminution. In such a case fish are not likely to be seriously affected. If, however, the volume of sewage discharged is large as compared with the volume of the river water the dissolved oxygen in the water may be reduced at such a rapid rate that the water cannot become re-aerated by contact with the air sufficiently rapidly to maintain a sufficiency of dissolved oxygen in the water. In such cases the river water may become harmful to fish-life. Moreover, if the sewage has been allowed to become septic before discharge it is liable to contain intermediate nitrogenous compounds which are actually poisonous to fish.

In the case of tidal rivers the partially deoxygenated river water may not have time to reach the sea, with its unlimited supply of dissolved oxygen, between two succeeding tides, with the result that the river water becomes further deoxygenated by further discharges of sewage and a

(Continued on page 69)

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Hey Rube!

IN the early days of the circus, people often took occasion to disagree with the shell game operator whose elusive pea had evaded the eye of his customer.

When the customer protested physically, the operator sounded the battle cry of the big top—"Hey Rube!" and stalwart canvasmen came frolicking on the scene bearing tent stakes which they wielded with accuracy and fervor.

These tactics soon caused embarrassment to the circus people incurring in the hearts of farmers and people living in the small communities a deep hatred for the circus man.

Some hunters and fishermen are the shell game operators of the sporting world. They leave gates open on the farm, set fire to buildings and hay stacks, break fences and in some instances shoot stock. They have the utmost disregard for the feelings of the farmer and his property. And, like the shell game man of old, when the farmer protests against this sort of treatment, these muckers call upon sportsmen's organizations to protect them from the farmer's righteous wrath.

The Izaak Walton League holds no brief for this type of "sportsman." We, like the farmer, detest him for what he is. This League respects the rights of others—particularly the farmer who has long been harassed by so-called sportsmen who do not know the meaning of the word.

As a true Waltonian you will adhere strictly to this principle. If you wish to hunt or fish on the farmer's land, ask his permission. [illegible] we have met are mighty decent fellows who will more than meet you half way.

Fight For The Black Bass

TAKE off your coat—this is the time for action!

The Hawes Bill regulating interstate shipment of black bass is now being considered by Congress and it is up to YOU to get into the harness and do YOUR share in passing this great measure which will do more to benefit rod and line fishing than any legislation attempted in the past decade.

This bill was introduced in the House of Representatives by Congressman Harry B. Hawes of Missouri, an ardent Waltonian, and favorably reported by the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. It will come up before the House of Representatives for a vote within the next few weeks.

We are confident this measure will pass with YOUR CO-OPERATION.

Get the officers of your Chapter and every member of your Chapter to not only write their representatives in Washington, but have them tell the other people of your community to also write in and support House Bill H. R. 10269.

Hold mass meetings and pass the word throughout the section in which you live that THIS BILL MUST PASS.

Do it right this minute lest you put it off and forget.

"Cure-Alls"

LETTERS reach national headquarters of the League asking in part "What can I do to further the cause of conservation in my county?"

That question is similar to the one propounded by the man who wrote to a doctor conducting a health column in a newspaper. The letter read: "Dear Doctor: I have a terrible aching pain. Please tell me what I can do to regain my health."

The doctor replied: "Cure it!"

The League has at this time more than two thousand Chapters. It is just impossible to lay down a set of rules that will adequately cope with local conditions in each of these communities, as it would be for a doctor to prescribe a blanket cure-all for the various maladies with which humanity at large is afflicted.

You know your local conditions better than anyone else. You understand the thousands of little intricacies that enter into any civic undertaking, and you are the best judge of what can be done. National headquarters will give you every assistance in the work but you and your chapter will have to start it. If you have a specific problem which demands technical advice national headquarters is ready and anxious to pass it along. We have experts in the various phases of conservation who are only awaiting your call.

The *Elto* for 1926—
The Super Elto!

BY every standard of outboard motor value and sound marine principles, the *Super Elto* is the peak of outboard advancement—the climax of the sound designing and water-wise good sense of Ole Evinrude. With abundant power it retains the same light weight and provides extraordinary new features that contribute the final degree of convenience, pleasure and safety to the user. The Super Elto offers:

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9. Safety Flywheel! Starting button drops flush into rim. Convenient—safe!

10. Propello Pump! Patented, exclusive! Eliminates all pump troubles. A pump without mechanical parts.

11. Safety Shoe! Insures against damaged propellers and sheared pins.

12. Safe Rudder Steering! The only motor providing this feature, and all that it means in boat control and manageability.

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Field Guns

The Gun You Have Confidence in Is the Best Gun for Your Use

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

The Right Shotgun and Our Best People

JUST at this moment the yuletide spirit has a marked influence upon me. Never before have I realized what an arch tyrant it can be when really it begins to work on me. It has such a vast power for waking reminiscences that in every little gleaming jet of flame issuing from the heap of hickory and red oak logs in my spacious fireplace I am prone to visualize days of the past, and the true sportsmen associated with every one of them.

While the little flares of reminiscence are fitful they co-ordinate well with my thoughts. I jump from one sportsman to the other in my fancy. But sportsmanship always holds intact and I translate it as the unselfishness in man; the quality in continually listening to views opposite those you hold and regarding the opinion of others of far more importance than your own. To think of this is a vast help, for it keeps a fellow from thrusting his personal likes in guns on other folks.

There is one little flame before my eyes that slowly emanates and throws forth a long green light spasmodically, like a defective gas jet. It comes and goes, but never entirely dies and I believe that is the reason it revives in my mind a very old sportsman who despite his eighty years still vigorously engages in his favorite pastime, hunting with a rifle during the open season and resting quietly all the balance of the time. What a wonderful game shot he was! What a wonderful game shot he still is with a rifle! And yet, that grey haired master of such artistry knows nothing about ballistics, but will always tell you you will shoot best with the arm with which you are contented.

Not so many years ago I had this old native of the Ozark mountains in the North Woods with me. It was his first trip. If I remember right he had at the time a very old 30-30 carbine. The crowd he met there from the states possessed only the most modern Springfield 30-06 remodeled into sporting type. They ridiculed the old man's possession and they could quote baskets of ballistics to prove that it was impossible for him to kill a moose with it. All of their modern weapons as well as their talk failed to register the slightest bit or shake the confidence of the old man in his rifle.

One afternoon while waiting to be hauled to another camp these self-honored marksmen began to shoot at improvised targets. They bantered the old man until he entered the sport. Before he got through with them at every distance he had made them look like novices. This would not have been rubbing it in so badly if they had not been delayed from moving by a heavy sleet storm. The old man that very evening presented the leader of the party with a wonderful moose head. He killed the animal very near camp with that despised little carbine. They did not reckon that a rifle never makes the hunter, and the man who gets a moose or other big game is the one who has confidence in his rifle, knows how to hunt and can put the bullet just where he wants it irrespective of its size.

At the very uppermost part of the yule log is a knot. Quite close to it a large red flame issues in somewhat greater proportions than those next to it. It, too, forces a strong tendency to visualize one particular acquaintance of mine in the big open spaces. He is a large Ojibway Indian of great breadth of shoulder, tremendous depth of chest and very nearly six feet in height. I do not wonder at this time that I should recall him. We had fished together, blazed trails together, hunted together in that far north country of the Nipigon where the silent primeval forest of spruce, birch, and poplar spread out for many miles. With none did I consult more than Paul, for the silent north has taught him many things worth knowing.

So often the subject of the best rifle for big game has been flung at him, Paul smiles at my question, but not in

a cynical way and answers "All dem high-power best, just so you like de rifle you have and do not doubt it!"

There is a lot in what this Ojibway says; for briefly, it conveys the thought that confidence in your arm is the keynote of success in shooting big game. Naturally he likes best a little 30-30 carbine, as all woodsmen do. A bolt action of any kind, however powerful, he would not have at any price, despite the fact that I hunt in his company with one. He sees several fine qualities in it but many faults. He fancies it too heavy, too long, and not the rifle for him. The qualifications to his devotion are admitted, because he is a real hunter and hunts to kill as all his progenitors did. He regards it as a crime to chance a shot in a place where a kill is not assured.

One has to have such a short, light convenient arm as his carbine woods travel when carrying a pack and also a motley combination of traps and duffle. But my pet Ojibway's opinion of rifles and writers on the subject is worth listening to.

"All dem hi-power rifles good!" Paul declares in his emphatic way and goes on to explain. "From 250 yards, shoot so you hit tings right you keel it. Big trouble is sportsmen worry too much about what a few writer fellers say. De best rifle is one you handle quickest wherever he is. Game don't stand still long—at least most times. Most writer fellers mix up sportsmen and get dem shakey in de head about dere rifles. Dey read stuff about a rifle written by writer feller in sport papers. Dey buy it for real thing. Dat's all right. But no sooner do they get it when writer feller tells dem anudder rifle best and what dey have not much count. Den of course sportsmen loses confidence in what he has and cannot shoot it.

"I go East United States once and visit friend in one of dose company. I ask man about what a few rifle fellers do to make men discontented wid rifles.

"'Oh!' he laughs, 'dat man writes for another firm now. He is paid by dem in all de guns and arms he wants. Dat is de way he did publicity for us. Dere are letters which passed between us when he was our man. He never mentions our stuff now'."

Paul remained silently pensive for a minute by hitting the metaphorical nail on the head when he concluded: "How in de world are young sportsmen going to know what kind of rifles to get when writer fellers tell different all de time? Here's what I say, and dey can keel any big game from dis advise! Get any high power dat in your own mind you tink best. Den swear by it, love it, and practice with it. Dere is one ting not to forget! Each man to his taste, and what price rifle he can afford."

The Ojibway's conversation held for a long time a dominant place in my mind until presently I was attracted by another flame issuing in spitting spurts from the large hickory back log. It arrived and departed with jerky hesitancy, but always leaving a healthy cherry red gleam similar to the healthy cheeks of the shooting companion it was urging me at that instant to visualize; a friend of fields and coverts, marshes and lakes, but with an outstanding love for quail shooting which no other sport could share in.

That old man of seventy-five—his upright figure, his powers to undergo long walks in all kinds of going, in this moment of fancy lives as real in my mind as though he stood before me and was rehashing his shooting troubles as everlastingly he was doing in times gone by. I did not at first know what they were—nor for many years, so steadfastly were they associated with him. Seemingly he could never learn to kill quail. However much he tried or practiced something invariably went wrong.

The first year I met him he shot poorly. He attributed this to the American gun he was shooting. He was of the super-sensitive type that believed everything men told him about guns. This was reflected in his conversation.

He confessed his shooting difficulties to a friend. I could see the outcome of it before he tried to tell me. His present shotgun did not fit him. He was going to be measured with a "try" gun and accordingly have one built by a noted English maker. He had been told that they could fit a man better than the American gun makers and built far superior guns.

Now a "try" gun is, in my opinion, a selling delusion. You can have measurements taken with it and each time these measurements will vary. The eye of the average good gun salesman is far better for your specifications than all the try guns ever designed.

The English gun appeared in the hands of my old friend the following season but he shot more poorly than ever. Right away even my inexpert eye detected that it did not fit him nearly as well as the first—which sentiment I voiced in his hearing later on. But before I said it he had been in the hands of another advisor who told him that what he needed was an over-and-under type of gun as the single barrel alignment was what he needed as well as a certain amount of cast-off to the stock, to correct the eye deficiency. And he swallowed that advice too! Eagerly he forthwith ordered a gun of this kind built for his physical and optical peculiarities.

Well, the old man with the newcomer showed not the least improvement. He was getting worse in every way. But obdurately he laid all his troubles to the guns he was shooting and each year went in for a new one, until I felt I could take a hand in curing him. He had left his first gun with me, usually every visit he checked everything from his home to my little village. I told my man not to bring out his belongings the night of his arrival, and in case he telephoned to the depot I had that official fixed. His outfit to connect with my plans must not show up for two days.

When the fallacious announcement was made to my old shooting companion he was a picture of despair. Then subtly I told him I had been shooting

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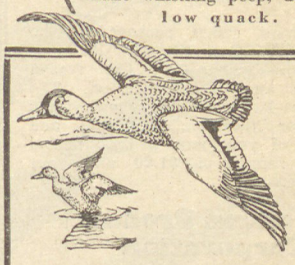

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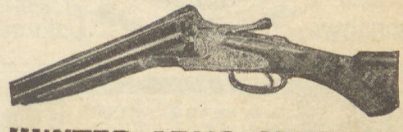

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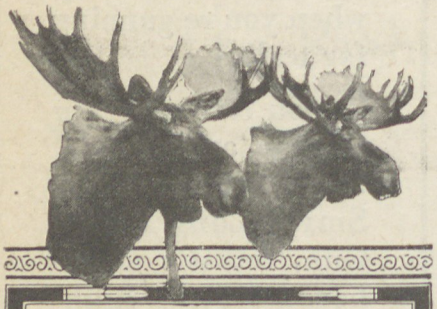

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his old gun and it made the most perfect pattern for quails I had ever seen. I was so surprised at its performance I had to target it on paper. There was no hope for a quail ever getting away. Then I showed the pattern on two large sheets of manila paper—right and left barrel. I did not tell him that I had spent two long days making those holes with a large awl to insure their appearing like the real thing. Thereupon he consented to use his old arm on the following day. After I told him what a wonder it was and how many big runs I had made on quails with it because I was careful not to jerk the trigger as, like the noise of bird wings, this causes nervousness. This I prevented by closing my mouth and holding my teeth together. In one thing I was honest and that was that his gun did fit him perfectly.

The very next day that old man began to shoot well and still shoots well. After he killed three birds he was delighted, but what came with it most was confidence, and that was all he needed. He talked about that gun all day and has done so ever since. If anybody ever criticizes it and makes a suggestion of one letter I am pretty sure he is cultivating a quick opportunity for a fistic engagement with a very spry old shotgun artist.

And now the old fireplace gleams more brilliantly than ever and all the burning logs cheerily join in one big spurt and seemingly brings all those shooting companions together. And together they appear to utter little words of advice to the beginner which are nothing more than *be contented with the arm you are shooting and have absolute confidence in it.*

Perhaps they would have said "No use!" But the heat made it uncomfortable for my big setter and while moving to another place he brushes my knees and wakes me. I rise from my chair yawning, but realize that I, too, have joined in with the companions of my feast of visualization in offering the same advice to all who wish to learn to be fair shots in the woods, fields, marshes and coverts.

Readers of Outdoor America are invited to send their questions on firearms and ammunition to Ozark Ripley, Field Gun Editor Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois

Hal Evarts Eats His Lunch

(Continued from page 7)

"There's an interesting thing," Hal remarked, pointing out a group of six dark objects or spots about two miles ahead. "I've been watching those dark spots over there. At first I thought they might be bear lying down on that open ridge. But they haven't moved so I guess they must be merely patches of dark ground showing through the grass; scooped out hollows where bear have been lying."

I focussed my glass on the dark spots. The grass and brush in the way and the distance made it impossible to tell for certain what they were. As I watched they did not move and I agreed with Hal that they were patches of ground scooped out perhaps a day or two before. But just as I was about to shift the glass to another section of the landscape, one of the "dark patches of ground" got up, turned around deliberately and lay down again. That settled it . . . bear!

The country between was thickly overgrown with alders and the usual matted grass. The going was extremely difficult. A good idea of the brushy nature of the country may be had from the picture of Hal and the big bear. Ninety per cent of the island is like this.

After we had covered about half the distance we sat down to get our wind and rest. As we looked through the glasses from that distance we could see that there were two large bears, two cubs and two yearlings in the bunch; a regular herd of bears. We guessed, and correctly it turned out, that one was the old lady, the other a big male following her, her two this year's cubs and probably two of last year.

"We don't want any of the smaller ones," Hal said, "and unless one of the two largest is unusual I don't want him. I already have one bear, Earl has another, and we don't want to fill up our licenses until we get a chance at one of unusual size. You haven't any yet, so take your pick, and if I want the other I'll take him after you get yours."

While we were talking and watching them through our glasses the bears got up, stretched and began to walk about restlessly. They were right out in the open and did not appear to be at all worried about the possibility of being seen. It was a little after noon and they had evidently rested enough and were ready to move. At length, as we watched, they moved off, traveling directly away from us in single file, the two cubs rollicking ahead, then the yearlings, and in the rear, the two big ones. They made quite a lengthy and impressive procession as they shuffled forward. We watched them disappear from the ridge into a thick and extensive alder patch.

"It looks to me as if they intend to move on for good," Hal observed, "but we can mosey over to the ridge they've just left and take a look-see from there."

When we arrived at the ridge we

were both tired. Plunging through that tangled underbrush and thick grass is, as somebody once said: "quite a job of work." So we again sat down to rest and took out our glasses. The dense thicket into which they had disappeared stretched away at our feet for almost a mile. There were some small openings in that thicket and these we scanned carefully without seeing anything of our late friends. It began to look as if they had pulled out for good and we were not to catch up with them. From the way they had been traveling when we had last seen them we were about sure they were now at least a mile ahead. So we decided to eat our lunch and watch the openings through the glasses.

We laid our guns down beside us. Hal, I remember, had just bitten into a big hunk of corned beef. I was pulling mine from a pocket. As Hal took his first bite I saw him reach swiftly, but very carefully, for his rifle.

"Well, I'll be a son-of-a-gun," he remarked casually, "if there isn't the whole bunch right below us." He whispered this without a trace of excitement, just as a person standing on a corner in Chicago might mention the arrival of a motor bus or street car. He continued to munch away at his corned willie at the same time.

I glanced hastily at an opening in the alders about a hundred yards below on the mountainside. There came the two little cubs prancing out of the alders, almost, it seemed, at our feet.

Hal observed between bites: "the yearlings will probably come next, then the old lady and last the old boar. When the old girl steps out of the brush you bust her where she looks the biggest and I'll wait for the old man."

He had called the turn. After the cubs, came the two yearlings. Then there was a short delay during which I noticed that Hal still held his corned willie in his left hand and continued to munch away as if nothing unusual was happening. Then came the old lady. As she shuffled from the alder brush into the small opening I could see the long hair on her back and sides swing and part as she sauntered forward with that swaying, loose, drunken-sailor gait peculiar to bears.

"Now's your chance," Hal mumbled with his mouth full of tough "monkey meat."

My first shot, we found later, struck just behind the shoulder for she was passing sideways to me at the time. As the bullet struck she reared and turned, facing us, and the next shot entered her mid-section. At this she wheeled, and, half plunging, half falling, dove into the alder brush and disappeared.

I glanced at Hal. He was still munching his lunch, gun across his knees. You might easily have thought I had been shooting at a target for all the evidence of excitement in his attitude.

"Well," he remarked, "it looks like you got her. But I guess the other big one had left the bunch before we caught up with them, or we would surely have seen him run. Let's give her plenty of time to die before we crawl into those alders."

In the alders below all was silent as the grave. Of course we did not know then whether my bear was dead or merely wounded, for we were not sure she had been hit more than once. She might well be lying in that tangled mass of grass and small alder trunks with plenty of fight left in her; ready at any time to make a savage rush, and the prospect of crawling on hands and knees in that dark, sombre, silent thicket was not alluring.

After a few minutes we went down to the opening where the bear had plunged into the brush. We entered that opening with our guns cocked and ready. Nothing happened.

"Now you stand here," Hal directed, "where you'll have room to swing your gun. I'll crawl in. If she makes a run at me I'll probably be so snarled up in the brush I can't do much good. So it will be up to you to do the shooting. All I can say is . . . do it fast and carefully!"

This bear, remember, was an unknown, uncertain quantity. An old female with cubs. We knew she was wounded but how badly was only a guess. She was in thick cover—an ideal situation in which to perpetrate one of those harrowing bear tragedies that are by no means uncommon in Alaska. And here was Hal Evarts, whom I had met but the day before, offering to assume the risk and crawl into that brush to help me get *my* bear!

"Well, here goes nothing," Hal remarked as he moved toward the alders. But it was my bear, and of course, unpleasant as the duty of entering the thick brush was, it was up to me to do it. But when I finally managed to get in a short distance I found the bear lying among the small alder branches stone dead. The first shot had passed through the heart, but even the heavy 405 bullet in that vital organ had not been sufficient to prevent her traveling almost fifty yards, so great is the vitality of the grand bears of Kodiak.

The Death of the Duck

(Continued from page 29)

But it was an old-time proverb that "a Salisbury never misses." (This including either meals, or flying objects.) As the doomed fowl came within range, Salisbury, grasping his trusty gun with a firm grip, leaped to a standing position and delivered his fire. The duck (for such it was) struck its strong wings together in mid-air, collapsed like a soiled dishrag, and dropped plummet-like, to the bosom of the marsh, deader than a mackerel.

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A resounding shout, a roar from the throats of the hundreds of hunters who were watching the tableaux made the tules and bulrushes cower to the water's edge, and every musk-rat in the marsh dove to the bottom and held his breath in terror. Jumping into the boat moored alongside the "blind," Salisbury paddled convulsively out and retrieved the fallen fowl. Returning, both men examined the dead bird with the keenest interest. Neither knew its species, but both were assured that it was a real, sure-enough, honest-to-God duck.

A procession of boats headed by the successful twain returned to the landing. The trip to camp was quickly covered. Outside the tents stood foreign correspondents, radio broadcasters, and newspaper reporters from all parts of the globe. Photographers, film photographers, artists, poets, hunters, were there, and a motley gathering of practically all grades of society. Inside the largest tent, three scientists from the Johnsonian Institution received the deceased fowl for examination. After the lapse of half an hour they emerged, the leader, a tall grey-bearded patriarch, holding the bird in his right hand.

The crowd surged forward. Cries of "Order, sit down, shame, put him out," were heard. "Gentlemen! gentlemen!" shouted Finney, and at the sound of his well-known voice the tumult subsided. "Hats off" someone called, and the suggestion was instantly obeyed. The tall and venerable professor then said, "Ladies and gentlemen. My colleagues and I have given this fowl a thorough and a scientific examination, and we are pleased to report that it is, without the shadow of a doubt, genuine wild duck (dead, of course), and that it is a male specimen of the mallard family, ornithologically known as Anas Platyrynchos Linnaeus. Its former distribution was over the Northern Hemisphere generally, and the Old World. It was supposed to be as extinct as the dodo or the duck-billed platypus since 1935, and this specimen is doubtless the sole and only remnant of the former vast numbers of the duck families of the universe. The Johnsonian Institution has been wireless telephoned and has telephoticuted two checks for $25,000 each to Messrs. Salisbury and McGaffey, the successful hunters. I predict that their feat will re-echo down the corridors of Time."

It is enough! Over the unruffled surface of the Salton Sea, an occasional black-bird's pinion stirs the surrounding air, and the crack of the hunter's shot-gun may be heard during the two day season on this remaining tribe of wild-fowl. The limit is one black-bird a day now, and shite-pokes, bitterns, crows, hawks, magpies and mud-hens are all strictly protected. Chief Eczema has long since been gathered to his fathers, and the lonely expanses of the marshes once thronged with wheeling wild-fowl are inhabited only by the paddling musk-rat and the lowly bull-frog.

In the Johnsonian Institution at Washington stands a gold-mounted glass case. Around it, massive iron chains keep away the crowds of surging spectators. Pacing back and forth to guard the receptacle are a score of trusty guards, armed to the teeth, to prevent any theft of this priceless treasure. And in the glass case, mounted so skillfully as to almost suggest a living bird, is the male mallard, brought down by Salisbury in the Southern California marshes, Anas Platyrynchos Linnaeus, the last duck.

John Citizen's Soul

(Continued from page 19)

covering the lake, its border the forest, its shadows the snags, its backdrop the mountains, with his lazy eyes. Or he stared down beside him into the rushes where deer-tracks punctured the floating soil; for it was floating, with the lake somewhere under it.

Still, regardless of all this close observation, while the rest of the party raved at their recreations of fishing, hunting and arguing, the citizen gave his word on his return home that he could not describe a bit of the country he had seen. . . . Unfortunately no one thought to ask him to describe what he had felt. . . .

He came out with the party, slowly, with lingering steps. In the high meadows the others exclaimed at the strangeness of finding rhododendrons blooming above their heads in September; but to him there was no value in the fact that they bloomed in September. Rather he appeared simply to enjoy their blooming. He looked at them as at a strange sight. Or better, as at a familiar sight strange because of its long absence from his vision. In the same way he sat on sunny rocks and looked at the green lost meadows far away and high on their mountains, the wild meadows of the deer; at the acres of alders smashed writhing to the ground by winter snows; at the fat sugar-pine cones perched gleaming and yellow on absurdly stunted trees. It could have been only that he felt kinship in these things. It was not sight nor sound nor smell but inner feeling that he awoke to, treasured and steeped in, when he met the influential places in the mountains. And even if he had been asked what he felt in the mountains, in lieu of what he saw, he probably would have answered, looking away, one hand idle on his desk: "Oh, I don't know . . . I'm sure."

In his wisdom, he did not know or try to know. It was said by his asso-

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

ciates that he left his desk for two weeks each autumn and went vacationing in the mountains, like all other people. In Oregon it's quite the thing, and so he did it. When he took his last vacation, his understudy insisted about a story of his and a theory, and the physician was forced to listen.

The boss must have had heart trouble, the yellow-browed understudy said, because of this that happened a few months before. The office cat, prowling, had picked up a white-bellied grebe migrant exhausted in an alley, and fetched it in. The boss met the cat in the doorway between the mill and the office. In its fanged mouth the cat carried the grebe, belly up, head hanging one way, feet another. He stopped and stared at this unusual sight. Then the boss took the grebe and sedately retiring to his office, locked himself in. (And there, it may be surmised, he sat down and held the grebe, impersonally, staring at its white belly, the broad mysteriously-plumaged body, its haunting shape and feel, its blue cold scaled feet bringing high and wild and wet winds into the office, marshes and night-storms and quacking and leaping slender slaying beasts . . . for to some souls these things are tokens and symbols, their closest kin, their emotion, which is to say, their God.) At any rate, said the understudy, the boss came forth in an hour and went away out of the office, nor did he return that day; and this was unprecedented; and the boss next day admitted on questioning that he had been slightly ill. To which important diagnosis the physician said, "Very likely."

The Knights Something-or-Other buried the citizen, the family missed him; everyone took trouble to describe his life which was, as it were, an open book—he had had a hand for everything worthy, an eye for the constructive details of business, society and citizenry, a man without a knob of virtue or of vice, without a thought beyond the watery schoolbook thought, in his head. A model man.

But the man on the Gordon Range did not answer this description. That man was outstanding, monumental. It is a problem to decide which man he was. It is no problem to know which man they buried. They buried John Citizen. The rest of him, or something akin to the stuff he was, is loose somewhere. Something kin to him that he felt as such was loose on the Gordon Range, and it is still there. Clearly it was a part of him. Clearly he is a part of it.

New Forests for Louisiana

(Continued from page 27)

thirty years in many states in which this industry is situated.

Nearly all the work of reforestation in the state is being done in pine or pine and hardwoods mixed, but there

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"LET ME SEE something better," says the customer—very frequently indeed. That something better in an automobile may cost several hundred or perhaps even several thousand dollars more; but in a cigarette it costs just three cents more

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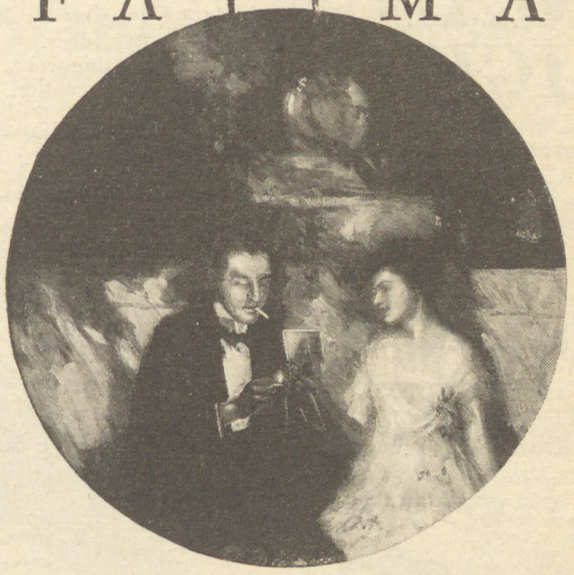

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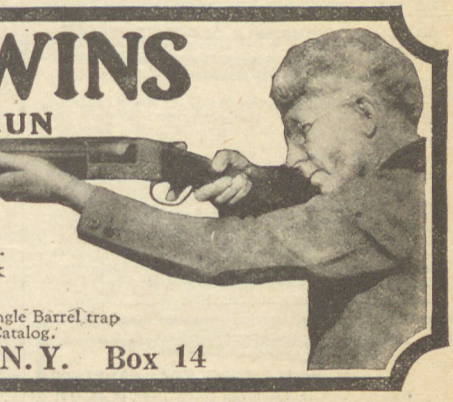

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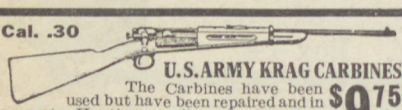

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are tracts which have nothing but hardwood. From the Valley of the Teche, the storied country of Evangeline, comes information of large tracts being reforested in hardwood.

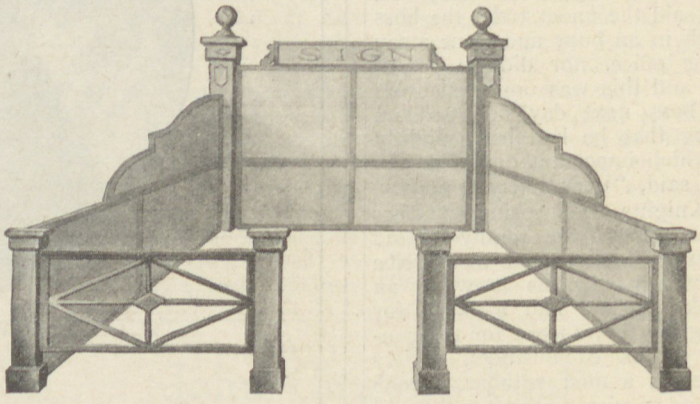
It is not argued that the work of reforestation in the state is complete. It is a fact that a good start has been made and with the education of the public along lines of reforestation by the State University, the Summer School, the boys' reforestation clubs, the many addresses on the subject, together with a large amount of publicity being given the subject by the newspapers of the state, the results are not to be doubted. A fine spirit of cooperation is abroad in the land. Lumber men who, a few years ago, pursued the reckless course in cutting timber common at that time, have completely changed their attitude and have joined hands with the state in the work of reforestation, as well as adopting methods of logging in keeping with the best forestry ideas.

Nothing that might be said in connection with conservation in Louisiana would be complete without reference to Mr. Henry Hardtner, familiarly known as the "father of conservation in Louisiana." His work at Urania has been an example and an inspiration to the state and the lumbering industry of the state, as well as in all matters pertaining to conservation. It was he who had the vision, and on his private properties had accomplished in reforestation remarkable things and, inspiring others by what he had accomplished, formed a small group of men within whom was that germ of conservation, which has been mentioned, and from which has grown the ideas and accomplishments of the state in conservation matters.

Louisiana has four marshland game sanctuaries for migratory birds, but it has no upland sanctuaries for native birds and game. It is hoped that voluntary ceding of the hunting rights may be made by land owners on some of the larger tracts of land under contract with the state for reforestation and that game sanctuaries may be established thereon.

Fourth National Convention

(Continued from page 33)



Full sized booths for sporting goods exhibits.

show ever held. The Hotel Sherman is co-operating in every possible way, and it is believed that many thousands of dollars' worth of publicity will be given the League through this show.

The League inaugurated its Sportsmen's Show at the national convention last year, and although the first show was small, being in the nature of an experiment, and open only to delegates, it was so great a success that plans were made at once to make it a regular annual feature of the National Convention.

Trout Fishing in the Swiss Alps

(Continued from page 25)

There is a chain of three or four lakes connected by swift running streams extending six to eight miles up to Majola Pass. Little towns with their large hotels are found on their banks, and always a group of fishermen with their long two-handed cane poles. They are very clever with these poles, putting down as long and light a fly as I have ever seen.

I rigged up a two-hander, left off the lower joint, lashed a cheap reel to it, tied guides, and after a fashion made a passable casting outfit, but I found it hard to strike at the right time with so unwieldy an instrument.

Thanks to the Reverend Arundell, who loaned his fine English fly rod after he had gone and with it I took some fine catches from the lakes. Another time my own old rod and everything American will accompany me to Switzerland.

My little grandson, two and one-half years old, followed in an open rig. I

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

hooked a half pound trout, held him, and had the small boy take the rod and he landed him on the bank at his feet. He picked the squirming trout up and took it to the hotel, where it was cooked for him and he ate it for supper. On leaving for his home, Mr. Badroot, the proprietor, gave the boy a silver cup engraved "To the youngest fisherman, from the Palace Hotel."

Trials on Virgin Trails

(Continued from page 24)

us if we partook of a bit of rations during the late afternoon.

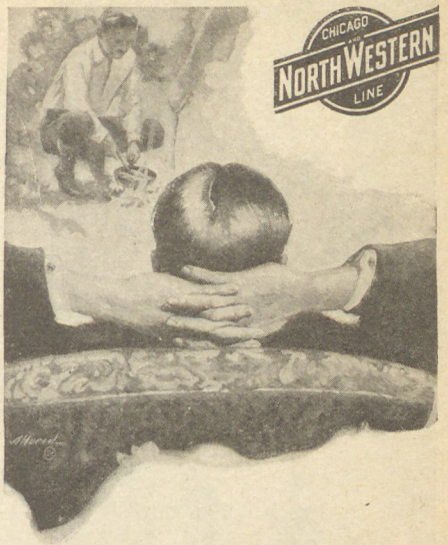
We had fished hard all of the day before, and danced all night; had no sleep and been a beast of burden all day, until we *rested* by paddling a canoe and fishing, and now we thought after a conference, that we might perhaps with propriety and even discretion, have afternoon tea. This idea first occurred to Doug, but finally became unanimous. Paul and I never liked to be obstinate because Doug was sensitive about such things whether the load was on his back or his mind, and we didn't want either to weaken while he was with us. We did not care to be responsible, knowing he was expected home sometime.

When we returned to camp, which was on the bank of "Long Lake" which was the largest and a beautiful site, the fire was going and all hands got busy. We cooked some fish on green sticks, broiled them over the coals of an open fire, an ideal way to cook fish, and we made toast in the same manner. We had tea a la English, then made a royal dish by slicing bacon and splitting the slices into strips and chopping them off into small cubes, frying it crisply. Into this we poured some dozen fresh eggs —which we had *lovingly* carried in— and scrambled the crisp bacon and part of its grease with the eggs to make a dish, which when properly cooked in the open, is calculated to make one want to leave home for ever. Finally, we removed from our heads the mosquito netting, washed it, filled it with rice and raisins and submerged it in a bucket of boiling water, and in due time the mixture was taken therefrom as a delicious dessert. Each took something over a quart of this as ballast after eating a few pounds of the other substantial viands, and then took a bit of digestive exercise by walking back to the railroad station, where I boarded a train for western Canada, while the others with tears in their eyes—for there would now be but three, instead of four, for the mosquitoes to feed upon—waved me farewell.

I later learned that a week afterward the flies and mosquitoes were gone, the fishing wonderful, the dances (except for the guests until midnight) were stopped, the camp filled to capacity, and everyone was happy the entire season.

Look Forward to Next Summer's Vacation

in



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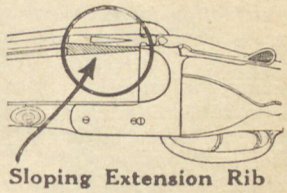

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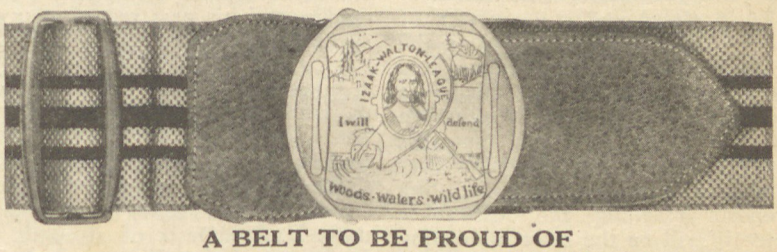

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Waltonian Activities

This Department Is Devoted to News Items of Special Interest to Members of the Izaak Walton League. All Material for This Department Should Be Sent Direct to

ED. H. PHILIPPI, National Executive Secretary

Ed. H. Philippi.

THE Izaak Walton League is to be congratulated upon acquiring the services of Ed. H. Philippi, who will supervise the business management at National Headquarters.

Mr. Philippi comes to this organization with a splendid record of achievement. He has had wide experience in the publishing and organization fields.

He began his publishing career in 1907 and in addition to organizing merchant's associations was instrumental in developing the different factors in the raisin industry of California that resulted in a national "Raisin Day."

In 1914 he entered the field of industrial motion pictures and served for six years as an officer and sales manager of one of America's leading film producing companies.

He has spent the past five years as business manager of trade papers in industrial and food products.

The membership is urged to give Mr. Philippi their whole hearted support in this new undertaking and to make 1926 the greatest year this organization has ever known.

WISCONSIN Waltonians are busy. Plans have been completed and a number of spaces contracted for the first annual outdoor show, to be held under the auspices of the Milwaukee Chapter, at Milwaukee, on March 24th to the 28th. This is the first time that an outdoor show of this kind has ever been held in Wisconsin, and according to reports reaching the Milwaukee Chapter it will be the most interesting of its kind ever held in that part of the country.

It will be conducted as a purely civic and state proposition by the Izaak Walton Chapters of the State.

Arthur Davidson, secretary, is chairman of the committee in charge of this show. Other members of the committee are Judge Graass of Green Bay; Haskell Noyes, of Milwaukee; Sherman Brown, State President, of Milwaukee, and Attorney J. V. Quarles, of Milwaukee.

This proposed show is not conducted for profit to any firm or individual. Whatever profits are gained will be used by the Izaak Walton League of the State of Wisconsin in the furtherance of Izaak Walton movements in that State.

The Izaak Walton League of Wisconsin is planning on establishing various wild life refuges in different parts of the state, and the proceeds of this show will enable them to do this type of work in a more effective manner, and thus add to the outdoor resources of Wisconsin.

In view of the fact that this is an Izaak Walton movement it is planned to have different Waltonian Chapters throughout the state interested, to furnish displays and exhibits from their different scenic beauties and attractions of the state of Wisconsin.

During the days of this outdoor show, some of the most notable outdoor sportsmen in America will deliver addresses. In addition, a bait and fly casting contest will be held, as well as shooting matches among various organizations. Valuable trophy cups and other prizes will be awarded. The Izaak Walton League has already opened up an office at 5197 Plankinton Building, Milwaukee, where arrangements for this affair will be made, and any one interested in securing space at this show can secure full particulars by writing to the above address.

Mr. A. B. Coffman, a veteran exposition and show manager of Chicago, has been engaged to handle the various details, and his past record assures the success of this affair.

* * *

Janesville Chapter met recently with more than one hundred members present. Forty-two Y. M. C. A. boys, under Chief A. E. Bergman, put on the Camp Rotardale, Indian Program with tribal dances, snake dance, medicine dance and contests of strength. The President of the Chapter, I. F. Wortendyke, was empowered by the Chapter to act on a letter from Secretary McCready, of the Wisconsin State Division in which it was suggested that deputy sheriffs be employed without salary by the county to assist in enforcing game laws.

A fish supper and motion pictures ended up the affair.

The officers of the Janesville Chapter are: President, I. F. Wortendyke; Vice-President, I. F. Wortendyke; Secretary, W. E. Hyser; Treasurer, Dr. E. B. Loofboro.

BROADCAST PROGRAM

JANUARY 30, 1926, 8:00 TO 12:00 P. M. Meter Wave Length 278. Broadcasting from Stevens Point, Wisconsin, Hotel Whiting, W-L-B-L (Wisconsin Land of Beautiful Lakes).

Music, Saxophone Duets, Nick and Walter Allen, Stevens Point; Soprano-Tenor Duets, Thresabelle and Henry Welch; Baritone Solos, Claude Eagleburger, Irene Eagleburger, Accompanist.

Announcements and Prayer.

Mr. Sherman Brown, Milwaukee—Talk, Subject, "What the Outdoors Means to the Child."

Music, Ferdinand Hirzy, Tenor; Edmond Bukolt, Violinist.

Mr. B. O. Webster—Talk, Subject, "Care and Planting of Fish."

Music, Miss Frances Oesterle, Pianiste.

Mr. Fred Luening, Milwaukee—Talk, Subject, "The Great Out of Doors."

Music, Tony Porter, Cornet Soloist.

Mr. C. R. Culler, Eau Claire—Talk, Subject, "Fish Rescue Work in the Winnesheik Bottoms."

Music, J. R. Pfiffner, Baritone; Mrs. J. R. Pfiffner, Accompanist.

Mr. John F. Sims—Talk, Subject, "Why Conservation Should Be Taught in Schools."

Music—Songs of Pioneer Days, The Four Huntsmen Quartette.

Mr. Donald Hough, St. Paul—Talk, Subject, "Elks in Jackson Hole."

Music, Ernest Weber, Violinist, and the Weber Orchestra.

Mr. W. E. Fisher—Talk, Subject, "Good Roads, Their Value and Relation to the Summer Playground, Wisconsin."

Music, C. C. Evans, Baritone; Mrs. C. C. Evans, Accompanist; Mr. R. O. Grindel, Baritone.

Mr. Leland Burroughs — Humorous Reading, "Fishin'," and "An Original Lie."

Vocal Solo, Ellen Yorkson, Mezzo Soprano; several months at WQJ, Chicago. "The Four Fishermen Return."

HERBERT STEINER, Announcer.

Program arranged by George W. Allen, Vice President Stevens Point Chapter, Izaak Walton League.

SIX PRIZES

Value $2.50, consisting of Fishing Tackle, will be given. One for the first report from outside the city; one for the report of the program from the furthest point east of Stevens Point; one for the report of the program from the furthest point west of Stevens Point; one for the report of the program from the furthest point north of Stevens Point; one for the report of the program from the furthest point south of Stevens Point; one for the first report outside the State.

* * *

INDIANA

Valparaiso Chapter met recently and made plans for the elevation of the local organization from the foot of the ladder to the topmost rung of Izaak Walton Chapters in Indiana.

A membership drive for January has been announced and A. H. Hadley, of the State Department of Conservation, and Harry Hilgerman, of Ft. Wayne, one of the Directors of the State Division, have been secured to give talks to the various civic bodies, as well as to school children and boy scouts. Mr. Hadley will spend a solid week in Valparaiso, giving illustrated talks on birds and conservation. Under the auspices of the Valparaiso Chapter, he will also address clubs and organizations.

Pierce L. Thatcher, the live-wire secretary of the Chapter, was named as executive secretary and with the cooperation of Dr. H. O. Seipel, President of the Chapter, a real live Chapter is assured.

The officers of the Valparaiso Chapter are: President, Dr. H. O. Seipel; Executive Secretary, Pierce L. Thatcher; Recording Secretary, R. K. White; Treasurer, Otto Roth.

* * *

Mishawaka Chapter is making special efforts to clean up the St. Joe River, which flows through this city. Three different cases are in court now against local companies for the pollution of this stream.

The officers of the Mishawaka Chapter inform us that there will be no let up until this beautiful river is put back in its natural stage, as near as possible.

The officers of the Mishawaka Chapter are: President, Dr. A. F. Seymour; Vice-President, H. A. Clement; Secretary, Everett Long; Treasurer, Donald B. Smith.

* * *

ILLINOIS

North Shore Chapter (Chicago) will put on a wonderful entertainment at Rainbo Garden, February 17th.—dancing and card party.

Mr. C. Voedisch, President of the North Shore Chapter, has organized a Junior League which admits boys from twelve to eighteen years of age. He is meeting with wonderful success and has the boys all worked up to an enthusiastic pitch. The Junior Chapter is one week old and has twenty-five members.

(Continued on page 52)

$300.00 in gold is awarded this photograph as Grand Prize Winner in 1925 South Bend Bait Company $2000.00 Fish Photo Contest. Entered by B. L. Brown, St. Paul, Minn. Bait used was South Bend WIZ-ORENO.

Prize Winners

In the South Bend Bait $2000.00 Fish Photo Contest for 1925

EIGHT first prizes of $75.00 each were awarded in each of the eight fish classes as follows: *Bass*—M. J. Burellback, Chattanooga, Tenn.; *Muskellunge*—N. S. Smith, Ogema, Wis.; *Pike and Pickerel*—S. W. Swenson, Cumberland, Wis.; *Trout*—B. L. Brown, St. Paul, Minn.; *Perch, Crappies, etc.*—A. C. Smith, St. Paul, Minn.; *Salmon and Striped Bass*—Perc Meakin, Modesta, Calif.; *Small Saltwater*—Al. P. Burgert, Tampa, Fla.; *Large Saltwater*—D. D. Engle, Beach Haven, N. J.

In all 273 prizes totaling $2,000.00 were awarded by the judges: Sidney Smith, the cartoonist; C. B. Kaufman, president Kaufman and Fabry, photographers, Chicago; E. H. Ross, editor Outdoor America.

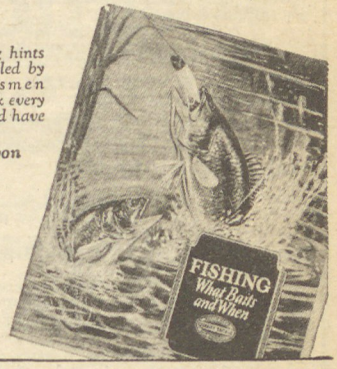
1926 Contest On!

Write for details

Send coupon for our book "Fishing—What Baits and When." Gives rules on 1926 Fish Photo Contest.

fishermen!!

You need this book!



Contains fishing hints and data compiled by noted sportsmen authors. A book every fisherman should have Sent FREE.

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1303 High Street, South Bend, Ind.

Send me free my copy of "Fishing—What Baits and When."

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By BEN C. ROBINSON
All about the "Musky's" habits, and the best methods of catching him. Illustrated $2.00

With Shotgun and Rifle in North American Game Fields
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Shooting and hunting experiences and methods of the chase of large and small game. Illustrated $3.50

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The history of the bass and directions for angling and fly-fishing. Illustrated $4.50

CAMPS AND CABINS
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Full directions for building log cabins, lodges and clubhouses. Illustrated with sketches and diagrams. $2.00

LAKE AND STREAM GAME FISHING
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A practical book on fresh water game fish, necessary tackle and how to use it. Illustrated $3.00

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By LEONARD HULIT
Information on every species of fish angled along the Atlantic seaboard and on the use of tackle. Illustrated .. $3.50

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In a running report of actual lessons, Mr. Lytle demonstrates his methods of training. Illustrated $2.00

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Methods of choosing, breaking, feeding and housing all types of hunting dogs. Illustrated $2.50

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Scientific Angling

National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

UNDER the leadership of Dave Linder, a well known caster and champion of Chicago, the Long Beach Bait and Fly Casting Club was recently organized to foster and promote scientific angling together with the protection of game fish. The charter membership numbers seventeen but it is expected the near future will see over one hundred members enrolled in which case the National Tournament will be asked for at some future date. The officers elected to guide the club are: President, D. R. Linder; vice-president, J. L. Keck; secretary, Geo. H. Clark; treasurer, Geo. H. Doty; captain, Roy L. Haslitt; and directors, Jonah Jones, Jr., Wm. R. Raymond and Harry O. Merithew.

The offices of the club will be located at 455 East Ocean boulevard, Long Beach, Calif., where information will be given regarding the organization to all interested sportsmen. Long Beach is to be congratulated on the formation of this club especially as it has for its president an indefatigable worker and an expert caster with the experience of many national tournaments.

Baltimore now boasts of a Bait and Fly Casting Club. Baltimore Chapter No. 2 of Maryland Izaak Walton League has recently organized and is getting ready to take a prominent part in the coming tournament at Philadelphia. Mr. C. Clemenson Brown is the new secretary.

NOTES FOR THE CASTERS

The Seattle Casting Club elected the following officers for the coming year: President, H. R. Croson; vice-president, Jack Ross; secretary-treasurer, F. J. Nist; trustees, Weir Edholm, B. B. Farr, O. L. Stout, Ralph Lytaker and E. T. Fredrich.

The club held a handicap turkey shoot, with a target built of weeds and brush around an improvised bass hole about four feet across, which was won by F. J. Nist, shooting from the 90-foot mark with a score of 30 out of a possible 50.

* * *

Officers for the coming year who will guide the Illinois Casting Club are: President, Campbell Mathie; vice-president, W. G. Kromphardt; secretary, J. C. Fridenberg; treasurer, Wm. McCandless; captain, H. B. Eberman; director, W. A. Eberman.

* * *

Orlando Chapter No. 4 of the Florida Izaak Walton League is planning a state-wide Bait and Fly Casting Tournament, including Surf Sating, at Orlando, Florida, February 11th, 12th and 13th.

All of the Clorida chapters will participate but the tournament will be open to everybody and all fishermen coming to Florida are invited to attend and cast. Suitable prizes will be awarded to winners in each class and the tournament will finish with a big sportsmen's dinner on the 13th.

The Orlando Sub Tropical Fait will open the following Monday at which an attendance of from twenty to thirty thousand people is expected daily. This will be made a great civic affair, as all the civic clubs, the Chamber of Commerce and the entire press are behind the gathering. This is an invitation to all casters who will be in Florida at that time and also to all who may desire to attend.

For more particulars address Dr. F. F. Thompson, Chairman of Committees, 123 S. Orange Avenue, Orlando, Florida.

* * *

It is with great regret that we announce the sudden death of Mr. W. T. Brown, former president of the Illinois Casting Club, which happened recently in the South. Mr. Brown was a vice-president of the Railway Telegraphers' Union and was a prominent figure at recent tournaments. His loss will be keenly felt by all casters who considered him a fine sportsman and lover of the game.

SCORES OF RECENT INDIANAPOLIS TOURNAMENT

5¾ OZ. DISTANCE FLY

	Average Feet	Longest Feet
Nelson	98-1	100
Johnson	86-2	87
Hurst	84	85
Butler	82-2	84
Baus	81	84
Cox	73-2	75

DRY FLY ACCURACY

Hurst	99 7/15
Nelson	98 7/15
Mitchell	98 5/15
Matlock	98 2/15
Cox	97 5/15
Baus	95 8/15

ACCURACY FLY

Hurst	99 6/15
Baus	99 3/15
Carter	99 1/15
Cox	98 12/15
Nelson	98 10/15
Mitchell	98 6/15
Matlock	98 3/15

¼ OZ. ACCURACY BAIT

Hurst	98.7
Nelson	98.5
Quig	98.5
Baus	98.3
Zimmerman	98.1

Don't be afraid to tell our advertisers you saw their ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Cox	97.5
Westenhofer	97.4
Carter	95.9
Harris	95.2

½ OZ. ACCURACY

TEAM No. 1

Baus	99.1
Nelson	98.9
Mitchell	98.7
Bass	98.3
Quigg	97.5
Matlock	97.1
Harris	97.0
Lewis	94.7
Roeder	96.8
Benning	97.0

TEAM No. 2

Hurst	99.0
Carter	98.7
Cox	98.6
Mrs. Hurst	98.5
Westenhofer	98.0
Smuck, Jr.	97.4
Zimmerman	97.4
Smuck, Sr.	96.3
Sunderland	96.6
Friz	94.8

Team No. 2 wins 247 to 259 points.

⅝ OZ. ACCURACY

TEAM No. 1

Baus	99.4
Matlock	99.3
Westenhofer	99.3
Mrs. Hurst	99.1
Bass	99.1
Lewis	98.8
Harris	98.5
Benning	98.5
Quigg	98.3
Mason	98.1
Vedder	97.5
Wright	97.2

TEAM No. 2

Carter	99.4
Nelson	99.3
Hurst	99.3
Mitchell	99.3
Roeder	98.9
Zimmerman	98.8
Smuck, Jr.	98.6
Smuck, Sr.	98.5
Sunderland	98.4
Cox	97.9
Friz	96.7
Grubb	96.1

Team No. 1 wins 169 to 188 points.

Baus wins the cup in shoot off with Carter.

DISTANCE BAIT EVENTS

⅝ Oz.

	Average Feet	Longest Feet
Cox	195	203
Zimmerman	177	191
Carter	170	187
Baus	159	166
Westenhofer	147	199
Mitchell	113	190
Nelson	90	164
Hurst	75	145
Quig	60	143

¼ Oz.

Westenhofer	147	160
Nelson	130	179
Zimmerman	124	171
Hurst	111	167
Baus	110	142
Carter	110	140
Harris	105	126
Cox	93	184
Johnson	70	110
Quig	62	107

½ Oz.

Baus	180	189
Carter	174	182
Nelson	174	221
Westenhofer	169	211
Zimmerman	157	213
Hurst	119	214
Quig	115	169
Cox	108	185
Harris	80	150
Smuck	47	119
Johnson	40	139

Make "Luck" a Habit

SPEAKING with the weight of a quarter century of bait-casting authority, the Heddon factory believes it has compacted into one single unit — this marvelous ACE BAIT — more positive elements of fishing success than have ever before been offered to the eager angler.

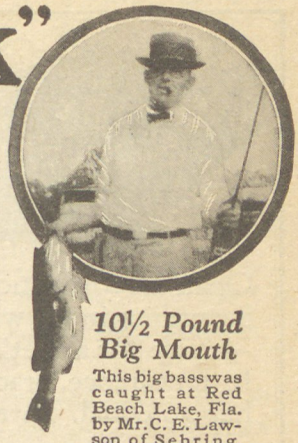
A Wildfire Sensation in "Action" Baits

—the nearest realization of 100% in casting, water-motion, luring power for all game fish, hooking and holding — as judged point by point and in complete combination!

Heddon-Stanley ½oz. ACE

Light weight, metal bodied lure, feather-fly tipped, weedless. Amazing—almost violent—minnow-like movement, irresistibly supplemented by double-flashing spoon effect — non-twisting. Bullet-like casting quality *with any weight of rod* almost regardless of head or cross-wind! Hooking armament is weed-and snag-proof yet *exposed with utmost effectiveness to the strike from any direction.* "Sets" at a touch —almost impossible to be shaken loose. Used with or without Stanley Fluttering Pork Strip.

Nickel or Copper body and spoons; choice of feather colors; at your dealer's or prepaid. $1



10½ Pound Big Mouth

This big bass was caught at Red Beach Lake, Fla. by Mr. C. E. Lawson of Sebring. *"I used all Heddon tackle, as I always do," he writes.*

Write for the New Heddon Book of Fish and Tackle

Besides authentic illustrations and information on game fish, it describes all the Heddon Staple and New 1926 Tackle, including Salt Water Rods, Fly Rods, Casting Rods, in Heddon's Brown Tone Tempered Bamboo.

• • •

New $25 Level-Winding Reel with the improved *double* steady bar.

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Baby Game Fisher and Baby Vamp casting baits.

Send for the book today!

"The Box with the Red Edge"

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
DOWAGIAC, MICH.

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Genuine Dowagiac

In fourteen years of Field & Stream fishing contests Heddon Baits have taken more prize Bass than all other artificial minnows combined.

Victims of Catarrh or Hay Fever
Write the **Arctic Remedy Co.** of Houghton, Mich., and learn of the merits of the modern effective remedies. **Pine Needle Balm** for **Hay Fever** and **Arctic Nasal Oil** for **Catarrh,** or send $1.00 for a supply of either.

Nature's Silent Call
By Wilborn J. Deason
A Real Out-of-Doors Book
$3.50 Bunting Publications, Inc. Dept. D. Waukegan, Illinois

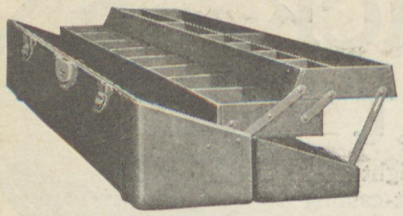
Something New!

National headquarters has secured a lot of watch charms, as pictured at the left. These come in Roman gold finish, with black enamel background, making a very attractive emblem.

Just the thing for a Gift or Chapter Prize. Price $2.50

Write CHAPTER SERVICE BUREAU

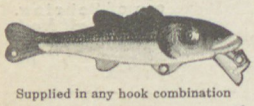
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive, CHICAGO



What You Want Just Where You Want It

A New Style Tackle Box With Cantilever Trays

Open the cover and the trays automatically slide back. There's everything in the whole box in plain sight. Can't tip itself over—made for a lifetime of hard service—beautifully finished. In appearance, practicability, durability and convenience—it has no equal. Three sizes—12, 16, 21 in. long.



Supplied in any hook combination

Two Lures You'll Want In It

The Bassy-Getum and Piky-Getum are two lures that belong in every tackle box. Made of hollow bronze metal—they're tough. Shaped as nature shapes a minnow. Act like live ones—but the action of a *hurt* minnow. A new kind of lure. The coupon will bring you full information about the complete Outing line. You'll want it.

Outing Mfg. Co.
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I want more information about that tackle box, the Bassy-and Piky-Getum and the rest of the Outing line.
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High-Grade Split Bamboo FISHING RODS

Write for Special Booklet describing
Thomas Special and Dirigo Rods
Made at the Rod Shop of
THOMAS ROD COMPANY
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Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

OUT O SITE Landing Net

OUT of your way while wading and fishing; no dangling net to catch in brush. Most convenient, compact and simple in operation. Net telescopes into aluminum handle. Weighs 8 oz. Snaps into position with a flip of the wrist; never sticks, jams or fouls. Through your dealer or sent direct for $5.00.

Money Back if not Satisfied

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Al. Foss Pork Rind Minnows.
Oriental Wiggler··$1.00
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Little Egypt Wiggler···75¢
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Bass, Musky or Fly Rod Pork Rind Strips 45¢ Jar.
Mfg. By Al. Foss 9526 Quincy Ave., Cleveland, O.

Anglers *Quality Tackle*

Fly Tying, Rod & Lure Making Materials & Supplies
Tools, Instruction Books, Etc.

Spend some pleasant and profitable time this winter making and repairing your own tackle, and it sure will add to the fun next time you go fishing to play them on your own make. Send for free catalog.
FLIES TIED TO ORDER J. F. WILLMARTH, Roosevelt, N. Y.

OLD FISHERMAN'S 1926 CALENDAR
"tells when the fish bite"
USED BY THOUSANDS
PRICE 25¢ 3 FOR $1.00
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Perfect Casting Action

The first time you use a Richardson Rod you will experience a new pleasure in fishing. For Richardson Rods have the balance . . . the "feel" . . . the PERFECT CASTING ACTION you have perhaps imagined but never before realized.

Richardson Rods are made with an ideal . . . a determination to produce the best steel fishing rods ever made. To give to fishermen a service that no other rod of three times the price can equal.

That's why every Richardson Rod goes through 26 separate inspections before its final test. Then a "make-or-break" test to insure its absolute perfection. That's why Richardson pays 22% premium for a special spring steel of extraordinary tensile strength and flexibility.

A Richardson Steel Rod for every purpose—priced to meet every purse. Detailed descriptions in 24 page illustrated catalog. Prepare for your next fishing trip by se ding for a copy now.

We'll tell you, too, where you can examine Richardson Steel Rods and judge their superb quality yourself.

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THE PRESCOTT SPINNER "GETS-EM"

WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL
9 IN. OVERALL
ASK YOUR DEALER—SEND FOR CIRCULAR
WEEDLESS 30¢
PLAIN 25¢
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PRESCOTT SPINNER MFG. CO.
BY CHAS. H. STAPF. PRESCOTT, WIS.

HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS

Have you read Hildebrandt's new Hints with a lot of ideas on using Hildebrandt baits that "hook and land 'em?"

It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued—not a dry line in it. *Free to you*—tell us where to send it.

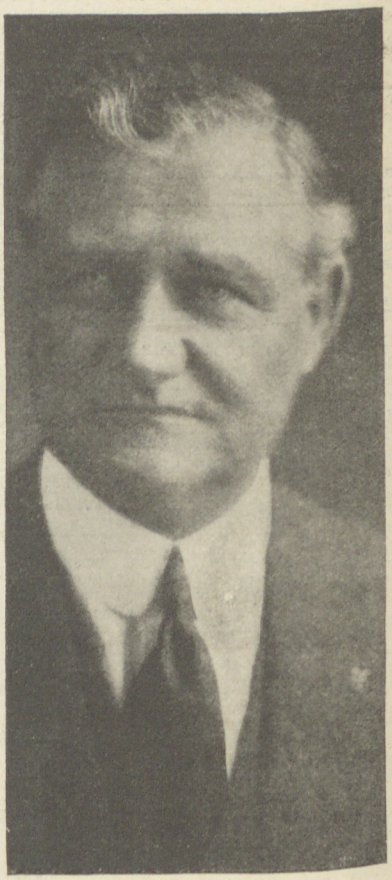
John J. Hildebrandt Co., 625 High St., Logansport, Ind.

(Continued from page 49)

Chris Voedisch.

Any Waltonian living on the North Side of Chicago desiring their boys to enter the Waltonian Spirit by joining the Junior League can do so by calling up Lake View 0859.

William Thomas Brown "54" Dies



William Thomas Brown.

Lovers of sport have suffered an irreparable loss in the death of William Thomas (Bill) Brown, one of the fifty-four original members of the Izaak Walton League.

W. T. Brown was born at Walkersville, West Virginia, on the slopes of the Kenesaw Mountains, August 2, 1872, and died in Savannah, Georgia, November 24, 1925. He was an ardent sportsman, clean, and a believer in fair-dealing in every respect.

As First Vice-President of The Order of Railroad Telegraphers Mr. Brown was stationed in Chicago, June, 1915, and immediately affiliated with the Illinois Casting Club.

In 1924 Mr. Brown moved to Denver, where he was elected President of the Denver Casting Club for 1925.

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

MOVING PICTURES OF FISHING

Especially suitable for Izaak Walton League Chapters

Just the thing to make a rousing success of your meeting. Great for organization work, membership drives, etc. They create a wonderful enthusiasm and bring in many new members.

BILL JAMISON'S BARBLESS HOOK FISHING PICTURES

Two-reel pictures

Release No. 1—Muskellunge, Trout and Bass.
Release No. 2—Trout and Atlantic Salmon.
Release No. 3—Bass and Rainbow Trout.

See "The Barbless Hook Girl"

Styles of fishing shown. Bait casting, fly fishing and live minnow fishing.

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Full of Fish — Full of Action

No nets or gaffs are used. All fish taken on Barbless Hooks and landed with the hand.

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Advertising Posters Furnished

Large three-color illustrated posters for advertising the pictures and your show will be furnished. They will attract much attention to your meeting and will greatly increase the attendance. Do not fail to write at once for full details, giving date if possible.

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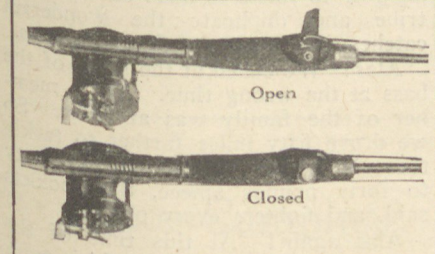
536 Lake Shore Drive,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

—or—

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.
736 S. California Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.



Open

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FISHERMEN!

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

No more trouble with that hook getting caught in brush, clothes or fingers. Use a "DAVIS SAFETY HOOK HOLDER", a pliable rubber ring sufficiently elastic to fit the grip of any pole. Agents wanted in all states to carry it as side line.

Price 50 cents

RANIER NOVELTY CO., Renton, Wash.

THE DRONE

With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It

L. B. HUNTINGTON ANNAPOLIS, MD., P. O. Box 406

Sun Burn

NOBURN *must* prevent sunburn or you pay nothing. Order now. Pay $1 when convinced.

Strong, Cobb and Company, 320 Central Viaduct, Cleveland, Ohio.

Some Do and Some Don't

(Continued from page 17)

"What now?" asked Bill.

"Better try another shot."

He did.

The flocks rose and circled again.

"Don't move — Don't move — Don't move!"

Bill's voice came through the swish of the driving snow. It was getting colder and more monotonous. No ducks, apparently, were even within rifle range, when suddenly, Bill got up. His gun flew to his shoulder. He made a sweep of the zenith, and his momentum almost carried him over backwards. No shot was fired, and a lone duck flashed out of sight into the gloom upwind. Bill sat down, and with a sigh of resignation. Again he withdrew his head to safety from the biting wind.

One of the careening flocks at the far end of the marsh had in the meanwhile swept into the wind in our direction. Gradually the flock grew larger, turned and swirled in a wide circle about us. We waited, without moving our heads. Again Bill's magical words of caution.

"Don't move!—Don't move!—Don't move!"

Again they swept into our line of vision on the other side, and—wonder of wonders—a faint frozen peep from one of the hen decoys! Scarcely daring to draw our breaths, we continued waiting.

"Now," we thought. "Now, no, just a few yards more—Oh my!"

The leaders swerved in the gale and sped away, and soon the flock was fused with the driving snow far down the lake.

"What now?" asked Bill.

We felt like Newfoundland fishermen caught on "the banks" in a blizzard when we shoved the last protesting live decoy into the crate. We turned our prow into the pitiless storm, and the wind nearly tore the paddles from our senseless hands.

Bill's wife had, in a moment of leisure, fashioned a crude but serviceable pair of mittens from discarded sox for use while driving a car. As we labored against the blizzard Bill pulled one of these, and one only, from his coat pocket. It resembled a black misshapen 4 oz. boxing glove, but style mattered not and he pulled it on.

Battling our way through the snow covered muck into the stinging gale, we finally reached the shelter of a little cove, from which the portage through the swamp began. Bill's one-handed efforts with the paddle ceased, and we gave our attention to the restoration of circulation to our hands and feet.

"Well, Bill, tomorrow's another day."

"Yes, that's right. And by next fall it'll be another year," he replied.

DID YOU WRITE TO Weber of Stevens Point

"The Fly-Tackle Capital of America"

THE season's coming on — be here almost before you know it. So let's write a bit back and forth — pick out some fly tackle things now. It's good fun to open up the packages ahead of time—and we want to be well acquainted before the season is in full swing. For instance:—

The "Aklenat" Early Season Dry Fly

Ostrich body. Floats very high. Only on No. 16 and No. 18 Model Perfect Hooks. $2.00 dozen.

Or this one—

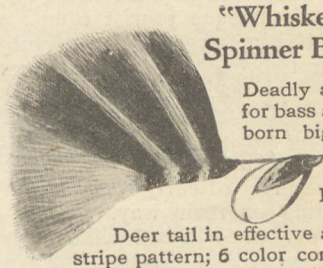
(Cut is oversize)

Fetherlite Floating Spinner

Celluloid Spinner kicks up a big fuss yet casts like down and picks up without strain. 12 colors, Feather and Bucktail.

Trout sizes, 35c each.
Bass sizes, 50c each.

"Whisker Bug" Spinner Bass Lure



Deadly attraction for bass and stubborn big trout.

Each, 75c

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WEBER LIFELIKE FLY COMPANY
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Facts and Fallacies (Continued from page 16)

gether dry and eaten directly from the sack, whenever I feel like it. Three mouthfuls of this mixture is my maximum dose, but one mouthful is my usual allowance. If I ever suffered from malnutrition on a go-light trip I was not aware of it. So it didn't bother me. (I should have carried first aid materials but I never happened to need them on a lone cruise.)

There need be no thought about "getting lost" on a trip like this. What is there to get lost *from?* The meagre outfit is never left behind under any circumstances, yet even if it were the only result would be a trifling inconvenience for a day or two. It is taken for granted that even a novice will be able to determine his general course back to a river, highway or railroad, and that is about all he has to know concerning directions. He may have to walk around lakes that are unsafe to raft over, but what of it? The country is probably as interesting where he is as where he is going and it is all a jolly adventure anyhow.

I hope that no reader of this article will imagine that I recommend such simplicity of outfit for the ordinary vacationist. I do not. Few men and no women would care to camp without human companionship and there is slight probability that two, or more, persons would finish such a trip as I have described without becoming more or less estranged. But nearly all the books and articles on "campology" are written for the average camper who thinks that ease and comfort are essential to enjoyment, so it is only fair to give some attention to those rare, independent individuals who scorn bacon, beans and biscuits bought by bondage and who know that an empty stomach is no bar to the happiness of a free man.

Write to our Camping Department for any advice on outdoor life. This service is free to readers of Outdoor America.

Duffel (Continued from page 9)

we were a definite part of the gypsy life of a picturesque tourist camp.

When bedtime came, I carefully checked and sorted the bundles, boxes, and bags and made things snug for the night. We were tired and, notwithstanding the novelty and romance of it all, slept undisturbed until wakened by the noise of early rising neighbors starting on their way.

I lazily remained in bed while Alene arose and started breakfast. The fragrant smell of boiling coffee reached me just as I heard a startled exclamation from Alene outside. A moment later she burst excitedly into the tent.

"John, we've been robbed! Someone has broken into the dishes and has stolen all the china! Get up! Come here and see!"

Sure enough! Every piece of china was gone except the sugar bowl and cream pitcher. Not only that, but two of the frying pans, three aluminum kettles, and fully forty pounds of canned goods, too. We soon found that the thief had also taken four of our linen tablecloths, a set of napkins, a box of children's toys, bath robes, extra pillows, two suit cases full of clothing, and many other articles that had been added to our outfit for emergencies.

"What shall we do?" asked Alene tragically when the full extent of the depredations was exposed. "We can't go on without them."

I frowned and scratched my head.

"This surely is an outrage," I agreed. "And yet, the rascal left us something. We've got the tent and beds and tools with which to eat."

"But think of all the linen and the clothes and sauce and things!"

I did, and in my heart rejoiced that it was gone.

"—never been out before—china, napkins, butterknife, three frying pans —smoking jacket—" The phrases I had heard the night before had rankled in my mind, but now the load was gone. For that the robber had my hearty thanks. But I didn't voice the thought just then.

Presently the keeper chanced along, wearing on his vest the star of deputy police officer, and we told him our tale of woe.

He was deeply moved. Never before had such a thing happened in that camp. In fact, the city took great pride in the reputation of its tourist park. For the sake of this reputation, he solemnly promised that every article would be recovered and restored if it required the tracing of every car registered there, to the ends of the earth. Did we have any goods left at all? Hm-m-m. We did. Why, yes, we could get along pretty well with what the scoundrel had left behind. Some folks never carried more duffel than we had now and still had a very comfortable time of it. Please leave it to him. We should lose nothing. More sorry than he could tell that this thing had happened in his park. Still we were lucky that we would not be compelled to abandon our trip. Well, good-by and good luck. With a deliberate wink at me, he went on.

We talked it over and decided to leave the matter in the groundkeeper's hands. He was an officer and would know what could and should be done about it.

Our stack of duffel was terribly depleted. We loaded the car in twenty minutes and didn't use the ropes at all. Moreover, two of the doors were unobstructed and both bumpers were free. The car now somewhat resembled the pictures in the catalogues. Perhaps that was the reason Alene resigned herself to our loss with so little ado.

That day we entered the region of the silvery birches and the sighing pines. Late in the afternoon we reached the home of the gamey black bass. We were running on schedule. We camped early and studied the folders and maps and prepared on the morrow to make inroads on the finny tribe and duplicate the wonderful catches illustrated in the pamphlets.

Alas! We called at the home of the bass at the wrong time. Not a member of the family was at home. So we drove fifty miles farther to tackle the vicious muskie in his lair. Twenty to forty pounds apiece, the booklets said, and fighters every one!

Alas again! At this time of the year, we were told, the muskie's teeth were soft and sore and he lay low and sulked. One can't expect even a vicious muskie, if he has a chronic toothache, to show much fight.

That night we had a consultation under the sighing pines, and also a bonfire. When the dry wood was crackling merrily, I tossed all our folders, booklets, highway maps, and guides into the flames. They burned and left no trace.

Next morning we turned square off the highway and chugged along on a rocky, sandy timber trail into the uncharted woods. We travelled for hours over old corduroy roads, through tamarack swamps, along deep ravines, and over rugged hills.

Then suddenly we came upon a little lake, wonderful in its enchanting surroundings. We gazed and exclaimed and explored for an hour and then made camp. A mile up the lake a hardy settler had his humble home and there we went for water, milk and eggs. He had a boat—the only one on the lake—that he agreed to rent.

The bass were all at home there and we made the personal acquaintance of some of the grandfathers of the tribe. Crappie and perch begged for a chance to take the hook, and one morning a he-man muskie forgot his aching teeth and did his level best to drag me from the boat and drown me in the lake.

We stayed right there a week. A wonderful, soul-satisfying week. A week to be remembered when the experiences of all other weeks fade into dim oblivion. A week so full of living that all the future years are brightened and enriched by thoughts and memories of those seven days.

We enjoyed every mile of the four hundred that we traveled homeward bound. But my conscience pricked. It's hard to make confessions even to one's wife. But I knew it must be done.

"My dear," I said haltingly, "I want you to forgive me. You remember the first night in the tourist park when some one stole our duffel? Well, it wasn't stolen at all. I paid the keeper ten dollars to come that night and take the stuff we really didn't need and box it up and send it home for us. I should have told you then instead of letting you worry all this time and think we had been robbed."

Alene smiled queerly.

"That rascal!" she finally said. "I gave him five dollars myself to take the stuff away, and helped him pack it when he came at twelve that night. I didn't dare tell you the next morning because you had been so good about taking it along and I thought you might be angry. Forgive me, dear."

I did.

Motor Camping

Conducted by HOMER BOW

THE present day skipper of an auto-yacht is a far cry from the old time skipper of the tall ships that went down the seas, but nevertheless there is a certain thrill and a certain form of skill needed to navigate the ocean lanes of highways.

The main traveled routes of today are so well defined and marked that a novice without the aid of a map can reach his destination without trouble. Should he leave these well defined routes conditions will be entirely different and perhaps he will be thrown on his own resources to a great extent. Navigation will have to be made by consulting his compass, charts and log, that is his vest pocket compass, road maps and speedometer.

The greatest difficulty that the present day pilot experiences is navigating the labyrinth of larger cities on his course. Some of these ports have placed guiding and directing signs at

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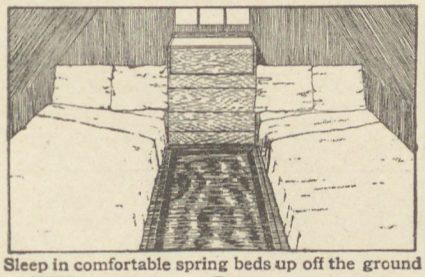

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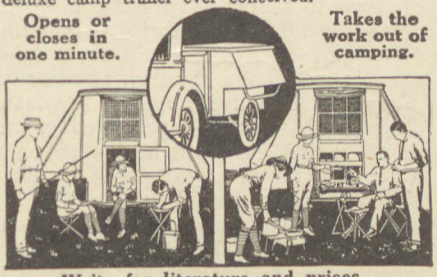

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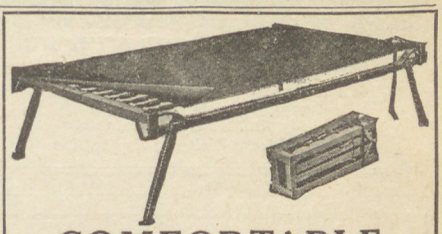

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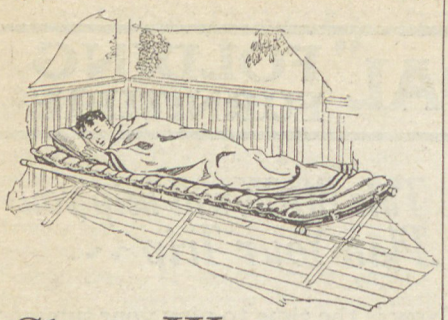

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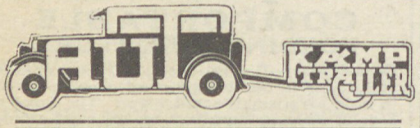

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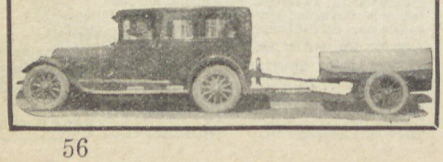

turns and many routes are marked through the towns but in avoiding ramming another craft and trying to please the diversified wishes of the traffic policeman signs are easily missed.

It seems that the best plan to follow in reaching a large city is to stop at a garage or filling station and make inquiries as to the channels. The chances are that after you listen to his directions that you will be badly muddled and for this reason it is best to carry a blank pad to draw the route that he defines. Help him along with well placed questions and at every turn there should be some building or marker that he can name. With this indicated on the map and the distance from the last marker given it should not be difficult to make your way through the city and into the open country again.

The compass is invaluable to night navigation because in spite of all precautions you may become lost and after several turns have been made it is highly probable that your sense of direction will be lost.

Then the compass will come in handy. Take it some distance away from the machine so that it is not affected by the electrical equipment and the metal on your car. Lay it on and orient the map. Locate your destination and your approximate position and take a general course in that direction, paying attention to the miles covered.

In this manner you may avoid the retracing of your course and save a great deal of time. If the roads are dry the chances are that going will be good as most roads, even off the traveled routes, are not bad if rain has not softened them.

Somebody made the remark that anticipation amounts to nine-tenths the pleasure of getting or doing. If this is true then the time spent in fixing up and drawing the maps for your tour will be great pleasure and incidentally will make you familiar with the route to be traveled.

General road maps cover a great deal of territory and often it is hard to locate your position on them quickly. For this reason a home drawn map and bound to suit yourself will be far handier. This could be supplemented with a number of cards with the names of the towns to be passed through written upon them with the distance from place to place noted. Any turns or change in road surface that is noted on the map can also be carried. The cards are handy and if the territory passed through is checked off it is easy to find your position.

Excellent maps are now furnished by some publishers and they are usually up to date. The maps in addition to showing the routes between points also indicate the distance and denote the road surface. It is well in planning a trip to consult one of these guides and lay your plans. * * *

Outdoor America's Motor Camp Department is conducted for you. If there are any phases of this branch of outdoor life that you are particulary interested in, please write Motor Camping, Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

How the Tree People Carry On

(Continued from page 12)

When the whirling motion gets well established the center starts moving off east and south, following about the continental coast line until it reaches Vancouver Island.

Here the center turns abruptly east and follows about the line of Canadian border to the Great Lakes, and then down the St. Lawrence River, and out into the north Atlantic where it goes to pieces. This track is followed by all of the storms originating northwest of Alaska.

This whirling, circular storm usually will measure about a thousand miles across, from edge to edge, and it all whirls eastward across the continent at an average speed of about forty-five miles per hour, in a well developed storm.

The southern half of it reaches from about the Canadian line, south to Northern California, and this is always whirling toward the east so it gathers all the clouds that rise over the Japan current, out in the Pacific, and it carries them inland, usually at a speed of about forty-five miles an hour.

Now the air over the warm Japan current is warmer than it is anywhere else in the neighborhood and it is full of moisture, in the shape of fog, which is carried by the storm, together with the warm air, off of the ocean and on over the land, traveling east.

Across its path, directly at right angles, are several mountain ranges, notably the Cascades, Coeur d'Alenes, Cabinets and Rockies, all of which are high and are colder on top than the surrounding country.

The result is, that the warm moist air comes in contact with the cold mountain tops, and the moisture is immediately condensed, to fall as rain on the *west side* of the mountains *only*. The *east side is dry*.

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

This process, continued over and over, gives the northwest Pacific Coast Mountain ranges, *on their west sides,* the most abundant rainfall on the continent and, *growing over an area, exactly corresponding to the rainfall caused by the conditions cited above was the immense coniferous forest, the finest stand of timber the world has ever known.*

The *west* sides of all the other mountain ranges mentioned also were covered with fine coniferous forests, not so large and dense as the Coast timber, but magnificent trees just the same, and they stood there for the same identical reasons that the Pacific Coast forests stood west of the Cascades. The *east* sides of all these ranges and the land between ranges is *dry,* and *mostly barren.*

The next cooling influence to meet the warm wind as it traveled east, was the great body of Lakes Superior and Michigan which stood across the path of the west wind to cool it as it came to the *west* side of these lakes and here stood the *great "North woods"* which were the finest *white pine forests* on the continent.

All of these forests were *coniferous;* all of them covered the *areas of greatest rainfall* and were there *solely because of this excessive moisture precipitation and for no other reason*—in other words, *the tree follows the rainfall* and uses it and is *never a means of bringing rainfall to an arid country.*

That is entirely a matter of wind current flow, cooling influences and average temperature.

In my next paper I will show you what the snow has to do with the trees, and how the winds control snow storage, and constant water supply, which, in turn, is used by trees in a local way.

The great bodies of timber must be grown in the areas of greatest rainfall and in no other place and the finest timber making forest will always be grown by planting cones as closely as they can be placed so that *dense thickets* will be the *first* stage of forest growth. Then fire must be kept out and these dense thickets allowed to grow up and under *natural conditions,* as shown above, so that they race up for light and air and in doing so they thin themselves by constant elimination of the weak until the survivors reach maturity and *these still* stand as *a forest of gigantic trunks topped by a thick mass of foliage* which is 300 feet above ground and presents, from above, the appearance of a dense level mass of solid green which is in reality the original scheme of growth which places *all* foliage *at the top* to *shade the ground beneath* and thus *force* the tree *up* and so build the long, straight, clean log, free from knots, which makes the finest lumber in the world—and I've told you *why* it is so in this paper.

My following articles will give more intimate facts concerning the lives of the tree people.

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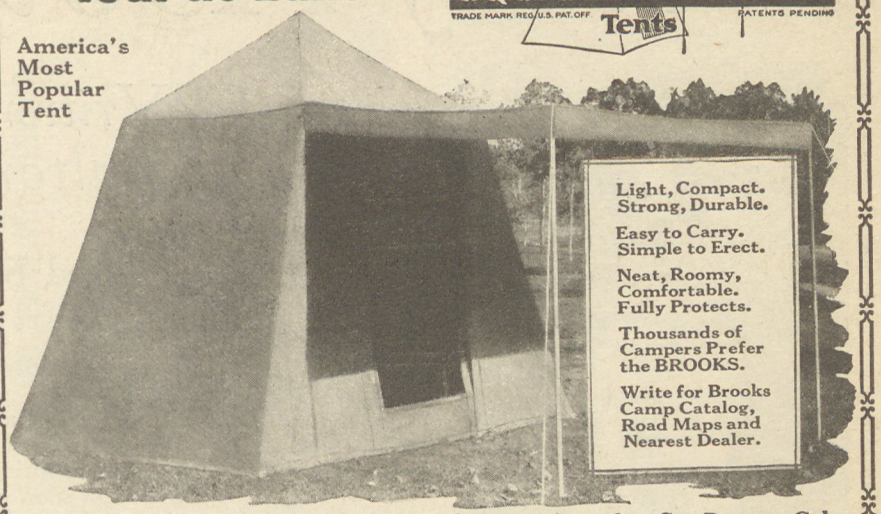

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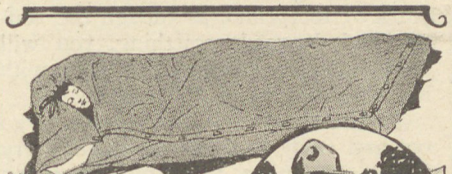

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Mostly About Boys

Written by Young Waltonians and

Edited by BEN EAST

Trix—a good scout.

FEBRUARY, Tuc-wun-ee, the Cold Moon, is here. Tuc-wun-ee, the Cold Moon, and yet, along toward the last of the month, the sun grows warm in the afternoon, the snow thaws on the south hill slopes, and tiny rivulets of snow water seep down into the valleys. Tuc-wun-ee is the moon when the hibernators begin to come forth. Weeks ago, when Puc-cume, the Freezing Moon, first came to rule the gray fields and brown marshes, the animals who do not like the snow and cold began to creep away into snug warm dens for the winter. The snakes and frogs and turtles had an easy time of it. They simply burrowed down into the mud or under rocks, deep enough so that the ground about them would not freeze, stopped eating, slowed up their breathing, and dozed off.

The woodchucks went to sleep in nests of dry grass, at the bottoms of their long twisting tunnels. The legend of Ground-hog Day says they all come forth at once, on the second day of Tuc-wun-ee, to look for their shadows. But that's only legend.

The skunks curled up in the same kind of nests, whole families together. They do not sleep, and a thaw will bring them out at any time, but they dislike the cold, and until the snow starts melting, they stay curled comfortably in their dens. The raccoons feel the same way about winter weather, only they prefer to take their nap in a hollow tree or log. They, too, sleep lightly, and will stir out for a thaw. Last of all, of course, and biggest of all, Muk-wa the bear is known as the best sleeper of the lot! When Muk-wa decides to get up, you may know that spring has rung his doorbell good and hard.

Now that the winter sleepers are coming out, and all the other wilderness folks busy getting ready for spring, and while there is still enough snow on the ground for tracking, it is a good time to study the trails these shy people make.

Almost every boy knows rabbit tracks. Can you identify squirrel tracks too? They look like a rabbit's, only the two hind tracks, made by the front feet, are side by side, instead of one behind the other. Weasels and mink lope along, leaving two round tracks, side by side. The minks are of course larger, and you can oftener see his claw marks in the snow. Reynard, the fox, leaves a trail like that of a small dog, only the tracks are laid one ahead of the other, in a straight line.

If you find a curious trail with a line curving back and forth between pairs of footprints, as though the runner had dragged something, you will know a muskrat passed that way, with his tail dragging in the snow.

The best way to learn tracks is to go out and study them for yourself. Try it some morning, this Cold Moon, on a new snow, and see how many you can identify.

* * *

Bandera, Texas.

Dear Editor and Fellows:

I want to tell you about a fishing experience I had not long ago. I had been catching sunfish pretty fast on a pole and line. Pretty soon I waded the river at some shoals farther down. Soon I had two or three cautious nibbles.

"A little sunfish," I said. Zip! There went my hook and line, and about a four-pound catfish had hooked himself.

You may say that there is no sport with a catfish and a pole and line, but you hook a four or five pound blue cat on a perch pole, line and hook, and there is lots of sport. Mud cat do not fight much, but a blue cat does. I did not give him time to tangle himself in the roots, but got him on a straight pull and landed him. I was surely proud.

I left him on the hook and started to wade the river, holding him out of the water. Ka-flop!—and he was gone! I was never so disappointed in my life, for now I had nothing but a fish story to take to camp. However, we caught a nice mess of sunfish and bass for dinner.

Very sincerely,

JOHN MCDONALD.

For an eleven-year-old boy, that is a fine fish story, John. We know just how badly you felt when he got away, but you had the fun of catching him anyway, and that is the main part after all. That is the first catfish story we have had, and we hope you will come again.

Stoutland, Missouri.

Dear Editor and Fellows:

Being a Waltonian and wanting a corner in your shack by the fire, lures me on to trying to tell you something of my dog, which is very dear to me. He is almost all black, except around his head and ears are light brown. He is a shepherd, is a good stock dog, and will also take my part if anyone tries to hurt me. I got him when he was six weeks old and he is now six years old. When I first saw him and his five brothers they all came running and barking at once, and I knew even then which one was mine. You can throw sticks into the water and send him after them. He is very good for hunting, and has treed as high as five squirrels in the same tree. The first time he went hunting at night he treed one 'possum and a skunk, besides helping another dog to tree three 'possums.

But, best of all, I like to tell about when he saved my father's life. One day when my father went to the pasture to look after the cows and little calves, one cow with a baby calf went crazy mad, gave a lunge at Daddy, knocked him down the second time, and would have killed him if my dog had not heard his calls for help and run as fast as possible to his rescue. Jack's teeth were too sharp for the old cow's heels to endure very long, and but for my dog the writer of this story would have been fatherless tonight.

Hoping I haven't taken up too much time and room in your cozy shack, I'll close by thanking you and saying good-night.

Sincerely,

JAMES ARMSTRONG.

You surely did not take up too much time, and you are welcome to a seat in the shack any time you want to drop in.

Yours is the first dog story we have had, and it is a fine one. Let's hear from some of you other fellows who have dogs.

Prairie du Chien, Wis.

Hello Everybody:

Well, I guess I will come in and sit by the fire. I am fourteen years old and am a great lover of outdoor sports. We live on a small farm about two miles from the city. We have great fun skiing in the winter, and in the summer go fishing in the river.

There are many skunks around this part of the country, and I spend much of my time in winter trapping them. There are deer that run loose that belong to state parks and are not allowed to be shot, and there are foxes and wolves about five miles from here.

One evening, when getting the cows, I found that there was one missing, so I took the rest home and milked them, and then took the dog and our flashlight to look for the cow. We went into the cornfield to look for her and soon heard the dog barking on the hill. We crossed the fence and went up to where the dog was barking. We saw something white, and thinking it was the cow's hoof we turned the light onto it. Just then the dog rushed in and we saw it was a skunk. We were just in time to move rather quickly. Then he sent his odor, and the dog got it. He clawed leaves and dirt to get rid of the taste.

This did not happen very far from a place we call the hop-house, which was once used for drying hops. It was torn down and now the place is all brambles and briars. It is just the place for skunks and rabbits.

I knew this skunk lived in here, so in the fall I set a trap for him. The next morning, before going to school, I went to look at my trap, and there he sat. I went to school and told some of my friends about the skunk. After school they came out and we went down to look at him. We took our dog along for we had no gun with which to kill him. Before we could stop the dog, he attacked the skunk. We ducked, but not quick enough, for we were covered with scent. The dog then killed the skunk, and I took it out of the trap and carried it home. When the boys that lived down town got home their mothers made them take their clothes off in the garage, and they had to burn the clothes. I could not eat supper with the rest of the family until I had washed in kerosene.

A. Krinke.

FREDERICK EGGERS.

A skunk story is always interesting, and this was a good one. We feel sorry for both you and the dog, Fred. Come in by the fire again.

Hiles, Wisconsin.

Dear Gang:—

I suppose most of you are interested in trapping and woodcraft, so I will give you a few of my experiences in Mother Nature's world.

In the trapping of muskrats many things can be learned; for instance if you are trapping a rat that has his hole in a bank on a stream, always put your stake in deep water because when he is caught he will dive for deep water. The weight of the trap will keep him there and he will drown.

If on looking over your line of traps, you find a log or stump sticking up out of the water covered with lily-pad roots and other vegetation left by some animal, make a hole in the debris left by Mr. Muskrat (for it is he) about as deep as your trap.

Then set your trap in this hole, covering all excepting the jaws of the trap, because sometimes the jaws of the trap do not close because of frozen debris on them. A carrot is good bait for a set like this because this is the muskrat's dining room. This will most always bring you one or more rats before it freezes up.

If any of you ever get the chance to trap a mink, probably this will help you. If you find a hollow log which crosses a creek and you know that there are mink in the vicinity put a trap in the log. If a mink sees that

(Continued on page 64)

Gordon Leonard.

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Canoes and Small Boats

Devoted to Small Craft

Edited by EDGAR S. PERKINS
EDITOR WATER SPORTS

We paused beneath a friendly overhanging limb.

The Care of Canoes

Many people will take canoe trips who are not experienced canoeists and give their boats the treatment they would a staunch rowboat. It is all very well to figure that you just rented this canoe for the trip, but it also might be well to remember that it is oftentimes your only means of transportation. Take care of it, and examine it carefully each night and morning. Never take a trip without a can of canoe glue along. Pitch in the woods will do if necessary, but the canoe glue is easier to handle and does a better job.

The most damage is done to a canoe in making or leaving a landing with its necessary loading and unloading. In loading or unloading a canoe, do it from the *side* with *both ends* of the canoe *in the water*. Do not pull one end of a loaded canoe up on shore. Do not land head on unless there is no other way. Bring the *side* of the canoe to the landing, and getting in or out is then a simple matter. Where it is necessary to land head on, the only way that it can be done without subjecting the canoe to severe strains and possible punctures, is to step out and walk ashore in the shallow water.

On the portage is another place where canoes are often damaged. In returning the canoe to the ground, after making the carry, pick out a spot that is free from sharp rocks and other objects that are liable to puncture the canoe as you put it down and then lower it to the ground as gently as possible. In getting into a canoe step on the floor, not on the seats.

When the canoe is not in use, take it entirely out of the water and turn it bottom side up, far enough from the shore so that a gust of wind will not blow it into the lake (such things have happened). In taking the canoe out of the water do not drag it out but lift one end and carry it ashore about half the length of the canoe and then put it down, then go back to the edge of the water and take hold of the gunwales about the center and carry it ashore. With one man on each side of the canoe this is very easy.

WHERE TO GO CRUISING

To those living in the middle west, the question of a canoe trip is fairly easy to decide, as beside the rivers and lakes in the average state, there are northern Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota. For those in this territory who are looking for a real wilderness canoe trip let me suggest the Superior National Forest on the northern edge of Minnesota, meeting at the international boundary the Quetico Forest of Canada. This whole territory (some six million acres) is all virgin wilderness and the only means of transportation is by canoe, as there are no roads of any sort. About one-sixth of this country is water, such as lakes and rivers as wild as you can find anywhere, and I will guarantee this to be one of the most beautiful stretches of country a canoeist can find. It is a game preserve on both sides of the border and it is against the law to bring firearms in. But you can wear out many a fishing tackle there and still find plenty more fish such as musky, trout, pickerel, bass and wall eye and great northern pike. The camera shark will think he is in heaven if he is looking for wild life studies to snap. This country is easily accessible either by auto or train through Duluth, and if you have not your own outfit it may be rented or bought at any number of "going in" points located on the edge of the Forest. If any of the readers desire more detailed information on this country let us hear from you. Other cruising territories will be covered in later issues.

WHAT TO TAKE ON A CRUISING TRIP

Your shoes are one of the most important items and should be thick soled or a heavy moccasin type with high tops. Some people use the ordinary tennis shoe, but these are apt to wear out quickly, injure your feet on the rough travel of portages, and unless you are used to having wet feet are not considered healthy. They are, however, comfortable to wear around the tent at night and may be carried in addition to the others. Wool socks, wool shirts, heavy canvas trousers or woolen army breeches, light wool underwear, and a lumberman's jumper or heavy sweater complete your clothing equipment. Add to this your favorite fishing equipment and the best pipe in the world, which will, of course, be your oldest one, and the personal equipment is practically complete.

For two people who wish to travel light, the following equipment will be found to cover the necessities: One sixteen foot canoe complete with paddles and carrying yoke; one seven by seven or nine foot tent; one mosquito canopy; two large No. 3 packsacks; one set of cooking pails; one reflector oven; one s. b. camp-axe and sheath; two double wool blankets; three each table knives, forks, spoons; two steel fry pans; three plates; three cups; one dish-up pan; one large knife; one large spoon; one pancake turner; one six inch file; one can opener; three canvas bags for mess equipment; one can marine glue, and two ponchos. In addition, one should have a compass, match safe (water tight), mosquito dope and woodsman's knife.

Food supplies would vary according to the time a party was intending to remain in the woods, their number and tastes.

However, the following are a list of essentials: Cans of syrup, slab of bacon, rice, flour, pancake flour, sugar, navy beans, salt pork, coffee, bread, powdered or condensed milk, potatoes, salt, pepper, dried fruits, matches, onions, sapolio, toweling, candles, butter, baking powder, soap, and syrup. You can add to these with such items as rye crisp, tea or cocoa, sweet chocolate, oatmeal, dehydrated vegetables, raisins, creamettes, lemons, ham, corn meal.

DISCUSSION OF PADDLING CANOES FOR GENERAL USE AND THEIR CARE

There are many types of canoes manufactured, advertisements of which appear in this magazine, and they are all standard and well made boats, as the manufacturers have all had much experience in the business. As these people all have a large assortment of models you can get a canoe fitted for nearly any purpose.

For ordinary river paddling, the narrow and high ended model is used, especially where speed is of importance. On the larger lakes the wider beam is more desirable as it tends to give greater stability, but is apt to be slower and require a little more muscle to paddle. Therefore, in deciding on a model, the importance of these two things should be given consideration, as the models seem to work from each of these extremes to quite an extent.

There is, of course, the sponson model, which most manufacturers carry. This is usually a fairly wide beamed craft and with the sponsons will look even wider than it really is. The sponsons are air tight chambers built onto the sides of the canoe and are about four to six inches wide in the middle, tapering off at each end to conform to the general lines of the canoe. They make it practically impossible to tip the canoe over and will sustain a very large load. This type is the one most favored when small children are apt to be the users of the boat.

While a well-made canoe is a sturdy craft and can easily be made to last many years, there are many things that one is likely to do carelessly that will add age faster than is necessary. Some of these things are mentioned in the cruising section of this department, but they apply more or less to a boat undergoing such use.

For the ordinary utility canoe, some people think that as long as they keep it off the rocks, pull it on the dock every night and keep it well painted and varnished each year no harm should come to it. While these are all very excellent things to do, there are others that will help.

Capsizing a canoe in the water and climbing all over it, grounding it in shallow water with one end on land and the other end floating, pulling a boat on to a dock from the water, especially with water or other weight in it, jumping heavily in the boat or using it in high seas merely for amusement, are all things that strain a boat, start leaks and cause it generally to go to pieces before it should.

A canoe should never be lifted, grounded or boarded in a way that will strain the boat and should always rest bottom up as it keeps the sand and water out, both of which are injurious. In the

Be sure the motor you buy starts easily and quickly; that it is easily controlled with speed variations forward and backward; that it has plenty of power—plenty of speed—twin cylinders to reduce vibration and is light enough to be easily carried. If you buy a motor combining all these factors you are bound to meet with complete satisfaction—you are bound to buy a

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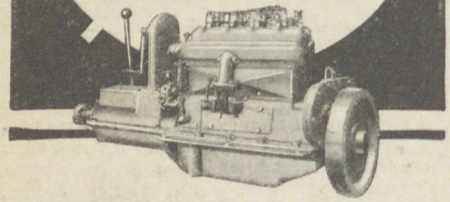

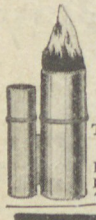

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winter time keep the boat in a cool dry place and never hang it by the side. The best position, if possible, is that it holds when in the water or tipped over on two supports. If your storage place is too damp, the canvas will loosen and is apt to bulge, and in this condition is very easy to injure. A place too hot or dry will cause the surface to crack. The happy medium if possible, will add life to your canoe in the long run.

Many owners consider just putting another coat of varnish on the inside and a coat of paint on the outside of the canoe is all the spring work needed. This will help to end the life of a boat also. While the varnish will not stick good unless some of the first coat is taken off and makes a bad looking job, it will not do much harm, but putting on layer after layer of paint over the canvas is bad business, as this will cause cracks to appear that, unless checked, will work into the canvas itself. I have seen canoes that looked badly cracked up, but after four or five coats of paint were taken off the canvas was found to be in good shape, but that was just because it was done in time.

It is best to take the last coat off before adding a new one. This can be done with a blow torch, but it is a rather ticklish task, as you are apt to scorch the canvas. The better methods are soap powder and hot water, and a brush, or let the paste stay on over night and it will come off fairly easy. Liquid paint remover is about the safest and most general method and may be used to remove the varnish on the inside as well. It is sometimes well to have a canvas "filler" rubbed on smoothly and sandpapered when dry before applying the paint. This is very important where the canvas has been bare during the season. This filler is a pasty substance usually carried by a canoe dealer or made up at a paint shop. A coat of varnish over the paint will enhance the beauty of your finish and add to the wear.

Another important item to watch is patching of all leaks and holes. There are several manufactured canoe cements or glues which are excellent for minor leaks. For larger ones, on either wood or canvas, canoes silk is the best to patch with. Varnish the piece of silk and then with varnish or canoe cement used as glue to hold the silk over the hole, press it tightly to force out any air bubbles. When this is dry varnish the outside of the patch. This method may serve as a temporary repair for a crack on the inside planking of a canoe or for covering a hole clear through the canoe until it is possible to make a more thorough job. With as little delay as possible the silk should be substituted by thin canvas between the planking and covering. Where the hole is very large it is well to attach a strip of light wood, such as cedar, to the planking with very small brass screws, which will reinforce the patch, making it a tighter and better wearing job. In most cases the wood strip should be placed on the inside of the canoe. Unless the owner is a rather good worker on this type of repairing it is recommended that you allow a regular boat-builder to do the work, especially on an all-wood constructed canoe. Patching should not only be done carefully, but as soon after the accident happens as possible. A canoeist's first-aid outfit should always be on hand and contain at least liquid cement, canvas and silk patches, white lead, and even adhesive tape will be found useful. Keep all scratches covered with paint and never let water remain in a boat that has been patched.

When shipping a canoe, be sure to pack it carefully in a thick layer of straw or excelsior, well covered with burlap.

Traveling Upstream

THE average canoeist on a two weeks' vacation out to see wilderness country will have the forethought to plan his trip so that he will travel mostly with the current, or see that the water routes are at a sufficient level so that with the assistance of backups, such as lakes, there will be little or no current to work against.

The writer made a trip along the International Boundary last summer, and the difference in travel with the current and against it was figured that it took us an hour longer a day to cover the same distance working upstream that we covered going with the current. As there were many falls and rapids to portage, the lack of current was due to the many lakes and the high water level that year, although the wind was also a help.

However, there are many canoeists who do not mind the fight of strength and brains against wind and current, and there are also lots of times when all canoeists must do some of this work, due either to a desire to get into a certain section, or lack of thought when the trip was planned.

While this part of canoeing is and to a certain degree always will be considered toilsome, those who depend more on their mind than their back and shoulders will make the trip easier, and ofttimes quicker than the powerful paddler who just digs holes in the water regardless; and needless to say, the former will get more enjoyment and education than the latter.

If you have ever watched a veteran guide manipulate a canoe up through the fast water of some stream, you will realize the truth of the preceding statement. There are of course times when only muscle as well as skill will see you through, but there are also many times when he makes progress apparently without any great effort, but you can bet his mind is busy. He resembles an expert mountaineer, always looking ahead for the next move by the safest and easiest way.

A back eddy by the bank or a pool of dead water and he shoots the bow of the canoe forward taking full advantage of each easy step, making the current work for him as a help instead of a hindrance. This kind of knowledge is a most useful possession a canoeist can have, and is worth many hours of careful study to

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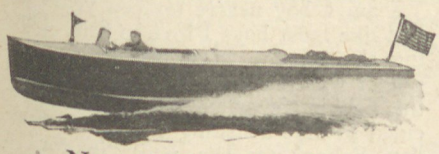

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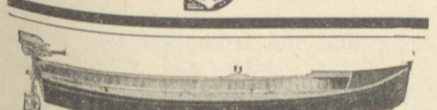

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obtain. After much practice one can tell by observing closely various signs in both water and shore formations and working the canoe accordingly will give the traveler more rest and pleasure and less toil and monotony.

In speaking of experience, it is well to remember that water conditions are variable, and while a plan may work at one spot, it may have to be changed at the next similar looking place; however, careful watching and constantly acquired judgment in reading signs, such as ruses of currents, relation between banks and fast water, why trees on the bank are uprooted, etc., will help. All streams run at various speeds during their flow, and when using a paddle it is considered best under general conditions to keep out of fast water as much as possible.

Bubbles of foam, such as floating logs or sticks, will usually indicate fast water, but one should be careful not to be fooled by a back eddy or some obstruction that has caught the debris, as often happens.

It is often easy to judge the fastest water without any such careful examination, but not always, so that we say again use your eyes and brains. A sandbar generally is an indication of quiet going for the current worker. When the bluffs line a straight part of the stream on both sides, your eyes will tell you which side is worn the most, and as this usually means fast water, you will head for the other side. In a case where there are cliffs on one side only and perhaps a loamy bottom on the opposite side, your experience should tell you the loam would not be there if that section was getting the greatest onslaughts, and you would naturally take that side.

The previous suggestions are of a more or less general nature, as the conditions of a river or stream vary so in the different sections of the country that it would be impractical to give definite instructions as to the easiest method. As a general rule, the shortest route is usually the easiest going upstream; this applies especially to a winding stream; however, you will encounter numerous exceptions to this statement. For instance, on a winding stream you would naturally hug the inside of the bends in order to miss the fastest water on the outside, and also getting the advantage of slack water or eddies.

Such work will invariably cause you to cross the faster water every so often, and I would advise with great emphasis: Do not take any chances. When you start to cross the fast stretch of water, be sure to keep the bow headed into the current as much as possible and never strike straight across such a place, as the combination of current, waves and back eddies will mean grief and sometimes a serious upset.

It will frequently happen that the wind must be figured and this element will sometimes cause a change in the ordinary procedure. Also on rivers near the ocean you will have the tide in addition to the wind. If you are bucking a tide for any great length of time, it is usually your own fault, as it rises and falls in the same place, and a little forethought in studying a tide-table will enable you to travel with it and not against it.

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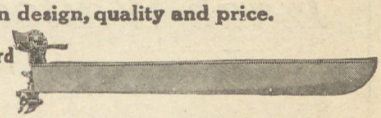

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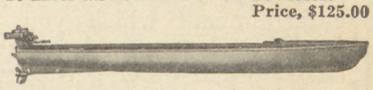

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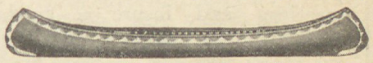

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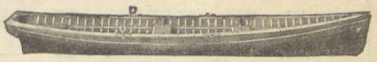

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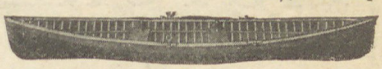

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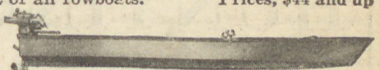

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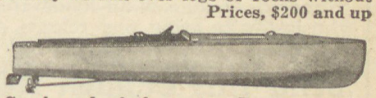

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Mostly About Boys

(Continued from page 59)

log and wants to go across the creek he will go in the log and not over, because he is always looking for something to eat. A mink will hardly ever go on top of a log if he can go alongside of it.

The weasel is the villain in Nature's play. He preys on young partridges and rabbits. But although he is a killer who kills for blood he is courageous. When hungry he will wait on a rabbit runway and when the old rabbit comes along he will jump on him and kill him.

A weasel track is noticeable for this reason. When he jumps he makes only two small tracks in the snow. He does not travel in a circle nor in one place, but will just keep going. To get him use some form of foul smelling bait. It can be made by letting the entrails of other animals or fish stand in the sun until it decays. Then add water and let stand a little longer until it forms a fluid. Put a little of this on your bait and it sure does draw the weasels.

If you have weasel traps out in the deep snow, look at them regularly, because if you don't the mice will destroy your weasels.

And, fellows, let's not be game hogs when we are out, but let's save some for the other fellow.

Yours for Conservation,
NED COLBURN.

An interesting letter, Ned, about things we are glad to know about. We are glad to hear from you again.

La Grange, Ill.
146 Dover St.

Dear Editor:—

I am a scout of Troop 8 of La Grange, Illinois, and so I am naturally interested in nature. So one day I called Bob Croft, and we decided to take a hike into the woods to shoot all the animals we could. Trix, my dog, also went along. Our guns were our eyes as we would rather watch the habits of the little creatures than kill them.

When we got to the woods the first sign of life we saw was a little red breasted nut-hatch. He was scratching on a dead stump looking for insects. Trix also has the right scout spirit and so he did not chase the bird. There must have been a good meal for him on the stump, for he soon flew away a well satisfied bird. After that we went on farther and we had quite a walk before we found anything that interested us. But something interested Trix, so we had to stop for him. It turned out to be a small toad that was intent on getting to the nearest water. After that we could not find anything till Bob finally saw a slight movement in the grass to our right. We crept up and had the delight of seeing two small mice arguing over a piece of food. They were both trying to carry it in a different direction and neither was making much progress. But the scrap of food could not hold out long and soon it broke in two parts and the mice scampered home with their treasures.

Bob and I decided to go home as we had enough for the day. Bob is also a scout. The enclosed picture is of First Class Scout Trix.

An outdoor lover,
ELMER BREYTSPRAAK.

Boys who enjoy hunting with their eyes alone, are rare, and we are glad to have some of them around the fire. You have the love for Nature's details that marks a true outdoor man, Elmer. Come again!

Laurel, Neb.

Dear Editor and Fellows:—

Every month I read your campfire stories and I am very anxious to pull up a chair around the fire and "listen in" with the rest of the gang.

I am a boy nearly sixteen years old and like most boys I love to fish. During the last of May just as soon as school was out several of us boys had the fishing fever so bad that we decided to take a fishing trip. Our Sunday School teacher was "in for" a camping trip also, so he and another man went with us to oversee things.

We made ready, and after getting our supply of grub and enough blankets and cooking utensils, we started for the lake at six o'clock Tuesday morning, arriving there at eight thirty.

We started exploring things right away, took a long hike following spring waters and saw a very rare sight for this country, a peet bog. After hiking for some distance we returned to the cars and put up our tents. After this we did what we had all been waiting for, we fished! We fished for about three hours and all we got was about a hundred small fish about three inches long which of course we returned to their natural element. After such small returns we were very discouraged and had about decide to move camp, when all of a sudden one of our gang, who had waded out into deep water landed a nice one and from then on we went to deeper water and caught many more like his. After catching a few large ones the fish stopped biting and nothing more happened until in the evening when one of my pals and myself went to the other side of the lake, waded out into deep water and moss about up to our necks and caught six nice fish, three each. I landed my fish one right after the other, all three in much less than five minutes. At dark we returned to camp and "rolled in" for the night.

We got up at five the next morning, cooked our own breakfast and

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

again went fishing. We soon found that we had to go out farther into the lake and as there was no boat we didn't know what to do.

Finally some of the boys tried building a raft but this failed and we were in no better shape than before. Finally we found an old horse tank and after plugging up all the holes we embarked in it. When we wanted to anchor it, we tied it to a dead tree. We took turns fishing in it, two at a time. Oh boy! but it was fun. Every one who laid eyes on us laughed at our boat, but never-the-less it did the business. We used fish poles for oars. With this way of navigation we soon began to catch more fish. That night we rolled in after having a good fish feed. It was sure real stuff, each fellow having to cook his own grub.

The next morning we were up at five again, fishing. This being our final day we wanted to catch a good mess to take home. Our grub was short, and there being only one place on the lake where worms could be found, our bait started to run short also. The place where we dug bait began to take on the appearance of a pig lot, the way the sod was torn and rooted around. As I have said before this was our last day, so we went into it for all we were worth. We fished and fished and had the best times of our lives. At noon we had to be almost dragged in and we ate our final meal there as fast as we could.

After dinner we went fishing for the last time and had the best luck of all. We fished until a storm threatened to make things lively and then we pulled up and hustled for home. We all took home a nice mess of fish. I had the honor of catching the most, which we were all trying to do.

We arrived home before the storm, but we didn't look like the same gang that started because after our many experiences we were as "black as niggers." We all had our share of camping and Oh boy, that's what I call a real time!

Let's hear from some of the gang who like to fish and hunt.

Yours for more fishing,

DONALD M. HOILE.

* * *

A real story of a regular trip. The rest of us would liked to have been along. You fellows are real fishermen.

Come On, Fellows

Let's make

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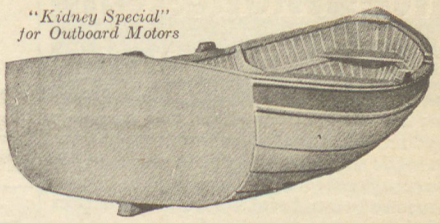

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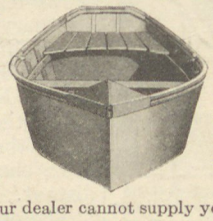

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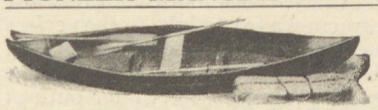

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Director is woven from the finest mercerized web elastic — *all in one piece*. There are no buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons to bother with. Since each Director is *made to measure*, no adjustments are necessary except as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable, as thousands of business and professional men testify.

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Write today for a Director and see how effective it is as a flesh reducer. The price—made to measure—is only $6.50. Each garment is guaranteed to be satisfactory or your money will be refunded promptly and the trial won't cost you a penny. Give height, weight and waist measure when ordering. Tear out and mail coupon today.

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What to Wear in the Woods in Winter

By MURDO GIBSON

Editor Real Camping Department

TO the physically fit who have a fair working knowledge of woodcraft, winter outings are fully as enjoyable as canoe cruises. Winter camping in the north woods is free from numerous annoyances inseparable from summer trips; while opportunities for sports are even greater in snow time than during the season of open water.

Romances dealing with the Canadian Sub-Arctics often feature life-and-death struggles against hunger, cold and storm. Consequently, devotees of this sort of fiction are more than likely to acquire fearful estimates of the dangers threatening the winter traveller.

But to a man properly clothed, cold weather and storms are no perils. His fear of them vanishes upon contact. As a matter of fact, the average temperature prevailing during December, January and February along the northern boundary of the U. S. east of the Rockies, is about 5 degrees F. for the nights and about 15 degrees F. for the days. Bad storms are rare in the forested region. When they do occur, they cause but little inconvenience since sheltered campsites are never far distant.

The novice cannot fail to be impressed by the sudden transition from a blizzard howling across a frozen lake to the perfect tranquillity of the forest camp fifty paces inland.

Suitable equipment for winter outings has been evolved from the experience of generations of trappers, couriers and timber cruisers. With some minor modifications to conform with the various objectives, the sportsman camper may safely adopt the outfit generally used by those whose business entails protracted journeys beyond the fringes of civilization. The essentials for winter clothing are warmth, lightness, ventilation and resistance to wind and wear. The first factors are provided by inner garments of pure wool, loosely woven and long napped. These furnish the necessary dead air spaces that are kept warm by body heat. But besides heat, the body generates moisture, the amount of which given off through the pores of the skin is said to equal what passes through the kidneys. If this moisture cannot escape through the clothing, it will condense upon the inner surface of the obstruction. In cold weather it will freeze there and form a coating of ice—which is one reason why rubberized garments are not suitable for winter wear.

Light, closely woven cotton fabrics, such as that from which overalls are made, are practically impervious to wind and offer but little hindrance to the escape of moisture from within. The same principles apply to moccasins and mitts, but because of the wear these must withstand, a porous leather is substituted for cotton cloth. This leather is usually Indian tanned moosehide, caribou or deerskin. Rubber footwear is sometimes tolerated when conditions are such that the discomfort of non-ventilated feet is preferred to a more or less complete immersion in ice water.

Having thus sketchily outlined the main principles involved, a detailed enumeration of the specific garments favored by the aforementioned woodsmen is in order.

Dressed for a mid-winter trip, a north woods timber cruiser would probably be clad in the following: One full length, two piece suit of medium weight, pure wool underwear; one pair Mackinaw drawers; one flannel shirt; one pair light weight overalls; one pair suspenders; one Mackinaw overshirt; two pairs soft woolen sox; one pair knee length woolen stockings; one pair moosehide moccasins, or leather topped rubbers, without heels; one pair leather mitts, one pair woolen mitts; one cap; and, last, the typical garment of the North, a parka. The Mackinaw drawers are commonly used by lake states lumbermen and may be obtained at all stores catering to their trade. They are made of heavy woolen cloth, have buttons for suspenders and one or more pockets. The legs are slit to the calves and are tied snugly around the ankles with attached tapes. One pair of sox is usually worn under the Mackinaw drawers and over the underwear. The stockings are knit from extra strong and coarse woolen yarn and their nap makes them nearly snow proof. They are for sale nearly everywhere in Canada but I have never seen them offered in the States.

The flannel shirt worn under the suspenders is rather heavy and loose fitting. It usually has two pockets protected by buttoned flaps. Overalls are the common railroad variety, cut full and roomy. The legs are generally rolled to the knee. Overalls protect the undergarments and act as a windbreak.

Men apt to be exposed to severe winds for long periods sometimes dispense with the Mackinaw drawers. Instead, they wear extra heavy undergarments and *two* pairs of overalls. In either case, when camp is made, the outside pair is taken off and dried.

Suspenders that have to support three garments must be of the best quality possible. Wide webbed, extra strong types such as police and firemen are supposed to wear are the most common.

Vests are worn by those who have need for extra pockets, but they are not necessary for warmth.

The outside shirt is made from heavy Mackinaw flannel and is worn over the suspenders, outside the pants. In recent

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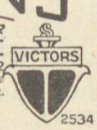

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years the "stag" or abbreviated shirt has become very popular with sportsmen, but for lake travel in winter, I prefer it full length. A woolen scarf worn as a sash around the waist keeps the tails snugly in place and adds surprisingly to general comfort. These shirts are sometimes made with double thickness of cloth over shoulders and back, rendering garments almost waterproof and much better for wilderness travel than the ordinary jacket. My only objection to this double thickness is the added weight.

Moccasins or rubbers should be large enough to contain comfortably one pair of sox more than is actually worn. Two socks in a loose moccasin or rubber will keep the foot warmer than three socks in a tight one.

Contrary to oft-read statements, rubbers without heels are excellent for snowshoeing in soft weather. They give better protection than do moccasins against the ice lumps that form on the thongs in soft weather.

Outside mitts should be of *porous* leather. The best I know of for this purpose is Indian tanned moosehide, but deerskin or caribou hide will do very well. Don't wear waterproofed or oil-tanned leather mitts when hiking on a cold day. They will soon be lined with ice on the inside and the hands will be damp always, regardless of the weather. They should be long wristed and roomy enough to permit the wearer to slip his hands into or out of them quickly and easily. Commonly worn suspended from the ends of a cord that is passed around the back of the neck, these mitts are tucked in the sash or scarf when not in use. Inside mitts should be of pure wool yarn, loose fitting, and sturdy enough to withstand a lot of wear. Surveyors and timber cruisers who constantly have to make pencil notes wear a pair of thin gloves under their mitts. These gloves may be of wool, silk or cotton.

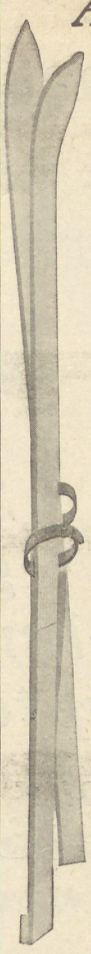
The standard parka used in the timbered portions of Canada is made from closely woven cotton cloth such as denim, ticking or drill. In shape it resembles the uniform of the K. K. K. but in color it ranges from solid olive drab to stripes of red, white and blue. Hood and wrists are trimmed with fox, wolf or other long fur. When facing a bitter wind the edges of the hood are drawn together by means of a puckering string, until only a small hole is left in front of the eyes. The long fur effectually excludes cold wind but doesn't obstruct vision.

Although given almost complete protection from weather, the parka is so light and loose fitting that it interferes neither with running, walking nor chopping. Taking the place of jacket and overcoat it is superior to one or both for winter hikes.

It seems rather strange that duck and deer hunters of the United States have not followed the example of Western Canadians and Alaskans in universally adopting this article of apparel. Last fall a few parkas were seen on the marshes and rice beds and enquiry as to their merits for wild fowling brought forth only superlative praise. This year more shooters will wear them.

Very popular in the north are muskrat caps. They are heavily quilted, lined

A Real Moccasin Ski Shoe



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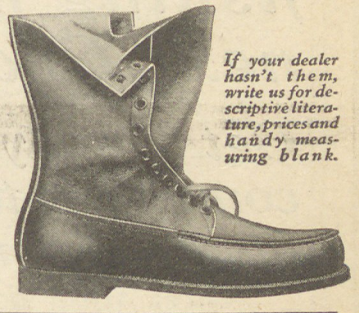

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with flannel and possess large, folding earlaps and visors. Good looks rather than serviceability may account for their vogue. They are fine for riding, but when walking, or working, I prefer the lightest possible windproof cloth cap that will protect forehead, neck and ears, and absorb the rather abundant moisture that forms on my manly brow.

Unlined knitted toques are very picturesque also, though not practical for cold, windy weather. They can be made so, however, by the simple expedient of folding or cutting an ordinary paper bag to fit the head and wearing said bag either under or over the knitted affair.

I would require many long paragraphs to describe in detail all the methods I have used to keep from freezing during really cold weather. Some time in the future I may tell the whole story, but for the present one sentence will suffice to give full directions for achieving sleeping comfort in midwinter.

Use an eiderdown sleeping robe made by a reputable manufacturer. It is sufficient bedding for temperatures as low as fifty-five degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, anyhow; and while I feel sure it would prove ample in much colder weather, I haven't slept in one at temperatures lower than that. As further testimony to its efficiency, I might mention that, during three entire winters spent out of doors in Western Ontario, I never had to rise during the night to build a fire for warmth. Men of the North owe a debt of sincere gratitude to the designers and manufacturers of these robes. May they prosper exceedingly and attain their heart's desires!

Campers are intensely individualistic, otherwise they wouldn't be campers. Camping and conventionality are as opposed to each other as fire and water. One of the chief reasons for going to the wilderness is to escape from convention and, for a time, to do as one pleases. It is therefore unwise for even an old "Sourdough" to make dogmatic statements as to what should be included in, or omitted from, another person's outfit. Tastes differ.

These differences are not confined to ideas upon proper food and equipment, but are apparent in every phase of camp life. Sports, amusements and studies, that are positively fascinating to one may utterly fail to interest another.

To be truly congenial, camping companions need not be temperamentally alike. They seldom are. The very smallest group of campers that has remained intact, after many seasons is almost sure to contain persons who differ radically in mental and physical and conversational sprightliness.

Camping companions, however, should agree in their attitudes towards such important outdoor matters as fish, game and forestry laws; what constitutes true sportsmanship and the practice of practical conservation.

A frank exchange of these and other related subjects may reveal irreconcilable differences of opinion that might endanger the sweet serenities of their sylvan sojourn. It is well, therefore, to talk

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things over before deciding, definitely, upon tentmates.

Talking things over is not the least of the camper's joys. Sportsmen, young and old, delight in it. Readers of this department should consider these articles as merely one man's opinion on the subjects treated and when they have good reason to believe that any statement made herein is erroneous, to take it upon themselves to correct it.

In common with ministers and other platform speakers, writers enjoy the advantage of being able to present their case without interruption—a privilege seldom accorded anyone during informal discussions between outdoorsmen.

This is right and proper, because, in allowing ample time for careful consideration, snap judgments are to a great extent eliminated. More good-natured, constructive criticism would undoubtedly increase the educational value of this magazine and arouse an even greater interest in everything pertaining to life in the open.

History of Pollution

(Continued from page 36)

by further discharges of sewage and a zone of deoxygenated water, which moves up and down the river with the tides, is caused. In the case of the River Tyne, such a zone has been occasionally observed which extends during the height of summer along the tidal portion of the river for a distance of nearly ten miles, although, at the upper and lower ends of this zone of low oxygen content, dissolved oxygen is being supplied by pure river water and sea water, respectively. An extensive zone of water deficient in oxygen may also be established in the River Thames due to the discharge of 250 million gallons of London sewage daily, in spite of the fact that this sewage had had the greater part of its solid matters removed before discharge.

A zone of low oxygen content in a river is inimical to the passage of fish, particularly smolts, and if the perpetuation of Salmo salar (salmon) and Salmo trutta (sea trout), which depend on a free passage to and fro between the sea and the head waters of the river, is to be secured, it will be necessary to effect considerable improvements in the condition of the river as regards dissolved oxygen. In the lower tidal portion of the river into which crude sewage is discharged this is rendered more difficult from the fact that the salt in the sea water facilitates the deposition of the organic suspended matters in the sewage, so that the bed of the river becomes covered with a deposit, which deprives the river water of its dissolved oxygen at a greater rate than this can be replenished from the oxygen of the air, and which is only washed out during periods of heavy floods.

It will, therefore, be evident that the discharge in its crude state is not possible without serious risk of reducing the dissolved oxygen to such an extent as to be inimical to fish-life, and in such cases it is necessary to treat the sewage before discharge.

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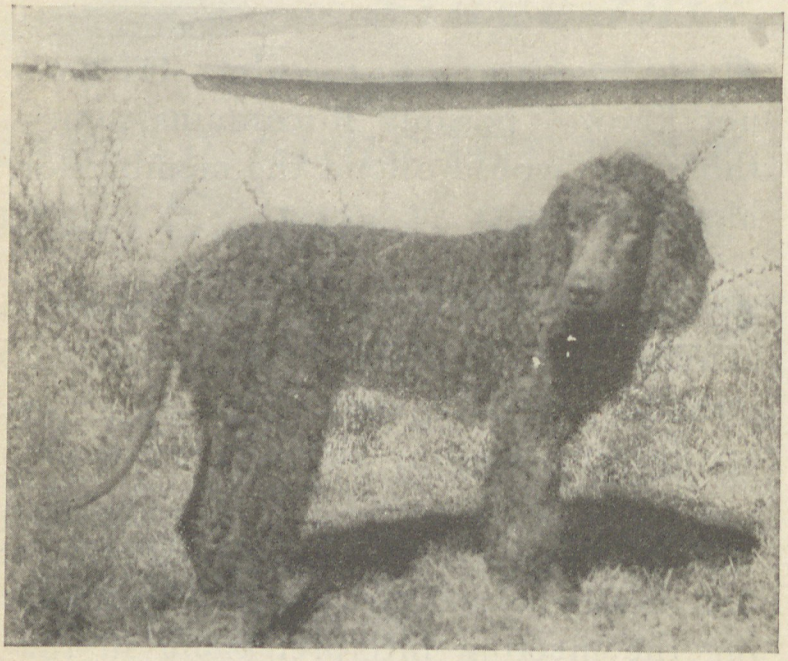
EDITED by SHADY LANE



The Irish Water Spaniel

By PERCY K. SWAN

IN the past two or three years there has arisen in this country a very considerable interest in working spaniels, and quite a number of the various types, most notably the Springers, have been imported into this country from England. To the many interested in the Sporting Spaniel, it is well to acquaint and to remind, that we have had in this country a spaniel, who, although he originated in the Old Country, has been over here so many, many years, that he may practically for all intents and purposes, be called an American dog.

I refer to the Irish Water Spaniel. As his name implies, his first habitat was the OULD SOD. There, amongst the fens and bogs, he first came forth, at least so the very best authorities on his origin claim. However, just when the first specimens were imported to America cannot be accurately stated, but it can be fairly and squarely said that he long ago passed the stage when he might be called an experiment.

The Irish Water Spaniel is the largest and strongest of the Spaniel breed. He has the length of leg to make him a fast and powerful swimmer and is a moderately rapid ground worker. His size and strength fit him for the hardest going, and he is always ready and eager for the last bird. However, what many do not know, even many actual owners of Irish Water Spaniel, is that this same grand dog, take the water out of his name, is a dog the equal, and in many cases the superior, of any other. The Spaniel is used not solely on duck and other water fowl, but on grouse, pheasant, prairie chicken, and other upland birds, a dog with as keen a nose as any other spaniel. A dog of wonderful intelligence, and therefore easy to train and easy to handle. Perhaps in making this assertion, which may be doubted by some, I can do no better than to quote such reliable and eminent authority as Mr. J. S. Skidmore, J. P., who in his book, "British Dogs," has the following:

"To a sportsman of limited means, or one who has not the accommodation to keep a team, the Irish Water Spaniel is the most useful dog he can have, inasmuch as he can be made to perform the duties of a Pointer, Setter, Retriever, and Spaniel; but, as his name implies, he is peculiarly fitted by temperament and by a water resisting coat for the arduous duties required by a sportsman whose proclivities lie in the direction of wildfowl shooting."

A good specimen of the Irish Water Spaniel should measure 22 or 23 inches at the shoulder and the average weight should be around 60 or 65 lbs. Such size makes him a dog of ample length of leg and a reserve of strength and stamina. Many of these dogs are working from the Gulf to Alberta and Saskatchewan and, especially in our northern states, they have many enthusiastic admirers. Once seen an Irish Water Spaniel of real type and breeding cannot be forgotten. The beautiful wavy ringlets of rich brown curls which completely feather the forelegs and crisp around the body. The upstanding topknot and long pendant ears, and lastly the characteristic rat-tail. A dog of character, intelligence and action, such typifies the Irish Water Spaniel.

All Dog

By H. E. HASKELL

At first as I considered the many dogs I have known, some I have owned, and others I have shot over, I thought it would be rather hard to pick out one to write about. Each has his outstanding characteristics which would make him a thing to love or admire. And then the

thought came to me that the dog a boy grows up with is the only dog, be he black or white, pedigreed or mongrel. So this must be a story of old Sport who saw me kill my first bird on the wing, and who knew more about my good, bad and indifferent goings on than my family ever did.

Sport was given to me on July 3rd. I do not know the year, but I must have been about twelve years old. There was to be a Fourth of July celebration in a town fourteen miles distant, and I had persuaded my mother to let me go. Just before train time, Sport thought he had been away from home long enough and decided to return. I hunted him, and, of course, missed the train. Not wishing to be laughed at by the boys, I walked those fourteen miles in the blazing sun, so Sport and I got off to a rather poor start. After weeks of running away, he finally decided it was hardly worth while, and gave it up. Then began year after year of constant companionship.

He was an all-round boy's dog. He could do anything. Of no particular breed, possibly more of a spaniel than anything else; he was passionately fond of hunting, and would have hunted anything from an elephant to a field mouse. His specialty was treeing squirrels, partridges or woodchucks, added to which he would retrieve ducks, and another boy and I taught him to kill snakes, and although he never seemed to relish the job, he would do it to please us. After all, I suppose he never did anything that any other good dog would not do, but as I look back through those golden years, he is always in the picture. No icy river water nor below zero weather was too cold for him to do his part. I love to remember his ringing yelp as he announced he had treed something, and can picture myself as a long-legged kid with a single-barreled, muzzle-loading shotgun made by my great-grandfather, a pioneer gunsmith. I can still see the sunlight breaking through the oaks, and the blazing sumac on the hillside, and feel the dead stillness of the woods, where the fall of a butternut was a startling thing.

In those days, knowing no better, we shot ducks during the spring migration without shame. As I think of the long, weary miles of slippery mud in following the ice-strewn banks of our river, the thing that stands out in the picture is not the few ducks we shot, which seemed all important at the time, but the love of it all; the great, swollen, rushing stream, the glint of sunlight on flashing, whistling wings in bright, spring plumage, the circling, red-tailed hawk over the pine trees, and in and out of the picture, faithful old Sport with his dripping coat as he splashed his weary way over the muddy ice.

And so I could recall picture after picture in which the old dog would be always in the foreground, and I want to go on record as casting my vote for him, only in so far as he represents that nondescript breed, a boy's dog, realizing that a boy's dog is not a man's dog, but is all dog just the same.

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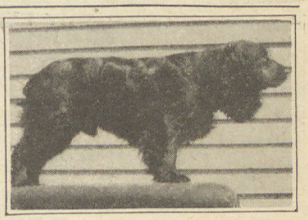

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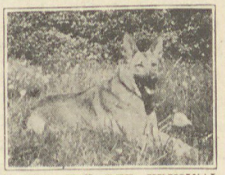

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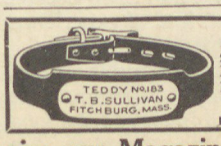

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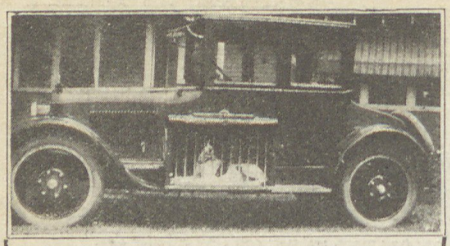

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Shep

By MAURICE O. BARR

When I first saw Shep he was fast asleep—a small brown ball of fur.

Shep was a dog, or rather a pup, from an Eastern kennel. He was a thoroughbred shepherd puppie. His owner, Mr. X, was a man of fine character and a lover of dogs. His only fault was his temper. Not often did he let it loose, but when he did he lost all common sense.

Mr. X had purchased Shep with the purpose of raising him for a companion to roam the field and woods with him. Shep's training began as soon as he awoke from his sleep. He was first taught to come when called and stop when commanded to do so. Fifteen minutes a day was the length of his lesson, until he grew older and was not as clumsy as puppies usually are. As days passed Shep's education was continued and the old lessons gone over to keep them in his mind. Never was Shep struck or fed to coax him to work—just kindness. He and his master soon became inseparable.

It was not many weeks until Shep left his puppy stage and became a half-grown playful dog. Whenever Mr. X came home from the office his dumb companion was always at the walk to meet him. What a noise he would make when he saw his master coming. His reward for this was kind words and petting.

By this time he had been admired by many and was fast becoming the talk of the town for his ability and quickness to grasp the meaning of your actions. Yet his education was not finished—for books, lessons and lectures may teach as much, but it must be topped by experience before the real education is past. So Shep yet has the experience to make his knowledge complete. Very little this trusting dog knows of the world and its inhabitants, but each day brings forth a new mystery to Shep which he does not yet understand.

He has suffered many a pain because of the lack of experience; once while playing on the floor of the porch, a very contemptible wasp flew on the screen. At once Shep undertook to "classify" this strange creature. Now, to get a good look at it, Shep determinedly placed his paw upon it and found it the worst sort of company—much to his distress. Another time he suffered at the feet and wings of an old "Biddy" hen which had a brood of young. Shep, for fun, chased one. "Biddy" happened upon the scene at that time, and he in turn was chased. He had been taught not to run fowls unless told to do so, but these were too small for Shep to recognize as the "forbidden fruit."

Time quickly passes, and Shep became a full grown dog with lots of experience, but with more to come.

It is spring, and all the world is covered with green buds and spring flowers. This is the season in which Shep has the most tragic moment of his life. His master has just put in a garden of which he was very proud. Shep makes it his duty to protect his owner's property from the neighbors' chickens. This pleased Mr. X to see him take an interest in things.

One warm afternoon when Mr. X came home from the office, hot and cross because of the loss of a certain deal, Shep as usual runs out to meet him, but is not greeted with the kind words as before. Then, as though he pictured his business enemy in Shep, Mr. X strikes him unmercifully, which knocks Shep to his knees.

Poor Shep could not understand this cruel treatment; never before had he been struck. He never forgave his master for that mean blow—food, petting and kind words were not successful. This faithful dog hated the sight of Mr. X, and his master realized, too late, his mistake.

Thus ended the pleasure and happiness for both man and dog.

Now into Shep's life comes a new man, Doc. Doc is an old gentleman with a heart in him as big as his head. Shep becomes the property of this kind man for the sum of five dollars (the cost of the license). This man, Shep finds, is just as good as his former master. Shep's past life fades into dull memories; before him a new and happier one.

The home of Shep is now in the country—never before has he encountered so many pleasures, the open field, the richest of food, and, greatest of all, the love of Doc, his wife and daughter. Money could not buy their love for the dog.

It is now Shep's duty to get the cows and horses each morning and evening alone. This he does without trouble and he seems to like the work.

Shep's duty also extends to the watermelon patch, to watch for chickens, not boys. He has a very keen sense as to the respect of old age and young. Let an old hen wander into the patch and Shep will gently carry her to the edge and let her go; a young chick he will nudge to the edge of the patch with his nose, but woe-be the spry rooster—if ever a chicken got chased, this one surely would.

These are just a few things which Shep can do, but his ability seems almost unlimited. He understands every motion and every word Doc makes or speaks.

Shep meets the rural postman and carries mail to the farthest part of the farm to his master without losing a single piece. He would also, at Mrs. Doc's word, stalk a hen, and without much trouble or time find the hen's well-hidden nest.

This may all seem impossible for a dog to do, but Shep, at this time, is in possession of Doc and has been in my care many times while Doc visits, so I can vouch for these facts as being true.

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Fur Farming

By THOMAS G. ALVORD

WHO will produce the super silver fox?

That such a marvel of animal class and beauty may soon appear is expected in that industry.

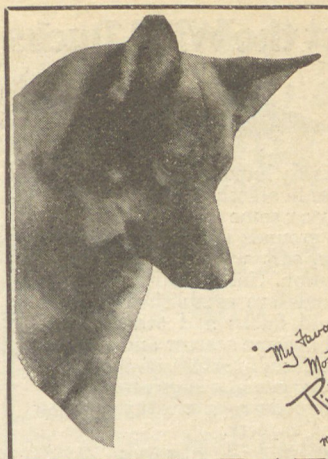
Some score or more of the hundreds who have gone into the new business of producing fur by raising foxes for pleasure and profit believe they can answer both questions off hand. No two of them, however, agree on the man or the date. All they will say is, "You just leave it to me; I'll show you."

They are an extra foxy lot—this score or more of ultra-ambitious fox owners, secretive, and close-mouthed—poking themselves off on some seldom visited island or well hidden on a bit of wild land working in stealth their wonders to perform. Their elders in the fox business who dub themselves "old timers," in an undertaking that started not more than twenty years ago, scoff at the idea of expecting to create a new fangled fox more graceful of form or having a coat of more radiant fur than their own perfected reproduction of the wild, free born son of the silvery snows. Naturally these old vets despise freaks of all sorts.

But it is not a freak that the experimenting breeders seek to obtain. They would develop a new strain of the simon pure silver fox, itself, until domesticated, a hybrid, of such gorgeously variegated fur that it will make the present type, prized for its beauty, look like a turkey to a peacock in comparison. One of these Burbanks of the beasts whispers that already he has caused to be brought forth a silver black fox with a streak of white running down his back from neck to end of tail. Another is encouraged by the mammoth size of a fox he has created with silver sprinkled all over him like the spots on a leopard.

It is well known that these biological beauty doctors can breed for light, dark and medium, aye, even pale silver pelts and get them. And more wonderful to be told, they are able to meet the changing moods of fashion by limiting the width of that hallmark of silver fox aristocracy—the white tip of his tail—from less than an inch to as many as may be fancied.

Then who's to say there shall be no super-silver fox to bring his producer fame and fortune? It's this sporting chance in this new, expanding industry that is adding to its fascination. Men who have the fortune and yearn for distinction are reacting to the chance and now are going in for fur and foxes on their landed estates as they have done for other livestock.



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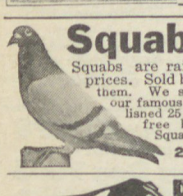

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Quite a number of New England country place owners with an eye to lightening overhead expenses, made heavy by other show animals, by adding another as striking and more profitable than any of these are setting up silver fox ranches on their demesnes as "an added attraction." This sort of thing is an interesting development in the conservation of wild life which fur-farming is on a very large scale. It is spreading in this way throughout New York, Pennsylvania, and the middle west, and notably in California and states to the north of it. The latest fox ranch de luxe is one just established close by the stately suburban abode of Mr. Cyrus Curtis near Philadelphia on ground valued at $11,000 an acre.

For one fox raising ranch of this kind there are hundreds of small, out of the way, fur farms from one pen up conducted in villages, townships and wood lots and the tame fox now digs his hole behind wire netting within sight of many a city hall and there's one within the shadow of the great dome of the capitol in Washington. A veritable army of average people are becoming fur farmers, mostly in modest fashion. Many are boarding their fox pair or two on the home ranch until by the sale of pelts and of their increase they can obtain capital sufficient to build their own ranch and conduct it through the knowledge of breeding and care they have acquired in the meantime by study and observance of ranching methods and practices. This is an excellent way for the unskilled and unmoneyed beginner to begin.

Those so situated should not think of raising foxes until they know something about the business, can employ a competent care-taker and have capital enough to run their ranch at least two seasons. To do otherwise would be folly. It's a very profitable business to be sure but it's no get-quick-rich undertaking. It requires less labor than any other livestock enterprise but more particular knowledge, closer attention and good management to ensure a high degree of success. There have been men lacking most of these qualities who have started in with a ranch of their own and made a go of it, but there have been very few of them. This is because there are very few born breeders. Common sense and a love for animals will go a good ways. Add industry, application, observation and study and success is within the power of any serious man who has them.

Greatest of all among these requisites is love for the animal kind. If a man has not this love he better not try to make money out of silver foxes. They will read his nature and show him the worst side of theirs. Their return of affection is bountiful and it

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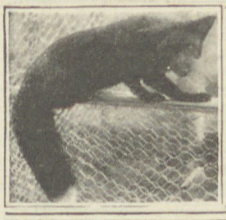

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At one of the large silver fox ranches of the country, it's a common sight to see a fox pup romping with the children of the keepers, playing tag, "lovey-doving" with a boy, stealing his hat from his head or sitting on the roof of his kennel waiting for his Mary to appear. Many of the foxes are fed out of hand and are as full of tricks as dogs or kittens.

If any one is thinking of raising silver foxes in ignorance of all that has been learned concerning their proper care and without having a well located, rightly built and fairly equipped yard in which to keep them, he, too, should turn his attention to other things. And this is a good cue as to the first step he should take when he is about to buy the foundation pair for his pack. Any dealer who would sell stock to be taken away by an unprepared novice is not a safe dealer to deal with. Only a jobber would part with his animals under such conditions; a true and reliable breeder thinks too much of his foxes to do so. That kind of breeder alone will stand this acid test.

It is on this question of what breeder to buy from that the success of the beginner depends. It is a vital point. There are many breeders, in fact they are in the great majority, who are entirely trustworthy as to the quality and prepotent powers of their strains. There are some who are not, as in all such vocations. Breeding pairs of silver foxes may be had from five or six hundred dollars to as many thousands according to their perfection of fur and breeding record. Poor stock never can be improved; it invariably spells loss and disappointment. A cheap pair of breeders is the worst possible investment. The very best that one's purse can buy should be obtained. Pairs offered for less than $1,000, as well as the breeder are open to suspicion. Both should be investigated with exceeding care. The evidence wanted in each case concerns past performances.

This is not a necessity peculiar to the domestic fox business; it is an initial step that every wise man takes before investing a considerable sum in any undertaking he knows nothing about. Every silver fox worth while has a pedigree and a name registered in the American-National Fox Breeding Association herdbook or in that of the Canadian fox associations. Every breeder worthy of confidence can prove his reliability by reference to those fox raisers with whom he has done business. Their knowledge of him is more intimate than that of his banker or postmaster of his town and more important.

With a good start of a high grade pair or two of "silvers" the way is open to any red blooded man full of ambition and fond of caring for animals to win in the race to bring forth that marvel—the super silver fox. There are no secrets about feeding and raising foxes. Almost every beginner is successful in that branch which calls for far less labor than is necessary in the care of horses, sheep and cattle, dogs, cats or chickens. And according to the Department of Agriculture the profit is greater. Its handbook on silver fox farming (Biological Survey, bulletin No. 1151) says, "No other livestock enterprise pays larger returns for the money invested and both live foxes and their pelts are in demand."

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Dogs

Airedales—Continued

FOR Sale—One litter of thoroughbred Airedale pups out of registered parents. These pups have 5 champions in their pedigree. The old dogs are the west's best bear dogs and the pups are wonderful fellows in size and disposition. Males, $15.00. Females, $7.50. Ready to ship about February 5th. Buel H. Canady, Winslow, Arizona.

PEDIGREED Airedale puppies. Males, $12.00. Females, $7.00. Second to none. C. F. Hughes, Box 144, Rushsylvania, Ohio. (3-2)

MY Year Old Airedale, Mazie. A real pet. Price, $25.00. Ralph Harris, LaCrescent, Minn.

AURORA Airedale Kennels—Swivelle blood direct, hunters, fighters, guards and companions; write for what you want. Aurora, Mo. (3-3)

CLASSY, pedigreed Airedale puppies. Males, $12.00. Females, $7.00. None better. Guy Dille, Ridgeway, Ohio. (3-3)

Beagles

BEAGLE Puppies from good hunting and field trial bloodlines. Eligible to registration. $15.00 each. Alfred Greuel, Effingham, Illinois. (3-2)

ENGLISH Beagle puppies. Registered. Satisfaction guaranteed. Best blood obtainable. Hopewell Beagle Kennels, Box 56, Tiffin, Ohio. (3-3)

ENGLISH Beagle pups, males, $8.50. Females, $7.50. Floyd Boyd, Millersburg, Ohio. (3-2)

REGISTERED Female Beagle Puppies, 4 months old, sired by Fayette Kid, $15.00 each. H. J. Dulle, Chamois, Mo.

BEAGLES, Rabbit Hounds. Broken. Trial M. A. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-3)

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Chesapeakes and Spaniels

IRISH Water Spaniels—Keen nose, leg length and weight, make this breed the superior of any spaniel now on the market. Fast, powerful swimmers, rapid ground workers. Not a new discovery. "Old Patsey" made good here years ago. Retrieve duck, grouse, chicken, pheasant. Wonderful intelligence, easy trained, easy handled. Largest, finest kennel in America. Genuine curly-coated, rat-tail strain. Eight prize winners imported in three years (a record). Puppies from experienced workers, also youngsters and trained dogs on hand always. Little long in distance, mighty long on quality. Percy K. Swan, Chico, Calif. (3-4)

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Dogs

Chesapeakes and Spaniels—Cont'd

SPRINGER Spaniel pups. From my personal shooting dogs. A combination of Dual Champion Horsford Hetman and Champion Little Brand blood lines. Send for Folder and prices. J. E. Washburn, 276 Buffalo St., Hamburg, N. Y. (4-5)

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Collies

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

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Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Cont'd

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Dogs

Police Dogs—Con't

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (12-12)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-3)

OREGON Homesteads—Latest opening—offer exceptional opportunities. Map and details $1. F. G. Thompsen, Sheridan, Oregon. (3-3)

Stamp Collecting

UNITED STATES—54 different (special issues, etc.), 10c; Borneo Rhinoceros and 107 different, Foreign, Hinges, etc., 10c. E. Moseley, 4521 Parkview, St. Louis, Mo. (3-3)

FREE! 12 Azerbaijan stamps, big price list, sets and packets to approval applicants. Pennsylvania Stamp Co., Manor, Penna. (3-3)

PENNY Approvals that Satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-2)

Taxidermy

FOR Sale—Two newly mounted Alaska moose heads, spread of horns fifty-four and fifty-seven inches across; massive. Showy perfect heads. Also smaller mounted moose heads at reasonable prices. Express prepaid. Edwin Dixon, Canada's Leading Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario. (3-4)

FOR Sale—Newly mounted Alaska Caribou heads. Alaska white sheep heads. Rocky mountain mule deer heads. White tail deer heads. Sets of horns. Elk tusks at full value. Prices, express prepaid. Edwin Dixon, Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario. (3-4)

TROUT. New mountings. Choice Rainbow—Eastern Brook—Cutthroat. Theodore G. Langguth, Fish Specialist, Boise, Idaho. (3-4)

SEND your next specimen to us. Elmer S. Pratt, the Indiana taxidermist, successor to Beasley & Parr, established 1866, Lebanon, Ind. Write for prices. (3-2)

BUFFALO heads, fine specimens, and Musk Ox robes. Just the thing for hotels, clubs or lodges. John M. Ornes & Sons Co., 101 Sixth St. No., Minneapolis. (3-2)

LET me mount your birds, animals, heads, rugs, true to life, moth-proof. 20 years experience. E. C. Shabilon, Artist Taxidermist, Orangeville, Ill. (3-2)

RARE Curiosity. Smallest deer on earth. Tanned skin, $1.00. Will Tyson, Muldoon, Idaho.

Wanted

WANTED—Tame young birds and animals for School Park. Starlings, Motmots, Magpies, Crows, Ravens, Toucans, Parrots, Macaws, Parrakeets, Agoutis, Pacas, Squirrels, Raccoon foxes, Kinkajous, Foxes and other pets. Emerson School, Gary, Indiana. (12-6)

STORIES, Poems, Plays, Descriptive articles, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. or write Literary Bureau, 556, Hannibal, Mo. (12-10)

WANTED. Small Bodied English Callers. Lowest price first letter. O. Robey, Maryville, Mo.

Wearing Apparel

HARRIS Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland, postage paid. The "real thing," handwoven and hard-wearing. Sports Suits to measure, exclusive cut, $32.00. Postage paid. Booklet and latest patterns free. T. B. Macaulay, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway. Scotland. (6-6)

REAL Harris Tweed, direct from the makers by post, $2 per yard, carriage paid; patterns free on request. S. A. Newall & Sons, 162 Stornaway, Scotland. (5-5)

CLASSIFIED MARKET PLACE

Do Your Marketing Here

No matter what you want to buy, if it is in the line of sport, the chances are you will find it advertised in the columns of OUTDOOR AMERICA'S Classified Market Place.

Read this section carefully every single month. If you do not find exactly what you want, write to the Classified Department and we will tell you where to get it.

Obviously, we cannot guarantee the responsibility of all advertisers using this section, but every precaution is taken to exclude the undesirable ones.

Although it is not often that an undesirable advertiser gets into our classified columns, just as soon as one of our readers reports an unsatisfactory transaction with a classified advertiser, that advertiser is no longer permitted the use of our columns.

This principle not only protects our readers but also protects honest classified advertisers, and this means more sales for them.

Read what John W. Chapman writes about the results he has obtained from classified ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA:

GOLDEN RULE KENNELS

POINTERS, IRISH, ENGLISH AND LLEWELLIN SETTERS

PALMYRA, ILLINOIS

12-14-1925

Outdoor America,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

For the past year I have been advertising continuously in your magazine and I find it the equal of any magazine I have ever used, if not the superior.

It is certainly a wonder, and best of all read by America's best people, the 100% kind, the kind that have the Izaak Walton spirit and heart, the kind that have confidence in the Outdoor America advertisers, and do not answer your ads for pastime and recreation, but in a way that means business.

In conclusion I sincerely wish you and all the good Waltonians a merry, merry Xmas and a happy, prosperous New Year.

Sincerely,
(Signed) John W. Chapman,
Owner, Golden Rule Kennels,
Palmyra, Illinois.

Don't Deny Yourself This Pleasure

What a humdrum existence most of us lead—eat, sleep, work—a monotonous cycle. Two weeks or so of vacation and then back to the grind.

YET what wonderful things we could do—what interesting places we could visit; what adventures we'd have—if we only had the chance.

All of us want something different—a change from our daily routine. In every heart is the desire to explore, to discover—to adventure.

And here is your chance to do this. Will you adventure with the doughboys on the western front; with prospectors in Mexico; hardcase skippers on the high seas; aviators in the oil fields; traders in Africa; white men in Japan; condottieri in medieval Italy; psychologists in the West Indies?

Here is your opportunity to follow the experiences of daring men in dangerous places up and down the earth. This opportunity comes to you through Adventure.

If you like the great out-of-doors, if you enjoy clean, well written stories of adventure at all times and in all places, if you want the utmost in relaxation, entertainment—get Adventure.

You owe yourself these things.

They are rightfully yours. A copy of Adventure is waiting for you. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below and we will send you, free, a copy of Adventure. There is no obligation but be sure to do it today—better still, now.

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY Dept. T
Spring and Macdougal Sts.
New York City

Gentlemen:- I'd like to read a copy of Adventure. Please send me a sample copy to the following address. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

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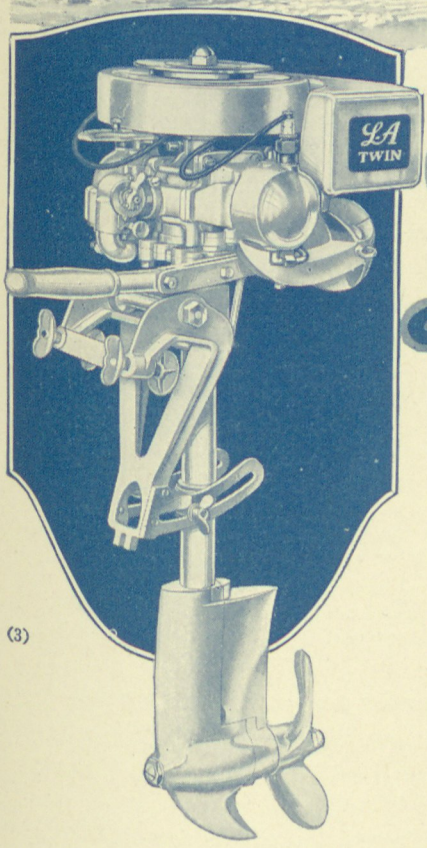

(3)

L-A NEW! TWIN

Motor for Rowboats

SENSATIONAL SURPRISE of the year — Climax of 22 years' marine engine building experience, offering advanced features which upset many previous ideas of Rowboat Motors.

Power — Speed — Control

Light Weight and Performance

NEW—Phenomenal Power
—At normal speed develops 3.85 H. P. (Brake Test). In racing trim develops 4.65 H. P. (Brake Test).

NEW—Startling Speed
—In actual measured test made 14.28 miles per hour on a 14 ft. modified V-Bottom Boat with 145 lb. operator.

NEW—Low Weight per Horsepower
—Weighs only 14.29 lbs. per Brake Horsepower.

NEW—Underwater Stream-Line Design
—Cuts the water "like a knife."

NEW—Giant Drive Propeller
—Doesn't churn the water; uses all the power to push boat.

NEW—Combination Steering
—Without a Rudder.

NEW—Safety Propeller
—Protects Boat, Boaters and Motor

NEW—Super-charged Water Pump
—Insures a cool motor always at all speeds and reverse.

NEW—Unit Control Carburetor
—One easy adjustment for all speeds and weather.

NEW—"Top-Spin" Easy Starter with big Eiseman Magneto
—Gets you away in a flash.

NEW—Combination Racing and Trolling Control
—One throttle lever for all speeds.

NEW—Lifetime Guarantee
—Against all defects in material and workmanship.

NEW—Five-Days' Trial Offer
—Gives you a chance to match with any other Motor.

Write for Free Catalog Folder Today

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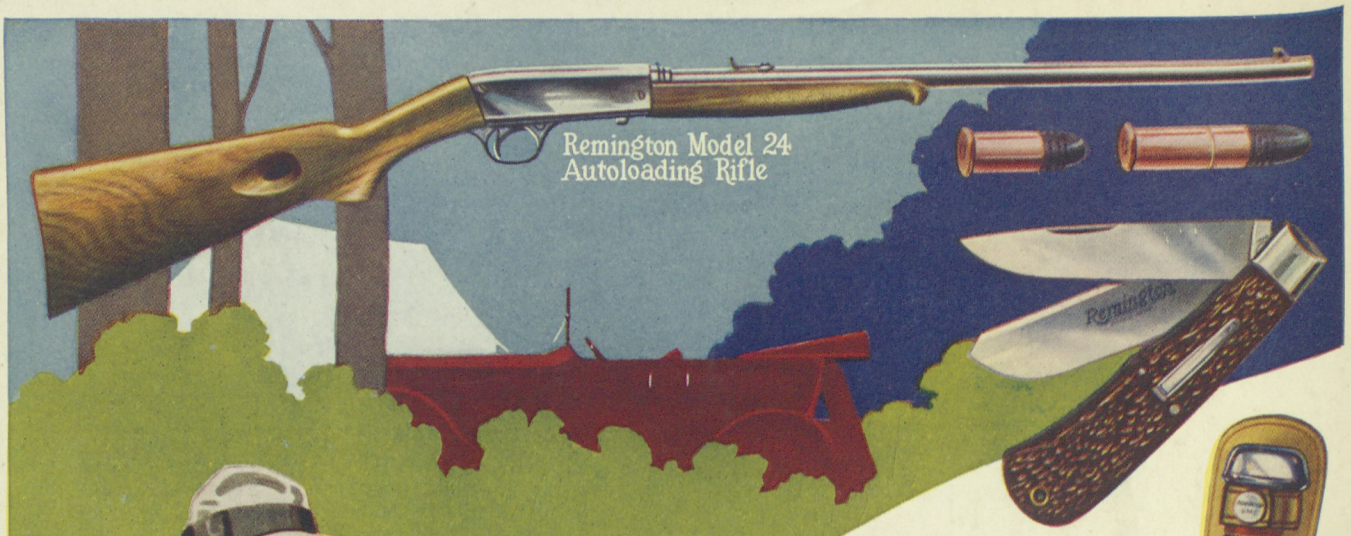
On Request

Illustrated Catalog Folder of the New L-A Twin Motor for Rowboats

LOCKWOOD-ASH

— MOTOR — COMPANY —

611 Jackson Street — Jackson, Michigan



R1123

One of Remington's popular knives designed for fishermen, tourists and campers. Two big husky blades. Brass linings. Nickel Silver bolster and shield. Hole in the end for thong or lanyard. Length, open, 8⅛ inches—closed, 4½ inches.

The New Remington Sheath Knives

Beautifully finished and perfectly balanced. Supplied in various styles and lengths. Blades are extra heavy gauge with knurled backs; correctly shaped for practical service in camp. Full-length handles fit the hand and assure a firm grip, and Remington's exclusive color design adds to their attractiveness. Sheaths of extra heavy leather, stitched and riveted, with lock-tite clasps.

No Use Fishing, but---!

NOT a breath stirring over the lake. The bass are in conference and will refuse to be annoyed by any bait until later in the day.

No use fishing, so we're lolling under the pines killing time.

Then Bill appears with a shiny, new Remington .22 Repeater.

"We're going to have a tournament," he announces. "Loser does all the dish washing for tomorrow."

In a few moments the most exciting match of the season is on. A peck of fun until the lengthening shadows show it's fishing time again.

Whether it's a fishing camp, an auto camp, or just a picnic, a Remington .22 will add to the fun of the whole party. Women and children, too, are fascinated by the sport of target shooting with these light graceful, little rifles. Uncannily accurate and so nicely balanced that they seem to find the bull's eye by themselves.

Make sure your rifle is a Remington and you will be sure of accuracy, dependability, and long service. Make your selection of Remington Rifles and Outdoor Knives at your hardware or sporting goods store. Circulars on request.

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Remington

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